The Princess

A Medley

By

Lord Tennyson

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

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PREFACE.

I DESIRE to express my very great obligations to Mr. S. E. Dawson's *Study of The Princess* (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, 1882), which I have constantly consulted during my preparation of this volume, and always with pleasure and profit. It is an admirable Essay, as vigorous in expression as it is sound in matter, and has won from the Poet himself the verdict of "able and thoughtful."

It is hoped that any English readers into whose hands this volume may fall will remember that it was primarily undertaken for the use of Students of our Literature to whom our language, our civilisation, our traditions, and our methods of thought are alike those of foreigners. This circumstance will account for the explanatory treatment of points with which every native of England is familiar from his cradle, and for the comparative scarcity of illustrative references to the Greek and Roman Classics. Allusions to Literatures which are almost entirely unknown at first-hand to natives of

India would generally be indeed extreme instances of "*obscurum per obscurius*," and have consequently been introduced always with translations and in as simple a manner as possible.

The notes enclosed in brackets and signed "H. T." are supplied by Mr. Hallam Tennyson, to whom the proofs of this Edition have been submitted, but beyond this point his responsibility does not extend.

P. M. W.

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By F. J. ROWE, M.A., AND W. T. WEBB, M.A.,

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ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, was born on August 6th, 1809, at Somersby, a village in Lincolnshire, of which his father was rector. The wolds surrounding his home, the fen some miles away, with its "level waste" and "trenched waters," and the sea on the Lincolnshire coast, with "league-long rollers" and "table-shore," are pictured again and again in his poems. Biography.

When he was seven years old he was sent to the Louth Grammar School, and returning home after a few years there, was educated with his elder brother Charles by his father. Charles and Alfred Tennyson, while yet youths, published in 1827 a small volume of poetry entitled *Poems by Two Brothers.* In 1828 the two brothers entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where Alfred gained the University Chancellor's gold

medal for a poem on *Timbuctoo*, and where he formed an intimate friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam (son of the historian), whose memory he has immortalised in *In Memoriam*. Among his other Cambridge friends may be mentioned R. C Trench (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin), Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), J. M. Kemble (the Anglo-Saxon scholar), Merivale (the historian, afterwards Dean of Ely), James Spedding, and W. H. Brookfield. In 1830 Tennyson published his *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, among which are to be found some sixty pieces that are preserved in the present issues of his works. In 1832 *Poems by Alfred Tennyson* appeared, and then, after an interval of ten years, two more volumes, also with the title *Poems*. His reputation as a poet was now established, though his greatest works were yet to come. Chief among these are *The Princess* (1847), *In Memoriam* (1850), *Maud* (1855), *Idylls of the King* (1859-1885), and *Enoch Arden* (1864). In 1875 Tennyson published his first drama, *Queen Mary*, followed by *Harold* (1877), *The Cup* (acted in 1881), *The Promise of May* (1882), *The Falcon* and *Becket* (1884), and *The Foresters* (1892). On the death of Wordsworth in 1850, Tennyson succeeded him as Poet Laureate. In 1884 he was gazetted Baron of Aldworth and Farringford, his two seats in Sussex and in the Isle of Wight. He died on October 6th, 1892, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the grave of Browning.

I. Tennyson the man:

I. Of all modern English poets Tennyson has most readers; and the chief elements of the powerful charm which he exercises over the hearts and minds of all English-speaking peoples will be evident on even a brief

survey of the character of his mind as revealed in his works, and of the matter and the form of his verse. At the basis of all Tennyson's teaching, indeed of all his work, is Tennyson *the man*. The mould of a poet's mind is the mould in which his thoughts and even his modes of expression must run, and the works of a poet cannot be fully understood unless we understand the poet himself.

1. Conspicuous among the main currents of thought and feeling that flow through the body of his writings is his perception of the movement of Law throughout the worlds of sense and of spirit: he recognises therein a settled scheme of great purposes underlying a universal order and gradually developing to completion. (1) His sense of Law:

(*a*) Illustrations of this recognition of pervading Law may be found in his conception of Nature, and in his treatment of human action and of natural scenery. Nature, which to Shelley was a spirit of Love, and to Wordsworth a living and speaking presence of Thought, is to Tennyson a process of Law including both. Even in the midst of his mourning over the seeming waste involved in the early death of his friend, he can write in *In Memoriam* shown in his conceptions of (*a*) Nature;

> I curse not nature, no, nor death;
> For nothing is that errs from law.

In all the workings of Nature he traces the evolution of the great designs of God:

> That God, which ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves.

In *The Higher Pantheism*, a similar thought is found:

> God is law, say the wise; O soul, and let us rejoice,
> For if He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice.

(b) Freedom; (b) Allied to this faith that the universe is "roll'd round by one fixt law" is the poet's sympathy with disciplined order in the various spheres of human action. In his teaching on social and political questions, his ideal is a majestic order, a gradual and regular development, without rest indeed, but, above all, without haste. His ideal Freedom is "sober-suited"; it is such a Freedom as has been evolved by the gradual growth of English institutions, a Freedom which

> slowly broadens down
> From precedent to precedent.

He has small faith in sudden outbursts of revolutionary fervour; he thinks that the "red fool fury of the Seine" (alluding to the excesses of the French revolutionaries), the "flashing heats" of the "frantic city," retard man's progress towards real liberty: they "but fire to blast the hopes of men." If liberty is to be a solid and lasting possession, it must be gained by patient years of working and waiting, not by "expecting all things in an hour"; for with him "raw Haste" is but "half-sister to Delay." So also Tennyson's love for his own country is regulated and philosophic: he has given us a few patriotic martial lyrics that stir the living blood "like a trumpet call," as *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and *The Revenge*, but in the main his patriotism is founded on admiration for the great "storied past" of England. Though in youth he triumphs in "the Vision of the world and all the wonder that would be,"

yet neither in youth nor in age is he himself without some distrust of the new democratic forces which may end in "working their own doom":—

> Step by step we gain'd a freedom known to Europe, known
> to all,
> Step by step we rose to greatness thro' the tonguesters we
> may fall.

(c) Love; (c) Again, in his conception of the passion of Love, and in his portraiture of Womanhood, the same spirit of reverence and self-control animates Tennyson's verse. Love, in Tennyson, is a pure unselfish passion. Even the guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere is described from a spiritual standpoint, in its evil effects rather than in any sensuous detail. His highest ideal of love is found in the pure passion of wedded life: true love can exist only under the sanction of Duty and of Reverence for womanhood and one's higher self; and such love is the source of man's loftiest ideas, and the inspiration of his noblest deeds. Examples of this treatment may be seen in *The Miller's Daughter*, *Enoch Arden*, *The Gardener's Daughter*, and *Guinevere*, and it underlies the moral lessons inculcated in *The Princess*.

(d) Scenery (d) Lastly, Tennyson's appreciation of Order is illustrated in his treatment of natural scenery. It is true that he sometimes gives us scenes of savage grandeur, as in

> the monstrous ledges slope and spill
> Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,

but he oftener describes still English landscapes, the "haunts of ancient peace," with "plaited alleys" and "terrace lawn," "long, gray fields," "tracts of pasture sunny-warm," and all the ordered quiet of rural life.

(2) His nobility of thought, and his religion.

2. A second great element of Tennyson's character is its noble tone. This is present in every poem he has ever written. His verse is informed with the very spirit of Honour, of Duty, and of Reverence for all that is pure and true. This is the spirit that animates the famous passage in *Œnone*:

> Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
> These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
> Yet not for power (power of herself
> Would come uncalled for), but to live by law,
> Acting the law we live by without fear;
> And, because right is right, to follow right
> Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

It is illustrated on its negative side in *The Palace of Art*; it breathes through his noble *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, and it pervades and inspires his picture of King Arthur in the *Idylls of the King*.

Tennyson's religious faith is sufficiently indicated in his writings. At the root of his poetry (as Mr. Stopford Brooke has remarked) lie "the ever-working immanence of God in man, the brotherhood of the human race, and its evolution into perfect love and righteousness; the continuance of each man's personal consciousness in the life to be; the vitality of the present—man alive and Nature alive, and alive with the life of God."

(2) His simplicity of emotion.

3. Another main characteristic of Tennyson is simplicity. The emotions that he appeals to are generally easy to understand and common to all. He avoids the subtle analysis of character, and the painting of complex motives or of the wild excess of passion. The moral laws which he so strongly upholds are those primary sanctions upon which average English society is founded.

A certain Puritan simplicity and a scholarly restraint pervade the mass of his work.

It is on these foundations of Order, Nobility, and Simplicity that Tennyson's character is built.

II. Turning now to the matter or substance of his poems, we note, first, that the two chief factors of Tennyson's popularity are that he is a representative English poet, and that he is a consummate Artist. **II. Tennyson the Poet:**

1. In the great spheres of human thought—in religion, in morals, in social life—his poems reflect the complex tendencies of his age and his surroundings. Not, it may be, the most advanced ideas, not the latest speculation, not the transient contentions of the hour; but the broad results of culture and experience upon the poet's English contemporaries. The ground of Tennyson's claim to be considered a representative of his age is seen in the lines of thought pursued in some of those more important poems which deal with the great problems and paramount interests of his times. The poems cover a period of fifty years, and must be considered in the order of their publication. In *Locksley Hall*, published in 1842, the speaker, after giving vent to his own tale of passion and regret, becomes the mouthpiece of the young hopes and aspirations of the Liberalism of the early Victorian era, while in *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, the doubts and distrust felt by the Conservatism of our own times find dramatic utterance. *The Princess* deals with a question of lasting interest to society, and one which has of late years risen into more conspicuous importance, the changing position and proper sphere of Woman. In *The Palace of Art* the poet describes and **(1) As Representative of his Age:**

condemns a spirit of æstheticism whose sole religion is the worship of Beauty and Knowledge for their own sakes, and which ignores human responsibility and obligations to one's fellow-men: while in *St. Simeon Stylites*, the poet equally condemns the evils of a self-centred religious asceticism which despises the active duties of daily life. *The Vision of Sin* is a picture of the perversion of nature and of the final despair which attend the pursuit of sensual pleasure. *The Two Voices* illustrates the introspective self-analysis with which the age discusses the fundamental problem of existence, finding all solutions vain except those dictated by the simplest voices of the conscience and the heart. The poet's great work, *In Memoriam*, is the history of a tender human soul confronted with the stern, relentless order of the Universe and the seeming waste and cruelty of Death. The poem tra es the progress of sorrow from the Valley of Death, over-shadowed by the darkness of unspeakable loss, through the regions of philosophic doubt and meditation to the serene heights of resignation and hope, where Faith and Love can triumph over Death in the confident hope of a life beyond, and over Doubt by the realization

> That all, as in some piece of art,
> Is toil cooperant to an end.

Maud is dated at the conclusion of that long period of peace which ended at the Crimean War, when the commercial prosperity of England had reached a height unknown before, and when "Britain's sole god" was the millionaire. The poem gives a dramatic ren-

dering of the revolt of a cultured mind against the hypocrisy and corruptions of a society degraded by the worship of Mammon, though the hero inherits a vein of insanity and speaks too bitterly. The teaching of Tennyson's longest, and in many respects greatest poem—the spreading mischief of a moral taint—is discussed at length in the Introduction to *The Coming of Arthur and the Passing of Arthur.*[1] Here too Tennyson expresses one of the deepest convictions of his time.

2. But if Tennyson's popularity is based upon a correspondence between his own reverence for Law and the deepest foundations of English character, it is based no less upon his delicate power as an Artist. Among the elements of this power may be mentioned (*a*) a minute observation of Nature, which furnishes him with a store of poetic description and imagery; (*b*) a scholarly appreciation of all that is most picturesque in the literature of the past; (*c*) an exquisite precision in the use of words and phrases; (*d*) the picturesqueness and the aptness of his similes; (*e*) an avoidance of the commonplace; (*f*) his use of repetition and of assonance; (*g*) the expressive harmonies of his rhythm, and (*h*) the subtle melody of his diction. **(2) As Artist**

(*a*) For minute observation and vivid painting of the details of natural scenery Tennyson is without a rival. We feel that he has seen all that he describes. This may be illustrated by a few examples of his tree studies: **(a) His observation;**

hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides three-fold to show the fruit within
(*The Brook*)

[1] Macmillan and Co.

those eyes
Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
More black than ashbuds in the front of March
(*The Gardener's Daughter*)

With blasts that blow the poplar white
(*In Memoriam*)

A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime
(*Maud*)

a stump of oak half-dead,
From roots like some black coil of carven snakes,
Clutch'd at the crag (*The Last Tournament*).

We may also notice the exactness of the epithets in "*perky* larches," "*dry-tongu'd* laurels," "*high-elbow'd* grigs," "*pillar'd dusk* of *sounding* sycamores," "laburnums, *dropping-wells of fire*."

Equally exact are his descriptions of scientific phenomena:

Before the little ducts began
To feed thy bones with lime, and ran
Their course till thou wert also man
(*The Two Voices*)

Still, as while Saturn whirls, his steadfast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring
(*The Palace of Art*).

This accurate realization of natural or scientific facts is often of service in furnishing apt illustrations of moral truths or of emotions of the mind:

Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears
That grief has shaken into frost
(*In Memoriam*)

Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke
That like a broken purpose waste in air
(*The Princess*)

Prayer, from a living source within the will,
And beating up through all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea
(*Enoch Arden*).

(b) His scholarship:

(*b*) Allusions to the Classics of more than one land may be found in Tennyson. Lines and expressions would seem sometimes to be suggested by the Greek or Latin poets, and in these the translation is generally so happy a rendering of the original as to give an added grace to what was already beautiful. Illustrations of this characteristic will be found among the Notes at the end of this volume. There is occasionally a reconditeness about these allusions which may puzzle the general reader. For example, in the lines

And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo
(*In Memoriam*)

where the reference is to the projection of the frontal bone above the eye-brows noticeable in the portraits of Michael Angelo and of Arthur Hallam, a peculiarity of shape said to indicate strength of character and mental power. Similarly in

Proxy-wedded with a bootless calf
(*The Princess*)

we find an allusion to an old ceremony of marriage by proxy, where an ambassador or agent representing the absent bridegroom, after taking off his long riding-boot, placed his leg in the bridal bed.

(c) His expressiveness;

(*c*) We may next note Tennyson's unequalled power of finding single words to give at a flash, as it were,

an exact picture. What he has written of Virgil's art is equally true of his own, which offers us

> All the charm of all the Muses
> often flowering in a lonely word.

This power of fitting the word to the thought may be seen in the following examples: "*creamy* spray"; "*lily* maid"; "the ripple *washing* in the reeds" and "the wild water *lapping* on the crag"; "the dying ebb that faintly *lipp'd* the flat red granite"; "as the fiery Sirius *bickers* into red and emerald"; "women *blowz'd* with health and wind and rain."

(*d*) His similes: (*d*) Mr. G. C. Macaulay (Introduction to *Gareth and Lynette*) has remarked upon the picturesqueness, the elaborate aptness, and the individual and personal character of Tennyson's similes. Of their picturesque aptness two examples will be sufficient here:

> The great brand
> Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
> And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
> Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
> Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
> By night, with noises of the northern sea
> (*Morte d'Arthur*)

> Dust are our frames; and, gilded dust, our pride
> Looks only for a moment whole and sound;
> Like that long-buried body of the king,
> Found lying with his urns and ornaments,
> Which at a touch of light, an air of heaven,
> Slipt into ashes, and was found no more
> (*Aylmer's Field*).

As regards their individual and personal character, Tennyson's similes in many cases "do not so much

appeal to common experience, as bring before us some special thing or some peculiar aspect of nature, which the poet has vividly present to his own mind, while to the reader perhaps the picture suggested may be quite unfamiliar." As examples we may take the following:

> So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
> No graver than as when some little cloud
> Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
> And isles a light in the offing
>
> (*Enoch Arden*).

So, in *Geraint and Enid*, when the bandit falls transfixed by Geraint's lance, Tennyson writes:

> As he that tells the tale
> Saw once a great piece of a promontory,
> That had a sapling growing on it, slide
> From the long shore-cliff's windy walls to the beach,
> And there lie still, and yet the sapling grew.

A remarkable instance of this individuality occurs in *Gareth and Lynette*:

> Gareth lookt and read—
> In letters like to those the vexillary
> Hath left crag-carven o'er the streaming Gelt.—

the Gelt being a small stream in Cumberland, not named in any of the ordinary gazetteers or atlases; and the reference is to an inscription on a lime-stone rock near this stream, carved by the Second Legion of Augustus, stationed there in A.D. 207.

(*e*) Possessing such a faculty of appropriate expression, the poet naturally avoids the commonplace: he not only rigidly excludes all otiose epithets and stop-gap phrases, but often, where other writers would use

(*e*) His avoidance of the commonplace;

some familiar, well-worn word, he selects one less known but equally true and expressive. He has a distinct fondness for good old Saxon words and expressions, and has helped to rescue many of these from undeserved oblivion. Thus, for the "skinflint" of common parlance he substitutes (in *Walking to the Mail*) the "flayflint" of Ray's *Proverbs*; in place of "blindman's buff" is found the older "hoodman blind" (*In Memoriam*); for "village and cowshed" he writes "thorpe and byre" (*The Victim*), while in *The Brook* the French "cricket" appears as the Saxon "grig." Other examples might be quoted, *e g.*, *lurdane*, *rathe*, *plash*, *brewis*, *thrall'd*, *boles*, *quitch*, *reckling*, *roky*, *yaffingale*. Occasionally he prefers a word of his own coinage, as *tonguester*, *selfless*. This tendency to avoid the commonplace is noticeable not only in separate words, but in the rendering of ideas, a poetic dress being given to prosaic details by a kind of stately circumlocution; thus in *The Princess* the hero's northern birthplace is indicated by his telling us that "on my cradle shone the Northern star"; and, in the same poem, the blue smoke rising from household chimneys is described by "azure pillars of the hearth"—an expression which Mr. P. M. Wallace, in his edition of *The Princess*, aptly calls "almost reverent"; icebergs are "moving isles of winter"; while to picture the hour before the planet Venus had sunk into the sea, the poet writes:

Before the crimson-circled star
Had fall'n into her father's grave.

(*f*) His repetition and assonance;

(*f*) One of the leading characteristics of Tennyson's style is the repetition of a word (often in a modified

form) in the same or sometimes in a slightly different sense. We have, for instance:

> Whereat the novice crying, with clasp'd hands,
> Shame on her own *garrulity garrulously*
> (*Guinevere*)

and in the same poem,

> The *maiden* passion for a *maid*;

to which we may add:

> For ever *climbing* up the *climbing* wave
> (*The Lotos-Eaters*)

> *Mouldering* with the dull earth's *mouldering* sod
> (*The Palace of Art*).

Assonance—the repetition not of a word but of a sound—is also a favourite device with Tennyson for giving a kind of epigrammatic force to a statement, as in

> Even to *tipmost* lance and *topmost* helm
> (*The Last Tournament*)

> Thy Paynim bard
> Had such a *mastery* of his *mystery*
> That he could harp his wife up out of hell
> (*Ib.*)

> Then with that *friendly-fiendly* smile of his
> (*Harold*).

(*g*) Lastly, if we examine the metrical characteristics of Tennyson's poetry, we observe that the sense of majestic order and gradual development pervading the substance of his poems is not more conspicuous than is the sense of music which governs the style of his versification. While less powerful than Milton's at its best, Tennyson's blank verse always remains at a high level of excellence, and its simple grandeur of style and expression is peculiarly his own. It is in his (*g*) His harmony of rhythm;

lyrical poems, however, that his mastery of metre and rhythm best shows itself. He knows all the secrets of harmonious measures and melodious diction; he has re-cast and polished his earlier poems with such minute and scrupulous care that he has at length attained a metrical form more perfect than has been reached by any other poet. Several illustrations of the delicacy of his sense of metre are pointed out in the Notes. A few more examples may be here quoted to show how frequently in his verse the sound echoes the sense. This is seen in his Representative Rhythms. Thus:

(1) The first syllable or half-foot of a line of blank verse is often accented and cut off from the rest of the line by a pause, to indicate some sudden emphatic action or startling sight or sound, breaking the flow of the narrative—an effect often employed by Homer:

his arms
Clash'd: and the sound was good to Gareth's ear
(*Gareth and Lynette*)

Charm'd, till Sir Kay, the seneschal, would come
(*Ib.*)

Shock, that a man far-off might well perceive
(*Lancelot and Elaine*)

Flash'd, and he call'd, 'I fight upon thy side'
(*Pelleas and Etarre*)

Back, as a hand that pushes thro the leaf
(*Ib.*)

Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave
Drops flat (*The Last Tournament*).

Occasionally the whole first foot is thus cut off:

made his horse
Caracole: then bowed his homage, bluntly saying
(*Ib*).

Who stood a moment, ere his horse was brought,
Glorying: and in the stream beneath him shone
(*Gareth and Lynette*).

(2) Action rapidly repeated is represented by an unusual number of unaccented syllables in one line. Thus we almost hear the huddling flow of waters in such lines as

Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn
(*The Princess*)

Of some precipitous rivulet to the sea
(*Enoch Arden*).

The rapid warble of song-birds sounds through

Melody on branch and melody in mid-air
(*Gareth and Lynette*)

and in the same *Idyll*, the quick beat of a horse's hoof is echoed in

The sound of many a heavily galloping hoof.

(3) Contrast with the above the majestic effect produced by the sustained rhythm and the broad vowel sounds in

By the long wash of Australasian seas
(*The Brook*)

The league-long roller thundering on the reef
(*Enoch Arden*).

(4) Variations from the usual iambic regularity of blank verse, attained by placing the accent on the first instead of on the second half-foot, are introduced, often to represent intermittent action, as in

Dówn the lóng tówer-stáirs, hésitáting
(*Lancelot and Elaine*).

(h) His melody of diction.

(*h*) Tennyson's sense of music is equally conspicuous in the melody of his diction. The mere sound of his words and phrases lingers in the brain, apart from any meaning, as the echoes of a musical cadence linger along a vaulted roof. This is in the main due to his selection of melodious vowels and liquid consonants, and also to his skilful use of alliteration. Examples are everywhere :

> The *m*oan of doves in i*mm*e*m*oria*l* e*lm*s,
> And *m*ur*m*uring of innu*m*era*bl*e bees
>
> (*The Princess*)

> The *l*ustre of the *l*ong convo*l*vu*l*uses
>
> (*Enoch Arden*)

> The *l*ong *l*ow d*un*e and *l*azy p*l*unging sea
>
> (*The Last Tournament*)

> *B*reast-high in that *b*right line of *b*racken stood
>
> (*Pelleas and Etarre*)

> All day the wind breathes *low* with mel*low*er tone
> Through every hol*low* cave and al*ley* *l*one
>
> (*The Lotos Eaters*).

Contrast with the liquid sounds in the above the representative effect produced by the short, sharp vowels and the guttural and dental sounds in

> And on the *spike* that *split* the mother's heart
> *Spitt*ing the child
>
> (*The Coming of Arthur*)

> The blade flew
> *Splint*ering in *six*, and *clinkt* upon the *st*ones
>
> (*Balin and Balan*)

> Then *sputt*ering thro' the *hedge* of *splint*er'd *t*eeth,
> Yet strangers to the tongue, and with *blunt stump*
> *Pitch-black*en'd sawing the air
>
> (*The Last Tournament*).

In double words initial alliteration is conspicuous:—*breaker-beaten*, *flesh-fall'n*, *gloomy-gladed*, *lady-laden*, *mock-meek*, *point-painted*, *rain-rotten*, *storm-strengthen'd*, *tongue-torn*, *work-wan*. We also find *slowly-mellowing*, *hollower-bellowing*, *ever-veering*, *heavy-shotted hammock-shroud*. Often, as Mr. G. C. Macaulay has noticed, Tennyson's alliteration is so delicate that we "only feel that it is there without perceiving where it is," and it is then, perhaps, due to no conscious effort of the poet, but is as natural as the melody of a bird. In no English poet, perhaps only in Homer and Virgil, is this kinship of poetry and music so evident as in Tennyson.

His Dramatic Works.

Tennyson's three historical dramas form (as Mr. Henry Van Dyke has pointed out) a picture of the Making of England, the three periods of action being, it would seem, chosen with the design of touching the most critical points of the long struggle. Thus in *Harold* we see "the close of that fierce triangular duel between the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, which resulted in the Norman conquest and the binding of England, still Saxon at heart, to the civilization of the Continent." In *Becket* we have "the conflict between the church and the crown, between the ecclesiastical and the royal prerogatives, which shook England to the centre for many years, and out of which her present constitution has grown." In *Queen Mary*, when the triumph of church and people had left undecided what type of religion was to prevail, is pictured the struggle between the Papacy and the Reformation for the possession of England. All three plays are full of deep

research, vivid character-painting, and intensity of feeling, and contain many magnificent situations. George Eliot has expressed her opinion that "Tennyson's plays run Shakspere's close," and Robert Browning used to point out the scene of the oath over the bones of the Saints of Normandy, in *Harold*, as a marvellously actable scene; while Mr. J. R. Green, the historian, has told us that "all his researches into the annals of the twelfth century had not given him so vivid a conception of the character of Henry II. and his court as was embodied in Tennyson's *Becket*." It should at the same time be remembered that (as the poet himself avows) this drama is "not intended in its present form to meet the exigencies of the modern theatre," a criticism which may be applied with more or less force to the whole trilogy. *Becket* has been adapted for the stage by Mr. Irving, and performed with great success; and *The Cup* and *The Falcon* were each played during a London season to full houses. *Queen Mary*, *The Promise of May*, and *The Foresters* have also been acted.

Conclusion. Such is Tennyson as man and as artist. His poetry, with its clearness of conception and noble simplicity of expression, its discernment of the beautiful and its power of revealing and shaping it with mingled strength and harmony, has become an integral part of the literature of the world, and so long as purity and loftiness of thought expressed in perfect form have power to charm, will remain a possession for ever.

INTRODUCTION TO "THE PRINCESS."

I. THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE POEM.

The Princess was first published in 1847, but the Poem has undergone not a few alterations, both in matter and in language, since that date.

A second Edition appeared in 1848, but the only noteworthy addition at this time was the prefixture of a Dedication to Henry Lushington, the marriage of whose brother Edmund to the Poet's sister Cecilia is commemorated in the concluding lines of *In Memoriam*.

A third Edition was published in 1850, which contained for the first time the six Songs of the ladies of Sir Walter's party, and all the passages connected with these. The *Conclusion*, moreover, was so much expanded as to be virtually new: the political reflections and the contrast drawn between the English and French national characters are doubtless to be attributed to the effect on the Poet's mind of the Revolution of 1848 and the period of tumult and instability that followed that event.

In the fourth (1851) were added all the passages relating to the "weird seizures" of the Prince.

In the fifth and virtually definitive Edition (1853) the

only important alteration was a slight lengthening of the *Prologue*.

Besides these amplifications other minor changes have been introduced in the several Editions; some words and expressions have been altered, some periods recast (with the effect of a finer movement of the verse and greater vigour in the diction), and four or five passages of various lengths have been omitted.[1]

The Princess, therefore, as we now possess it, is the outcome of careful and sustained effort on the Poet's part, the offspring of his mature powers, polished and refined through several Editions, and may thus be fairly regarded as a work upon which its author has bestowed the utmost of his critical afterthought as well as creative power. And, when we consider with what marked success Tennyson has throughout his career maintained the high standard of excellence that he early trained us to expect from his pen, whether we look for healthiness and sobriety of thought, artistic treatment of materials, or splendour and grace of language, this Poem will appear worthy in an especial degree of our earnest and reverent study, with respect both to his handling of the various problems and points at issue in the main theme of the story, and to the manner and form of their presentation.

[1] To the most significant or otherwise noteworthy of these omissions reference is made in the notes on the several passages concerned, but it has not been thought necessary, or even advisable, to call attention to all. The Poet has finally declared in what form his work shall stand, and this his readers will most gladly accept.

II. THE POEM—ITS PURPORT, METHOD, AND STYLE.

The Princess is a Romance designed to indicate the Poet's conception of the true sphere of Woman and her function in Society, a theme peculiarly suitable to the genius of Tennyson, who not only is profoundly interested in all the social problems of the day, but also has shown himself specially happy in his studies of various types of womankind.

It must be remembered that forty-five years ago, when this Poem first appeared, the question of "Woman's Rights" was passing through that grotesque phase which seems to be the temporary fate of all movements that spring from a sudden protest against real or fancied injustice. Among the various topics that had been thrust into prominence during that violent and widespread upheaval of Society which marked the closing years of the last century and the opening years of the present, one of the most universally interesting and most widely canvassed was that of the rights and grievances of women. The agitation first took form in England in a moderate demand that they should be no longer debarred from the advantages of that Education, the lack of which depressed them so grievously in the scale of humanity, and with such pernicious effect both to themselves and to mankind at large. Not, indeed, that the topic was now discussed for the first time. English students of Society had long been conscious that there was something essentially unsound in the condition of women with respect to this matter of Education, and we find Defoe publishing in 1693 an earnest enunciation of the views that were making

their way among the more thoughtful and cultivated of his fellow-countrymen. He stigmatises the denial of this advantage to women as "one of the most barbarous customs in the world," and not less unreasonable than inhuman, for how, he asks, can they be justly blamed for folly and impertinence when we deprive them of the chief instrument of refinement? To remedy this shameful blot on our civilisation he would have established a College, where they should be "taught all sorts of breeding suitable to both their genius and their quality, and, in particular, Music and Dancing. . . . But, besides this, they should be taught Languages. . . . They should, as a particular study, be taught all the Graces of Speech . . . Books, and especially History, and so to read as to make them understand the world, and be able to know and judge of things when they hear of them." He then proceeds to point out the advantages of Education and the evils that attend its absence. A woman well-bred and taught is, he maintains, "a Creature without comparison," but rob her of the benefit of Education and she becomes talkative, impertinent, whimsical, insolent, violent-tempered, and fantastic, "and from these she degenerates to be turbulent, clamorous, noisy, nasty, *and the Devil.*" Nor is there danger in the proposal, for "a woman of sense and breeding will scorn as much to encroach upon the prerogative of the man as a man of sense will scorn to oppress the weakness of the woman."[1]

The cause here advocated found considerable support during the early years of the eighteenth century, and several of the Papers in *The Tatler*, *The Guardian*, and

[1] *Essay upon Projects—An Academy for Women.*

other of the periodical publications of that time, contain reflections and suggestions of the same liberal and enlightened tenor. Chief among these advocates of the woman's cause was the noble-hearted and chivalrous Sir Richard Steele, who has dwelt with great earnestness on the question, avowing himself "of opinion, that the great happiness or misfortune of mankind depends upon the manner of educating and treating that sex."[1]

That the condition of women in this respect underwent a very appreciable improvement during the reigns of Anne and the first two Georges is indisputable.[2] But the new doctrines lacked form and method, and their practice was casual and restricted. It was reserved for a young writer in the closing decade of the century—herself a member of the depressed sex—to give a fresh impulse to the cause by the publication of a more sustained and systematic treatise than had yet appeared in this country. In 1791 was published Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Woman.* Of this work the chief aim and purport will be best indicated by a transcription of one paragraph from the Dedication, which is specially interesting in this connection as embodying concisely the doctrines that dominated the mind and heart of the Princess Ida:—

"Contending for the rights of woman, my main argument is built on this simple principle, that if she be not prepared by education to become the companion of man, she will stop the

[1] *The Tatler*, No. 141. Cf. Nos. 61, 248, and many other Papers both in this periodical and in *The Spectator*. No. 155 of *The Guardian* is a thoughtful Paper by Addison on the same subject.

[2] Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, I. 519; VI. 167.

progress of knowledge and virtue; for truth must be common to all or it will be inefficacious with respect to its influence on general practice. And how can woman be expected to co-operate unless she knows why she ought to be virtuous—unless freedom strengthens her reason till she comprehends her duty, and sees in what manner it is connected with her real good? If children are to be educated to understand the true principle of patriotism, their mother must be a patriot; and the love of mankind, from which an orderly train of virtues spring, can only be produced by considering the moral and civil interest of mankind. The education and situation of woman at present, however, shuts her out from such investigations."

This is moderate enough in enunciation, and moderately is her cause pleaded throughout, though in an affectingly earnest tone, and not without some true eloquence. Indeed, when we consider the turbulent character of the age which saw its birth, when the most violent doctrines were on all hands being advocated with the most tumultous vehemence, the generally temperate tone that pervades this *Vindication* is not its least striking feature.

But the movement was not to proceed steadily along these sober lines. The agitation, unfortunately for the interests of those sound principles which underlay its inauguration, branched off from the path of its original intent, and went to range at will over districts into which it was not designed or fitted to intrude. Instead of confining itself to a rational appeal for the recognition of woman's right to a more liberal education, it broke loose into a wild and hysterical clamour that women should be admitted side by side with men into all the offices of public life, with respect both to kind and to degree. This phase of the movement naturally

attracted the energies of the more ardent among its devotees, and, as these promulgated their demands with the loudest vehemence, the question of "Woman's Rights" soon came to be regarded in the general estimation as concerned solely with the claim for admission to the franchise and eligibility for the liberal professions and the public offices of the State. The most violent features of the agitation were developed in America, and shortly before the publication of this Poem the climax was reached in the person of a lady of that country named Amelia Jenks Bloomer, whose ardent advocacy of the cause of female enfranchisement was contented with nothing short of the reform of woman's dress, which was to be as far as possible assimilated to that of man, as the outward and visible sign of the position which she vindicated for her sex in all departments of public life.

In her, however, was reached the highwater-mark of this monstrous tide, and this phase of the agitation has since her time suffered the reaction which inevitably overtakes sooner or later all doctrines of which the radical unsoundness of principle finds fitting championship in the mouths of extravagant fanatics.

But the rational side of the question, being consistently advocated by a more thoughtful body of reformers, did not suffer long depression from the ridicule which it had incurred by unmerited reflection from the intemperate character of its transatlantic distortion. During the last forty years the Woman's cause has in England emancipated itself almost entirely from its grotesque trappings, and, now that it is confined within the limits approved by reason and moderation, is day by day obtaining and

justifying a larger measure of public sympathy and support.

Among the band of thinkers to whose energy and wisdom this reform is due, one of the most profound and earnest was Auguste Comte, who was working out his system of ideal social organisation just at the time when Tennyson was engaged upon this Poem. He laid great stress on the supreme importance to the community of a sound and thorough scheme of education for its women, but he excluded the latter strictly from public action, maintaining that their proper sphere of influence was within the family, where their affection, devotion, and sympathy might strengthen and purify the activity of men. One paragraph, which sums up his views on this part of the problem, I here transcribe (he is speaking of the social mission of Woman): —

"In the most essential attribute of the human race, the tendency to place social above personal feeling, she is undoubtedly superior to man. Morally, therefore, and apart from all material considerations, she merits always our loving veneration, as the purest and simplest impersonation of Humanity, who can never be adequately represented in any masculine form. But these qualities do not involve the possession of political power, which some visionaries have claimed for women, though without their own consent. In that which is the great object of human life, they are superior to men; but in the various means of attaining that object they are undoubtedly inferior. In all kinds of force, whether physical, intellectual, or practical, it is certain that man surpasses woman, in accordance with the general law prevailing throughout the animal kingdom. Now practical life is necessarily governed by force rather than by affection, because it requires unremitting and laborious activity. If there were nothing else to do but to love, as in the Christian utopia of a future life in which there are no material wants, Woman would be supreme

But we have above everything else to think and to act, in order to carry on the struggle against a rigorous destiny; therefore Man takes the command, notwithstanding his inferiority in goodness. Success in all great undertakings depends more upon energy and talent than upon goodwill, although this last condition reacts strongly upon the others." [1]

[1] *System of Positive Polity*, translated by Bridges and others, I. 169. Another passage from the same volume (188-9) may be here quoted as containing an admirable summary of the teaching of the last Canto of the Poem:—

"Viewed thus, Marriage is the most elementary and yet the most perfect mode of social life. It is the only association in which entire identity of interests is possible. In this union, to the moral completeness of which the language of all civilised nations bears testimony, the noblest aim of human life is realised, as far as it ever can be. For the object of human existence, as shown in the second chapter, is progress of every kind; progress in morality, that is to say, in the subjection of Self-interest to Social Feeling, holding the first rank. Now this unquestionable principle, which has been already indicated in the second chapter, leads us by a very sure and direct path to the true theory of marriage.

"Different as the two sexes are by nature, and increased as that difference is by the diversity which happily exists in their social position, each is consequently necessary to the moral development of the other. In practical energy and in the mental capacity connected with it, Man is evidently superior to Woman. Woman's strength, on the other hand, lies in Feeling. She excels Man in love, as Man excels her in all kinds of force. It is impossible to conceive of a closer union than that which binds these two beings to the mutual service and perfection of each other, saving them from all danger of rivalry. The voluntary character too of this union gives it a still further charm, when the choice has been on both sides a happy one. In the Positive theory, then, of marriage, its principal object is considered to be that of completing and confirming the education of the heart by calling out the purest and strongest of human sympathies."

At present, then, the problem in England has been generally solved, and out of the turbulent mass of vociferation has been smelted down the essential element of truth and sanity which it contained. Women have now opportunities for the acquisition of a liberal training, which may enable them more effectively to perform those offices which the sense of the community has recognised as falling within their special province, while the claim of their more vehement champions that they should be admitted to an equal share with men in the administration of imperial government and high political life has been met with a determined negative. At the same time, though the family is regarded as their primary sphere of activity, they have been gradually gaining admittance to such of the public and semi-public careers as are considered essentially suitable to their genius and character, and to participation in those lines of industry which may be the more advantageously conducted through the co-operation of their special powers and methods. Thus they have successfully established themselves among the ranks of the medical profession, and constitute a growing and most valuable element in Committees charged with the supervision of such interests as elementary Education and the administration of charitable and benevolent Institutions.

But fifty years ago, as we have seen, the agitation was still foaming at its height, and the Poet, recognising the vital importance of the points at issue, and foreseeing the damage that Society would receive through the adoption of a false ideal for womankind, set himself to point out the eternal and inevitable facts of the case, and put the matter in a true and healthy light. For the move-

ment in its later phases had broken beyond the bounds of the ridiculous, and had developed a serious aspect. In the Poet's own words to Mr. Dawson, "if women ever were to play such freaks, the burlesque and the tragic might go hand-in hand."

The purport of the Poem is therefore didactic. But it is not the custom of Tennyson to present his views on any subject in the style of a formal treatise, dealing with the matter in the abstract. He must clothe his lesson with life and warmth and colour—he must appeal to the heart and the imagination at least as strongly as to the head—he must deal with persons rather than with ideas. As therefore he has given expression to his scorn for vulgar pride of birth by narrating the tragedy of Edith Aylmer, and enforced his warning against the snare of aesthetic self isolation in the sombre stanzas of *The Palace of Art*, so in this case he has cast his work into the form of a romantic story, in the course of the development of which are worked out the lessons he desires to inculcate.

What, then, are these lessons? The several points specially dwelt upon are the insufficiency of the culture of the intellect alone, the essential diversity between the sexes—diversity in kind, not in degree—, and the vanity of any attempt to crush out human impulses and affections. These may be really summed up under one head—that Nature is strongest of all things, that she will not be thwarted, that attempts to act in defiance of her principles must be either grotesque or tragical in their results —not improbably both—, and that true wisdom consists in the organisation of our lives—physical, mental, moral, social, political—in conformity with her eternal laws.

And how has the Poet set himself to enforce this

lesson? By sketching for us the history of a scheme based upon the denial of this principle, and showing us how from the beginning it was doomed to failure. But there is no malice in his treatment of the case—he is tender and generous to the utmost—indeed, he shows more enthusiasm in his championship of the feebler cause than on behalf of the triumphant. The fine character of the Princess, and the essential nobility of the cause which she advocates, are dwelt upon with the most fervent admiration; and the choicest graces of his language are poured forth in the rehearsal of the beauty of the College and the sumptuousness of its institutions. A noble effort is not to be treated with scorn because misdirected. Earnest work, however mistaken, demands our reverence and sympathy.

Thus Ida's scheme is depicted throughout with the generous warmth of appreciation which its noble object deserved. But its weak points are not spared. We get a ridiculous though entirely good-humoured parody of her feminine exclusiveness in the practice of the innkeeper and others dwelling on the borders of her domain. Everything in the College appeals to the aesthetic side of the inhabitants—all is pretty, graceful, luxurious, full of rich colour and lovely design—too much so, it would seem, to be compatible with real solid work. The fountains and the statuary, the pictures and the music, the silver clocks and the petted peacocks, the satin-wood desks and sumptuous hoods of the lecture-room—these are always too much to the fore, if, as the Foundress maintains, "knowledge is all in all." The instruction imparted in this Palace of Delight seems to be chiefly characterised by a large and easy diffuseness,

ranging with fine freedom over every department of learning, and having for its immediate object not so much the communication of fundamental truths as the display to the assembled classes of the lecturer's masterly construction of vigorous periods, balanced with rhythmic epithets, and trained to a resonant climax. Indeed, even to the consistent observance of the great doctrine upon which the institution is based—the all-importance and all-sufficiency of Knowledge, and Knowledge alone, for the wants of humanity—there is one significant exception; the delicate sensitive feminine organisation shrinks from the horrors of Anatomy—a study as indispensable as it is revolting. Then their contemptuous exclusion of all male society deprives them of the physical force necessary for their defence, and in their hour of need, when face to face with the hard facts of life, they must call in the strong arm of the despised sex.

Nor are other feminine weaknesses wanting—such as are not directly connected with their lack of practical power, nerve, and muscle. The indignation that thrills Ida at the mention of the Prince's monstrous claim upon her is not unmixed with curiosity as to his character and the exact nature of his attitude towards herself; in the middle of a metaphysical discussion she digresses to dwell upon the beauty of the brooch that is the appointed prize for proficiency in that subject; and, while still dripping from her accident, and pronouncing contemptuous judgment on the intruders, she has been careful to adorn her royal forehead with a jewel of resplendent brilliance. And this is the stern, impassive, statuesque Princess herself!

And a still more ominous source of weakness is the in-

destructibility of the human affections. Even at the beginning of the Poem we find some of the students conscious of the unnatural character of the undertaking, and yearning to return to the normal woman's life of love and marriage and home. Psyche's professional duty is as wax before the warmth of her sisterly affection, and who does not love and admire her the more on this account? Even the great Princess herself is fatally weak in her affection for children. And we must notice that it is through the influence wrought upon her heart by the natural womanly emotions of pity, sympathy, and love, that she eventually descends from the pinnacle of her false ideal and shines forth in the charm of true womanhood.[1]

Indeed, there is no need to do more than leave the College to itself to develop the inherent seeds of decay. A strong sincere resolve and the attractiveness of novelty will support these enthusiasts for a few weeks, but Nature will assert herself at last and redeem them to their proper sphere. In the hospital they are in place—

"to and fro
With books, with flowers, with Angel offices,
Like creatures native unto gracious act,
And in their own clear element, they moved,"

and Ida herself is conquered too at last, after her extravagant dreams "finding fair peace once more among

[1] See below, xlix-l. It is noteworthy, as testifying to Tennyson's minute handling of details, that in the moment of her supreme sorrowful remorse, when the Prince is awed from intrusion upon her musings, it is the cry of a bird intent on her motherly duties that breaks the spell and recalls her to the pleadings of her lover (VII. 232-8).

the sick," and "all her falser self slipping from her like a robe" when her woman's heart recognises its true complement in that of her lover.

The literary structure of the Poem has often been grossly misunderstood. The work has been charged with "want of interest, unity, and purpose," with "miserable weakness and want of integrity," with being "indeed a 'medley'" and producing "an unpleasant grotesque effect," with resting upon "a basis of wild and extravagant improbabilities," and so forth, in numerous notices, contemporary and subsequent, both in England and in America. How far it is lacking in interest is of course a matter that can only be decided for each reader by himself; its unity and integrity, both of design and of execution, seem so strikingly clear that it is really hard to see what exact meaning the reviewer attached to these words; while the rest of the charge-sheet amounts to no more than that *The Princess* is, in form a Romance, in style and purpose a serio-comic didactic Poem.

Now, a work that comes before us in the acknowledged character of a Romance is no more reasonably to be judged by the ordinary critical canons applicable to a historical work, or even to narrative poetry, than is the value of a proposition of Euclid to be estimated by its artistic effect. This essential truth has been so admirably expressed by Mr. Dawson that I venture to transcribe his words :—

'We would not pretend to argue with anyone who declared that he had no interest in any special work of art, but with what show of reason can any critic reproach "The Princess" for improbability in its incidents, and admire "The Tempest" and

the "Midsummer Night's Dream"? Who, in criticising "The Jerusalem Delivered," ever stopped to weigh probabilities about Armida's garden, or the adventures of Tancred and Clorinda? Or who ever tried to calculate the dead reckoning of Ulysses in the Odyssey? In estimating a poem the conditions assumed by the poet must be taken for granted; and we have only to inquire whether, these being assumed, the poem possesses unity, congruity, and a definite and worthy object. We have to demand also that the characters are congruous with themselves, and that the treatment of the incidents is poetical. The moment we enter the Forest of Arden in "As You Like It," we have no right to carry with us the precise rules of our work-a-day world, but we should resign ourselves to the joyous life of the inhabitants of the forest. If we find their society agreeable and improving if their sentiments are lofty and elevating—if their language is beautiful beyond all usual speech—if their characters are consistent with themselves—and if their influence upon us is inspiriting and ennobling—let us be thankful; let us not trouble ourselves about the latitude and longitude of the abode which has charmed us, nor about the year of our Lord when it was discovered. We should apply to "The Princess" the same rules as to other similar works of imagination or fancy. To do otherwise would be as reasonable as to attempt to extract the square root of a melody, or to ascertain the cubic contents of a collection of love-songs."

The interfusion of the solemn and the comic elements, so far from being a blot upon the Poem, is an eminently artistic feature of the work, deliberately conceived as the most fitting vehicle of a design in which "the jest and earnest" are inevitably found "working side by side" throughout. In the same way the general air of incongruity that dominates the whole Poem is intended to reflect the fantastic character of the subject-matter. That these features of the literary treatment form an integral portion of Tennyson's deliberate purpose is plain from the very commencement. The first note is indeed

struck in the opening lines of the *Prologue*, where Sir Walter's house is described as adorned with articles collected from all quarters of the globe and all eras of history—

> "every clime and age
> Jumbled together,"

while the serious earnestness of Lilia and the mock-solemnity and bantering chaff of Walter prefigure the two-fold tone that pervades the main story. More directly is this brought out in the lines with which the first narrator prefaces the commencement of this "Summer's Tale" :—

> "Seven and yet one, like shadows in a dream !—
> Heroic seems our Princess as required-
> But Something made to suit with Time and place,
> A Gothic ruin and a Grecian house,
> A talk of college and of ladies' rights,
> A feudal knight in silken masquerade,
> And, yonder, shrieks and strange experiments
> For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all—
> This *were* a medley !"

With such art does the Poet prepare us for the wild incongruities of his Romance, in which the outward forms and customs of mediaeval Europe constitute the setting of an essentially modern English Institution, where a reference to the reign of Elizabeth can appear in the mouth of a lady whose lover is conversant with the use of catapults, and where a tournament is fought beneath the eyes of a company whose conversation, steeped in Classical phraseology and allusion, ranges lightly over the problems of Evolution and the Nebular Hypothesis.

And all this profusion of grotesque discrepancy is designed for the accentuation of the essentially ridiculous and impracticable character of the scheme to which the Princess had devoted her life. Full justice is done to her noble energy and enthusiasm, and in the earnest tone which dominates the more serious portions of the Poem we can see with what reverent appreciation Tennyson regards his heroine's efforts to procure for her sex a more generous treatment than has been ordinarily accorded them with respect to facilities for education and culture; the wrongs of women are dwelt upon with fervent indignation, and the vital importance to Society involved in giving them full scope for the development of every side of their higher capacities is fully and frankly recognised; but the means adopted by Ida for the attainment of this end, her contemptuous withdrawal from the society of men, her defiance of the fundamental human instincts, her cultivation of the intellect alone, to the neglect of the affections and the moral life—these must be exposed in all their rottenness and pernicious error, not spitefully or with scorn, but gently and tenderly, as their object and intent deserve, but none the less firmly, lest the tragic element should develop to predominance over the grotesque, and Society be dislocated and deranged.

Much ingenuity has been exercised on the subject of the source from which Tennyson may have derived the idea of the Ladies' College. Some have traced it to a passage at the end of Johnson's *Rasselas* (1759), in which the views of Nekayah are enunciated as follows:—

"The princess thought, that, of all sublunary things, knowledge was the best; she desired, first, to learn all sciences, and then purposed to found a college of learned women, in which she would preside; that, by conversing with the old, and educating the young, she might divide her time between the acquisition and communication of wisdom, and raise up, for the next age, models of prudence, and patterns of piety."

Others quote the afore-mentioned "project" of Defoe's, which is worked out with some care in detail, and can claim a chronological priority of more than sixty years over the purpose which Johnson attributed to the Abyssinian Princess, while a devotion to more abstruse research will reveal the fact that, both in date of production and in elaboration of presentment, Defoe himself must yield to Margaret Cavendish, Marchioness of Newcastle. This illustrious lady published in 1662 *The Female Academy*, a quaint and whimsical drama, which narrates how several young ladies isolated themselves from the society of men, and sought in a College that education which was not to be otherwise obtained, and how certain amorous members of the neglected sex endeavoured to invade their maiden precincts—but at this point the story comes to a bald and abrupt conclusion, the last scene containing a feeble compromise that results in nothing; there is hardly any plot or action, the play consisting mainly of a series of disconnected utterances by the studious damsels on various qualities, customs, and institutions, and others delivered by the men who set up a rival establishment of similar character.

We need not, however, suppose that Tennyson derived the idea of his College from any one of these, though it may have been suggested to him by the obverse side of

the matter that forms the plot of Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, in which, though there it is a strictly male Academy that is invaded by a band of ladies, with the inevitable result, the Poet seems to have had in view the same fundamental intention of insisting upon the persistence and indestructibility of the natural human affections. These, however, are questions with which we have little concern. To have devised the bare outline of such a scheme would be no great tribute to a man's imagination —the Greek Poet Aristophanes twenty-three centuries ago produced a Comedy in which an analogous prank is devised by the women of Athens to secure a political object. But *The Princess* is *The Princess*, and, whencesoever the suggestion of the form of the story may have been derived, the grace, the melody, the imagery, the richness, the colour, that pervade the work—these have transmuted the crude material to pure gold, and these are Tennyson's own.

His artistic excellences, which more even than his earnest purpose and his noble teaching constitute Tennyson's chief title to our admiration, are in their nature less susceptible than his other characteristics of critical treatment, or even of adequate enunciation. The perception of exquisite and melodious cadence, of delicate or sonorous structure of verse, trained into perfect sympathy with the thought it contains, of happy choice of picturesque phrase or pregnant turn of expression, is a faculty which, if it does not exist already in the reader, can hardly be communicated to him from without. The utmost that can be done in this direction is to indicate broadly the chief characteristic

features of the Poet's art, and this Messrs. Rowe and Webb have done in the *General Introduction*. In the Notes the attention of the student is called to some of the most striking instances of Tennyson's magical power in these respects with which he has enriched the Poem now before us.

III. THE CHARACTERS.

The Characters through whom the story and purpose of the Poem are developed are designed on broad lines, but the details are filled in with a delicate hand.

The Prince's father, the "hard old king," represents in his blunt, violent manner the old-fashioned *régime*, when women were women and knew their place, and before these fantastic notions of "equal rights" had begun to "shake the pillars of domestic peace." To him women are beings essentially of another mould, not so distinctly inferior to men as altogether outside the sphere of comparison with them. He is not devoid of a certain rough respect for the sex, and speaks with affectionate pride of his dead wife. But it is monstrous that they should be allowed to play such pranks as these, taking it upon themselves to organise their lives after their own views of right and justice, and setting at defiance the arrangements of their betters —this must be checked at once, or what will become of the order of the universe!

To him a ridiculous contrast is afforded in the person of his brother-monarch of the south, with his timid diffident manner, and his painful anxiety to be pleasant. He is utterly incapable of enforcing his will in any

respect, and is lightly neglected by all his vigorous family, though he likes to chatter about his amorous youth; and insists in his feeble way upon the respect due to his rank. The striking contrast presented by his physical insignificance and vacillating cast of mind to the gigantic bulk of Arac and the intrepid energy of Ida, impress the lover of the latter with a strong conviction, corroborative of his lady's earnest advocacy of her cause, that the paramount factor in our composition is that which is derived from the mother.

To the character of the Prince himself it has been objected that it is not sufficiently heroic, or even strongly marked, considering the important part he plays in the story. That this is no real blot upon the Poem is well shown by Mr. Dawson :—"To bring out the Prince more strongly, would have detracted from the unity of the poem. The Princess is not overcome by him or by his merits. She is worsted by Nature—by the constituted order of things." Indeed, the Poet would seem to have taken pains to insist upon the comparative weakness of this character. He must not be mean, of course, or in any way despicable, but it must be clearly shown that it was not the glamour of his physical or moral brilliance that won his lady from her isolation. His too emotional temperament and susceptibility to cataleptic seizures, added for the first time in the fourth Edition of the Poem, was probably intended to emphasise this point. At the same time it is plain that there was a further moral purpose in the introduction of this feature. For not only is the woman incomplete in herself, but, correspondingly, the man also cannot attain his full perfection until he has

found his complement. Ida's womanhood is not developed till she has recognised the fallacy of her scheme of seclusion, and the Prince appeals to her to "accomplish his manhood" no less than "herself" by yielding her heart to his. Henceforth he can declare

"my doubts are dead,
My haunting sense of hollow shows,"

and he is at peace with himself and with the world.[1] It is noteworthy that his successive attacks correspond with those crises in the story at which his lady shows herself least feminine—when she stands in the full splendour of her triumphant position, with her foot upon the leopard

[1] We may compare a strikingly parallel passage in *The Coming of Arthur* (74-93), where the King expresses his yearning desire that the purpose of his life may be strengthened by the sympathy of the lady of his love :—

"And Arthur, passing thence to battle, felt
Travail, and throes and agonies of the life,
Desiring to be join'd with Guinevere ;
And thinking as he rode, 'Her father said
That there between the man and beast they die.
Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts
Up to my throne, and side by side with me ?
What happiness to reign a lonely king,
Vext—O ye stars that shudder over me,
O earth that soundest hollow under me,
Vext with waste dreams ? for saving I be join'd
To her that is the fairest under heaven,
I seem as nothing in the mighty world,
And cannot will my will, nor work my work
Wholly, nor make myself in mine own realm
Victor and lord. But were I join'd with her,
Then might we live together as one life,
And reigning with one will in everything
Have power on this dark land to lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live.'"

—when she has scornfully cast him from the gates by the hands of her "monstrous woman-guard"—when she takes her stand "among the statues, statue-like," to watch with hard untender eyes her lover battling with her brother; nor does he finally "wake sane" until the long struggle in her is at an end, and, recognising the folly of her fantastic theory, she has yielded to the pleadings of the true woman within her heart. And we may well believe that the repeated phrase in this connection—"all things were and were not"—is designed to indicate the half-truth that pervades the "grand imaginations" of the fair enthusiast; for, had her cause been as ignoble as her methods were ridiculous, we could have felt no sympathetic interest in her story.[1]

The character of Cyril is an admirable study of vigorous, healthy common-sense, undisturbed by haunting fancies, unfettered by false modesty, and as clear-sighted as jovial. His sound knowledge of human nature is humorously demonstrated in his manner of dealing with the two Tutors—Psyche he appeases by a delicate compliment to her ability as a lecturer and an expression of admiration for her baby—Blanche he persuades to silence by an appeal to her ambition. The illustration of his moral temperament, superficially frivolous but sound at

[1] [Moreover the expressions "dream," "shadow," "were and were not," doubtless refer to the anachronisms and improbabilities of the story. Compare *Prologue*, 222—

"Seven and yet one, like shadows in a dream,"

and V. 466-70—

"And like a flash the weird affection came:
. . . .
I seem'd to move in old memorial tilts,
And doing battle with forgotten ghosts,
To dream myself the shadow of a dream." H. T.]

bottom, by reference to the water-lily, is one of the happiest similes in literature.

The key-note to the character of the Lady Ida is to be found in the Prince's exclamation :—

> "True she errs,
> But in her own grand way : being herself
> Three times more noble than three score of men,
> She sees herself in every woman else,
> And so she wears her error like a crown
> To blind the truth and me."

She is essentially earnest and devoted to her cause for its own sake ; nor can we doubt but that she would have gloriously justified at need her asseveration that she would shrink from no personal sacrifice which might promote the welfare of her darling purpose. Nor is her generous enthusiasm, which dazzles her lover, swells her brother's heart with pride, and commands even the respect of the Northern King, in any way the less admirable on account of the monstrous or ridiculous positions into which she is occasionally forced by the burning indignation that dominates her or the honest misdirection of her energies.

In striking contrast to the unselfishness which pervades every moment of her life is presented the narrow jealous disposition of Lady Blanche. It has been well remarked that these two ladies stand respectively towards the College as do Brutus and Cassius in Shakespeare's Play towards the cause of the Republic. One had devoted her whole energies unreservedly towards the attainment of an end from which others should benefit—the other regarded the Institution as a means for ignoble self-aggrandisement, and is willing to desert it when she conceives that her end may be more effectively secured elsewhere. Envious, self-centred, treacherous, she lacks even

the redeeming feature of love for her child or respect for the memory of her dead husband. It is noteworthy, as Mr. Dawson remarks, that she is "the one thoroughly repulsive woman in all Tennyson's works."

Psyche has not the profound earnestness and majestic mien of her Chief, and is in consequence more immediately charming. She is, in fact, essentially feminine, both in heart and in manner. Her position at the College she invests with a certain prettiness that withdraws our attention from the lecture to the lecturer, but we feel that it is only an incidental episode in her life, and her discovery of her brother lets loose the natural flow of those tender affections which later, at the loss of her child, are developed with almost tragic intensity.

The minor characters, too, are very happily sketched. Arac, the "genial giant," with his splendid muscles, his healthy love of action, and his proud devotion to his sister—Florian, the Prince's "other heart," a loyal friend and affectionate brother—Melissa, the maiden whose tender conscience cannot endure the shadow of deceit.

But, if the importance of a character is to be estimated by the strength and far-reaching effect of its influence on those with whom it is associated, the real heroine of the poem is Aglaia. As Mr. Dawson was the first to point this out, and as the Poet has himself referred in complimentary terms to that gentleman's comments on this matter, I cannot do better than transcribe the following passage from his *Study*, my indebtedness to which in the preparation of this volume I cannot sufficiently acknowledge:—

"Ridiculous in the lecture-room, the babe . . . is made the central point upon which the plot turns; for the unconscious child is the concrete embodiment of Nature itself, clearing away

all merely intellectual theories by her silent influence. Ida feels the power of the child. The postscript of the despatch sent to her brother in the height of her indignation, contains, as is fitting, the kernel of the matter. She says :—

> I took it for an hour in mine own bed
> This morning : there the tender orphan hands
> Felt at my heart, and seem'd to charm from thence
> The wrath I nursed against the world.

Rash princess ! that fatal hour dashed

> 'the hopes of half the world.'

"Alas for these hopes ! The cause, the great cause, totters to the fall when the Head confesses—

> I felt
> Thy helpless warmth about my barren breast
> In the dead prime.

Whenever the plot thickens the babe appears. It is with Ida on her judgment-seat. In the topmost height of the storm the wail of the 'lost lamb at her feet' reduces her eloquent anger into incoherence. She carries it when she sings her song of triumph. When she goes to tend her wounded brothers on the battle-field she carries it. Through it, and for it, Cyril pleads his successful suit, and wins it for the mother. For its sake the mother is pardoned. O fatal babe ! more fatal to the hopes of woman than the doomful horse to the proud walls of Ilion for through thee the walls of pride are breached, and all the conquering affections flock in."

IV. THE SONGS.

A few words will suffice to point out the bearing of the Songs upon the teaching of the Poem. For, though they may at first sight appear to be, in character as in origin, entirely unconnected with the main work, a closer examination will discover that they are intimately bound up with its central purpose To this important point our attention is drawn by those lines in the *Conclusion* which tell how, in opposition to the "mock-heroic gigantesque" treatment which the men

required, the women pleaded for a more serious tone :—

"and perhaps they felt their power,
For something in the ballads which they sang,
Or in their silent influence as they sat,
Had ever seem'd to wrestle with burlesque,
And drove us, last, to quite a solemn close." [1]

The key to the interpretation of this Song-element is to be found in the fact that they all centre round the persistence of the affections, while four of the six bear special reference to the strengthening and purifying power of the love of children, thus reflecting the dominant purpose of the main work.

In the first, a man and his wife have quarrelled, and are reconciled over the grave of their dead child.[2] The

[1] The whole structure of the Poem is so wildly fantastic that we need not stop to consider strictly what this last line means. Omitting for the moment the fact that the Songs did not appear in the two earliest Editions, the suggestion that the tone of the latter half of the Poem was rendered more solemn through the evident seriousness of the ladies need prove no stumbling-block to those who have accepted the fundamental statement of the genesis of the Romance—that it was conceived at a moment's notice for the delectation of a lazy summer's afternoon, and that each "inheritor" of the tale took it up at whatever casual point his predecessor had left off, and continued it with no idea in what state himself would hand it on.

[2] What a delicate refutation is here of Ida's light depreciation of children as a power in life! Fancy-borne upon the wings of triumphant confidence, she will hear nothing of the charm of domestic life, and to her companion who urges the claims of this feminine ideal she retorts :—

"Children die; and let me tell you, girl,
Howe'er you babble, great deeds cannot die."

But after death this child could exert a purifying influence on two sundered hearts that no "great deeds," immortal though they might be, could have availed to re-unite.

second tells of a man whose work keeps him far at sea, but whose thoughts are drawn home by his love for the child for whom he is labouring. The third dwells upon the contrast between the evanescent character of echoes in the physical world and the permanent and ever-widening sympathies of human hearts—the notes of the bugle sound across the lake, and faint, and die; those of human affection

"roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever."

Lilia's wild stirring strain emphasises the vital truth that in all noble endeavour man's energy is inspired and his arm strengthened by the recollection of those whom he loves. In the next we see how, when all is wrapped in darkness and despair, it is the maternal instinct that can most forcibly survive to prolong an interest in life—this, be it noticed, the ninety years of her experience had taught the nurse, while the young maiden failed to move her mistress by uncovering the face of her dead husband. And in the last we hear a cry of self-surrender that explains itself, bearing a more pertinent relation to the Canto which it precedes.

It is interesting in this connection to read the following from a letter written by the Poet to Mr. Dawson in acknowledgment of the receipt of a copy of the latter's *Study*:—

"I may tell you that the songs were not an after-thought. Before the first edition came out, I deliberated with myself whether I should put songs in between the separate divisions of the poem. Again, I thought, the poem will explain itself; but the public did not see that the child, as you say, was the heroine of the piece, and at last I conquered my laziness and inserted them."

THE PRINCESS.

THE PRINCESS;

A MEDLEY.

PROLOGUE.

Sir Walter Vivian all a summer's day
Gave his broad lawns until the set of sun
Up to the people: thither flock'd at noon
His tenants, wife and child, and thither half
The neighbouring borough with their Institute
Of which he was the patron. I was there
From college, visiting the son,—the son
A Walter too,—with others of our set,
Five others: we were seven at Vivian-place.

And me that morning Walter show'd the house,
Greek, set with busts: from vases in the hall
Flowers of all heavens, and lovelier than their names,
Grew side by side; and on the pavement lay
Carved stones of the Abbey-ruin in the park,
Huge Ammonites, and the first bones of Time;
And on the tables every clime and age
Jumbled together; celts and calumets,
Claymore and snowshoe, toys in lava, fans
Of sandal, amber, ancient rosaries,
Laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere,

The cursed Malayan crease, and battle-clubs
From the isles of palm: and higher on the walls,
Betwixt the monstrous horns of elk and deer,
His own forefathers' arms and armour hung.

And 'this' he said 'was Hugh's at Agincourt;
And that was old Sir Ralph's at Ascalon:
A good knight he! we keep a chronicle
With all about him'—which he brought, and I
Dived in a hoard of tales that dealt with knights,
Half-legend, half-historic, counts and kings
Who laid about them at their wills and died;
And mixt with these, a lady, one that arm'd
Her own fair head, and sallying thro' the gate,
Had beat her foes with slaughter from her walls.

'O miracle of women,' said the book,
'O noble heart who, being strait-besieged
By this wild king to force her to his wish,
Nor bent, nor broke, nor shunn'd a soldier's death,
But now when all was lost or seem'd as lost—
Her stature more than mortal in the burst
Of sunrise, her arm lifted, eyes on fire—
Brake with a blast of trumpets from the gate,
And, falling on them like a thunderbolt,
She trampled some beneath her horses' heels,
And some were whelm'd with missiles of the wall,
And some were push'd with lances from the rock,
And part were drown'd within the whirling brook:
O miracle of noble womanhood!'

So sang the gallant glorious chronicle;
And, I all rapt in this, 'Come out,' he said,
'To the Abbey: there is Aunt Elizabeth
And sister Lilia with the rest.' We went

(I kept the book and had my finger in it)
Down thro' the park: strange was the sight to me;
For all the sloping pasture murmur'd, sown
With happy faces and with holiday.
There moved the multitude, a thousand heads:
The patient leaders of their Institute
Taught them with facts One rear'd a font of stone
And drew, from butts of water on the slope,
The fountain of the moment, playing, now
A twisted snake, and now a rain of pearls,
Or steep-up spout whereon the gilded ball
Danced like a wisp: and somewhat lower down
A man with knobs and wires and vials fired
A cannon: Echo answer'd in her sleep
From hollow fields: and here were telescopes
For azure views; and there a group of girls
In circle waited, whom the electric shock
Dislink'd with shrieks and laughter: round the lake
A little clock-work steamer paddling plied
And shook the lilies: perch'd about the knolls
A dozen angry models jetted steam:
A petty railway ran: a fire-balloon
Rose gem-like up before the dusky groves
And dropt a fairy parachute and past:
And there thro' twenty posts of telegraph
They flash'd a saucy message to and fro
Between the mimic stations; so that sport
Went hand in hand with Science; otherwhere
Pure sport: a herd of boys with clamour bowl'd
And stump'd the wicket; babies roll'd about
Like tumbled fruit in grass; and men and maids
Arranged a country dance, and flew thro' light
And shadow, while the twangling violin
Struck up with Soldier-laddie, and overhead
The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty lime
Made noise with bees and breeze from end to end.

Strange was the sight and smacking of the time;
And long we gazed, but satiated at length
Came to the ruins. High-arch'd and ivy-claspt,
Of finest Gothic lighter than a fire,
Thro' one wide chasm of time and frost they gave
The park, the crowd, the house; but all within
The sward was trim as any garden lawn:
And here we lit on Aunt Elizabeth,
And Lilia with the rest, and lady friends
From neighbour seats: and there was Ralph himself,
A broken statue propt against the wall,
As gay as any. Lilia, wild with sport,
Half child half woman as she was, had wound
A scarf of orange round the stony helm,
And robed the shoulders in a rosy silk,
That made the old warrior from his ivied nook
Glow like a sunbeam: near his tomb a feast
Shone, silver-set; about it lay the guests,
And there we join'd them: then the maiden Aunt
Took this fair day for text, and from it preach'd
An universal culture for the crowd,
And all things great; but we, unworthier, told
Of college: he had climb'd across the spikes,
And he had squeezed himself betwixt the bars,
And he had breathed the Proctor's dogs; and one
Discuss'd his tutor, rough to common men,
But honeying at the whisper of a lord;
And one the Master, as a rogue in grain
Veneer'd with sanctimonious theory.

But while they talk'd, above their heads I saw
The feudal warrior lady-clad; which brought
My book to mind: and opening this I read
Of old Sir Ralph a page or two that rang
With tilt and tourney; then the tale of her
That drove her foes with slaughter from her walls,

And much I praised her nobleness, and 'Where,'
Ask'd Walter, patting Lilia's head (she lay
Beside him) 'lives there such a woman now?'

Quick answer'd Lilia 'There are thousands now
Such women, but convention beats them down:
It is but bringing up; no more than that:
You men have done it: how I hate you all!
Ah, were I something great! I wish I were
Some mighty poetess, I would shame you then,
That love to keep us children! O I wish
That I were some great princess, I would build
Far off from men a college like a man's,
And I would teach them all that men are taught;
We are twice as quick!' And here she shook aside
The hand that play'd the patron with her curls.

And one said smiling 'Pretty were the sight
If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
I think they should not wear our rusty gowns,
But move as rich as Emperor-moths, or Ralph
Who shines so in the corner; yet I fear,
If there were many Lilias in the brood,
However deep you might embower the nest,
Some boy would spy it.'
                                        At this upon the sward
She tapt her tiny silken-sandal'd foot:
'That's your light way; but I would make it death
For any male thing but to peep at us.'

Petulant she spoke, and at herself she laugh'd;
A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she:
But Walter hail'd a score of names upon her,

And 'petty Ogress,' and 'ungrateful Puss,'
And swore he long'd at college, only long'd,
All else was well, for she-society.
They boated and they cricketed; they talk'd
At wine, in clubs, of art, of politics;
They lost their weeks; they vext the souls of deans;
They rode; they betted; made a hundred friends,
And caught the blossom of the flying terms,
But miss'd the mignonette of Vivian-place,
The little hearth-flower Lilia. Thus he spoke,
Part banter, part affection.
'True,' she said,
'We doubt not that. O yes, you miss'd us much
I'll stake my ruby ring upon it you did.'

She held it out; and as a parrot turns
Up thro' gilt wires a crafty loving eye,
And takes a lady's finger with all care,
And bites it for true heart and not for harm,
So he with Lilia's. Daintily she shriek'd
And wrung it. 'Doubt my word again!' he said.
'Come, listen! here is proof that you were miss'd:
We seven stay'd at Christmas up to read;
And there we took one tutor as to read:
The hard-grain'd Muses of the cube and square
Were out of season: never man, I think,
So moulder'd in a sinecure as he:
For while our cloisters echo'd frosty feet
And our long walks were stript as bare as brooms,
We did but talk you over, pledge you all
In wassail; often, like as many girls—
Sick for the hollies and the yews of home—
As many little trifling Lilias—play'd
Charades and riddles as at Christmas here,
And *what's my thought* and *when* and *where* and *how*,
And often told a tale from mouth to mouth

As here at Christmas.'
She remember'd that:
A pleasant game, she thought: she liked it more
Than magic music, forfeits, all the rest.
But these—what kind of tales did men tell men,
She wonder'd, by themselves?
A half disdain
Perch'd on the pouted blossom of her lips:
And Walter nodded at me; '*He* began,
The rest would follow, each in turn; and so
We forged a sevenfold story. Kind? what kind?
Chimeras, crotchets, Christmas solecisms,
Seven-headed monsters only made to kill
Time by the fire in winter.'
'Kill him now,
The tyrant! kill him in the summer too,'
Said Lilia; 'Why not now?' the maiden Aunt.
'Why not a summer's as a winter's tale?
A tale for summer as befits the time,
And something it should be to suit the place,
Heroic, for a hero lies beneath,
Grave, solemn!'
Walter warp'd his mouth at this
To something so mock-solemn, that I laugh'd
And Lilia woke with sudden-shrilling mirth
An echo like a ghostly woodpecker,
Hid in the ruins; till the maiden Aunt
(A little sense of wrong had touch'd her face
With colour) turn'd to me with 'As you will;
Heroic if you will, or what you will,
Or be yourself your hero if you will.'

'Take Lilia, then, for heroine' clamour'd he,
'And make her some great Princess, six feet high,
Grand, epic, homicidal; and be you
The Prince to win her!'

'Then follow me, the Prince,'
I answer'd, 'each be hero in his turn!
Seven and yet one, like shadows in a dream.—
Heroic seems our Princess as required—
But Something made to suit with Time and place,
A Gothic ruin and a Grecian house,
A talk of college and of ladies' rights,
A feudal knight in silken masquerade,
And, yonder, shrieks and strange experiments
For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all—
This *were* a medley! we should have him back
Who told the "Winter's Tale" to do it for us.
No matter: we will say whatever comes.
And let the ladies sing us, if they will,
From time to time, some ballad or a song
To give us breathing-space.'
So I began,
And the rest follow'd: and the women sang
Between the rougher voices of the men,
Like linnets in the pauses of the wind:
And here I give the story and the songs.

A prince I was, blue-eyed, and fair in face,
Of temper amorous, as the first of May,
With lengths of yellow ringlet, like a girl,
For on my cradle shone the Northern star.

There lived an ancient legend in our house.
Some sorcerer, whom a far-off grandsire burnt
Because he cast no shadow, had foretold,
Dying, that none of all our blood should know
The shadow from the substance, and that one
Should come to fight with shadows and to fall.
For so, my mother said, the story ran.

And, truly, waking dreams were, more or less,
An old and strange affection of the house.
Myself too had weird seizures, Heaven knows what:
On a sudden in the midst of men and day,
And while I walk'd and talk'd as heretofore,
I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts,
And feel myself the shadow of a dream
Our great court-Galen poised his gilt-head cane,
And paw'd his beard, and mutter'd 'catalepsy.'
My mother pitying made a thousand prayers;
My mother was as mild as any saint,
Half-canonized by all that look'd on her,
So gracious was her tact and tenderness:
But my good father thought a king a king;
He cared not for the affection of the house;
He held his sceptre like a pedant's wand
To lash offence, and with long arms and hands
Reach'd out, and pick'd offenders from the mass
For judgment.
                    Now it chanced that I had been,
While life was yet in bud and blade, betroth'd
To one, a neighbouring Princess: she to me
Was proxy-wedded with a bootless calf
At eight years old; and still from time to time
Came murmurs of her beauty from the South,
And of her brethren, youths of puissance;
And still I wore her picture by my heart,
And one dark tress; and all around them both
Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about their queen.

But when the days drew nigh that I should wed,
My father sent ambassadors with furs
And jewels, gifts, to fetch her: these brought back
A present, a great labour of the loom;
And therewithal an answer vague as wind:
Besides, they saw the king; he took the gifts;

He said there was a compact; that was true:
But then she had a will; was he to blame?
And maiden fancies; loved to live alone
Among her women; certain, would not wed.

That morning in the presence room I stood
With Cyril and with Florian, my two friends:
The first, a gentleman of broken means
(His father's fault) but given to starts and bursts
Of revel; and the last, my other heart,
And almost my half-self, for still we moved
Together, twinn'd as horse's ear and eye.

Now, while they spake, I saw my father's face
Grow long and troubled like a rising moon,
Inflamed with wrath: he started on his feet,
Tore the king's letter, snow'd it down, and rent
The wonder of the loom thro' warp and woof
From skirt to skirt; and at the last he sware
That he would send a hundred thousand men,
And bring her in a whirlwind: then he chew'd
The thrice-turn'd cud of wrath, and cook'd his spleen,
Communing with his captains of the war.

At last I spoke. 'My father, let me go.
It cannot be but some gross error lies
In this report, this answer of a king,
Whom all men rate as kind and hospitable:
Or, maybe, I myself, my bride once seen,
Whate'er my grief to find her less than fame,
May rue the bargain made.' And Florian said:
'I have a sister at the foreign court,
Who moves about the Princess; she, you know,
Who wedded with a nobleman from thence:
He, dying lately, left her, as I hear,
The lady of three castles in that land:

Thro' her this matter might be sifted clean.'
And Cyril whisper'd: 'Take me with you too.'
Then laughing 'what, if these weird seizures come
Upon you in those lands, and no one near
To point you out the shadow from the truth!
Take me: I'll serve you better in a strait;
I grate on rusty hinges here:' but 'No!'
Roar'd the rough king, 'you shall not; we ourself
Will crush her pretty maiden fancies dead
In iron gauntlets: break the council up.'

But when the council broke, I rose and past
Thro' the wild woods that hung about the town;
Found a still place, and pluck'd her likeness out;
Laid it on flowers, and watch'd it lying bathed
In the green gleam of dewy-tassell'd trees:
What were those fancies? wherefore break her troth?
Proud look'd the lips: but while I meditated
A wind arose and rush'd upon the South,
And shook the songs, the whispers, and the shrieks
Of the wild woods together; and a Voice
Went with it, 'Follow, follow, thou shalt win.'

Then, ere the silver sickle of that month
Became her golden shield, I stole from court
With Cyril and with Florian, unperceived,
Cat-footed thro' the town and half in dread
To hear my father's clamour at our backs
With Ho! from some bay-window shake the night;
But all was quiet: from the bastion'd walls
Like threaded spiders, one by one, we dropt,
And flying reach'd the frontier: then we crost
To a livelier land; and so by tilth and grange,
And vines, and blowing bosks of wilderness,
We gain'd the mother-city thick with towers,
And in the imperial palace found the king.

His name was Gama; crack'd and small his voice,
But bland the smile that like a wrinkling wind
On glassy water drove his cheek in lines;
A little dry old man, without a star,
Not like a king; three days he feasted us,
And on the fourth I spake of why we came,
And my betroth'd. 'You do us, Prince,' he said,
Airing a snowy hand and signet gem,
'All honour. We remember love ourselves
In our sweet youth: there did a compact pass
Long summers back, a kind of ceremony—
I think the year in which our olives fail'd.
I would you had her, Prince, with all my heart,
With my full heart: but there were widows here,
Two widows, Lady Psyche, Lady Blanche;
They fed her theories, in and out of place
Maintaining that with equal husbandry
The woman were an equal to the man.
They harp'd on this; with this our banquets rang;
Our dances broke and buzz'd in knots of talk;
Nothing but this; my very ears were hot
To hear them: knowledge, so my daughter held,
Was all in all: they had but been, she thought,
As children; they must lose the child, assume
The woman: then, Sir, awful odes she wrote,
Too awful, sure, for what they treated of,
But all she is and does is awful; odes
About this losing of the child; and rhymes
And dismal lyrics, prophesying change
Beyond all reason: these the women sang;
And they that know such things—I sought but peace;
No critic I—would call them masterpieces:
They master'd *me*. At last she begg'd a boon,
A certain summer palace which I have
Hard by your father's frontier: I said no,
Yet being an easy man, gave it: and there,

All wild to found an University
For maidens, on the spur she fled; and more
We know not,--only this: they see no men,
Not ev'n her brother Arac, nor the twins
Her brethren, tho' they love her, look upon her
As on a kind of paragon; and I
(Pardon me saying it) were much loth to breed
Dispute betwixt myself and mine: but since
(And I confess with right) you think me bound
In some sort, I can give you letters to her;
And yet, to speak the truth, I rate your chance
Almost at naked nothing.'
Thus the king;
And I, tho' nettled that he seem'd to slur
With garrulous ease and oily courtesies
Our formal compact, yet, not less (all frets
But chafing me on fire to find my bride)
Went forth again with both my friends. We rode
Many a long league back to the North. At last
From hills, that look'd across a land of hope
We dropt with evening on a rustic town
Set in a gleaming river's crescent-curve,
Close at the boundary of the liberties;
There, enter'd an old hostel, call'd mine host
To council, plied him with his richest wines,
And show'd the late-writ letters of the king.

He with a long low sibilation, stared
As blank as death in marble; then exclaim'd
Averring it was clear against all rules
For any man to go: but as his brain
Began to mellow, 'If the king,' he said,
'Had given us letters, was he bound to speak?
The king would bear him out;' and at the last—
The summer of the vine in all his veins—
'No doubt that we might make it worth his while.

She once had past that way; he heard her speak;
She scared him; life! he never saw the like;
She look'd as grand as doomsday and as grave:
And he, he reverenced his liege-lady there;
He always made a point to post with mares;
His daughter and his housemaid were the boys:
The land, he understood, for miles about
Was till'd by women; all the swine were sows,
And all the dogs'—

But while he jested thus,
A thought flash'd thro' me which I clothed in act,
Remembering how we three presented Maid
Or Nymph, or Goddess, at high tide of feast,
In masque or pageant at my father's court.
We sent mine host to purchase female gear;
He brought it, and himself, a sight to shake
The midriff of despair with laughter, holp
To lace us up, till, each, in maiden plumes
We rustled: him we gave a costly bribe
To guerdon silence, mounted our good steeds,
And boldly ventured on the liberties.

We follow'd up the river as we rode,
And rode till midnight when the college lights
Began to glitter firefly-like in copse
And linden alley: then we past an arch,
Whereon a woman-statue rose with wings
From four wing'd horses dark against the stars;
And some inscription ran along the front,
But deep in shadow: further on we gain'd
A little street half garden and half house;
But scarce could hear each other speak for noise
Of clocks and chimes, like silver hammers falling
On silver anvils, and the splash and stir
Of fountains spouted up and showering down
In meshes of the jasmine and the rose:

And all about us peal'd the nightingale,
Rapt in her song, and careless of the snare.

There stood a bust of Pallas for a sign,
By two sphere lamps blazon'd like Heaven and Earth
With constellation and with continent,
Above an entry: riding in, we call'd;
A plump-arm'd Ostleress and a stable wench
Came running at the call, and help'd us down.
Then stept a buxom hostess forth, and sail'd,
Full-blown, before us into rooms which gave
Upon a pillar'd porch, the bases lost
In laurel: her we ask'd of that and this,
And who were tutors. 'Lady Blanche' she said,
'And Lady Psyche.' 'Which was prettiest,
Best-natured?' 'Lady Psyche.' 'Hers are we,'
One voice, we cried; and I sat down and wrote,
In such a hand as when a field of corn
Bows all its ears before the roaring East;

'Three ladies of the Northern empire pray
Your Highness would enroll them with your own,
As Lady Psyche's pupils.'
This I seal'd:
The seal was Cupid bent above a scroll,
And o'er his head Uranian Venus hung,
And raised the blinding bandage from his eyes:
I gave the letter to be sent with dawn;
And then to bed, where half in doze I seem'd
To float about a glimmering night, and watch
A full sea glazed with muffled moonlight, swell
On some dark shore just seen that it was rich.

As thro' the land at eve we went,
  And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
  And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
  That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
  And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child
  We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
  We kiss'd again with tears.

II.

At break of day the College Portress came:
She brought us Academic silks, in hue
The lilac, with a silken hood to each,
And zoned with gold; and now when these were on,
And we as rich as moths from dusk cocoons,
She, curtseying her obeisance, let us know
The Princess Ida waited: out we paced,
I first, and following thro' the porch that sang
All round with laurel, issued in a court
Compact of lucid marbles, boss'd with lengths
Of classic frieze, with ample awnings gay
Betwixt the pillars, and with great urns of flowers.
The Muses and the Graces, group'd in threes,
Enring'd a billowing fountain in the midst;
And here and there on lattice edges lay
Or book or lute; but hastily we past,
And up a flight of stairs into the hall.

There at a board by tome and paper sat,
With two tame leopards couch'd beside her throne,
All beauty compass'd in a female form,

The Princess; liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the Sun,
Than our man's earth; such eyes were in her head,
And so much grace and power, breathing down
From over her arch'd brows, with every turn
Lived thro' her to the tips of her long hands,
And to her feet. She rose her height, and said:

'We give you welcome: not without redound
Of use and glory to yourselves ye come,
The first-fruits of the stranger: aftertime,
And that full voice which circles round the grave,
Will rank you nobly, mingled up with me.
What! are the ladies of your land so tall?'
'We of the court' said Cyril. 'From the court'
She answer'd, 'then ye know the Prince?' and he:
'The climax of his age! as tho' there were
One rose in all the world, your highness that,
He worships your ideal:' she replied:
'We scarcely thought in our own hall to hear
This barren verbiage, current among men,
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.
Your flight from out your bookless wilds would seem
As arguing love of knowledge and of power;
Your language proves you still the child. Indeed,
We dream not of him: when we set our hand
To this great work, we purposed with ourself
Never to wed. You likewise will do well,
Ladies, in entering here, to cast and fling
The tricks, which make us toys of men, that so,
Some future time, if so indeed you will,
You may with those self-styled our lords ally
Your fortunes, justlier balanced, scale with scale.'

At those high words, we conscious of ourselves,
Perused the matting; then an officer

Rose up, and read the statutes, such as these:
Not for three years to correspond with home;
Not for three years to cross the liberties;
Not for three years to speak with any men;
And many more, which hastily subscribed,
We enter'd on the boards: and 'Now,' she cried,
'Ye are green wood, see ye warp not. Look, our hall!
Our statues!—not of those that men desire,
Sleek Odalisques, or oracles of mode,
Nor stunted squaws of West or East; but she
That taught the Sabine how to rule, and she
The foundress of the Babylonian wall,
The Carian Artemisia strong in war,
The Rhodope, that built the pyramid,
Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyrene
That fought Aurelian, and the Roman brows
Of Agrippina. Dwell with these, and lose
Convention, since to look on noble forms
Makes noble thro' the sensuous organism
That which is higher. O lift your natures up:
Embrace our aims: work out your freedom. Girls,
Knowledge is now no more a fountain seal'd:
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite
And slander, die. Better not be at all
Than not be noble. Leave us: you may go:
To-day the Lady Psyche will harangue
The fresh arrivals of the week before;
For they press in from all the provinces,
And fill the hive.'

She spoke, and bowing waved
Dismissal: back again we crost the court
To Lady Psyche's: as we enter'd in,
There sat along the forms, like morning doves
That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch,
A patient range of pupils, she herself

Erect behind a desk of satin-wood,
A quick brunette, well-moulded, falcon-eyed,
And on the hither side, or so she look'd,
Of twenty summers. At her left, a child,
In shining draperies, headed like a star,
Her maiden babe, a double April old,
Aglaia slept. We sat: the Lady glanced:
Then Florian, but no livelier than the dame
That whisper'd 'Asses' ears' among the sedge,
'My sister.' 'Comely, too, by all that's fair,'
Said Cyril. 'O hush, hush!' and she began.

'This world was once a fluid haze of light,
Till toward the centre set the starry tides,
And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast
The planets: then the monster, then the man;
Tattoo'd or woaded, winter-clad in skins,
Raw from the prime, and crushing down his mate;
As yet we find in barbarous isles, and here
Among the lowest.'
Thereupon she took
A bird's-eye-view of all the ungracious past;
Glanced at the legendary Amazon
As emblematic of a nobler age;
Appraised the Lycian custom, spoke of those
That lay at wine with Lar and Lucumo;
Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Roman lines
Of empire, and the woman's state in each,
How far from just; till warming with her theme
She fulmined out her scorn of laws Salique
And little-footed China, touch'd on Mahomet
With much contempt, and came to chivalry:
When some respect, however slight, was paid
To woman, superstition all awry:
However then commenced the dawn: a beam
Had slanted forward, falling in a land

Of promise; fruit would follow. Deep, indeed,
Their debt of thanks to her who first had dared
To leap the rotten pales of prejudice,
Disyoke their necks from custom, and assert
None lordlier than themselves but that which made
Woman and man. She had founded; they must build.
Here might they learn whatever men were taught:
Let them not fear: some said their heads were less:
Some men's were small; not they the least of men;
For often fineness compensated size:
Besides the brain was like the hand, and grew
With using; thence the man's, if more was more;
He took advantage of his strength to be
First in the field: some ages had been lost;
But woman ripen'd earlier, and her life
Was longer; and albeit their glorious names
Were fewer, scatter'd stars, yet since in truth
The highest is the measure of the man,
And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,
Nor those horn-handed breakers of the glebe,
But Homer, Plato, Verulam; even so
With woman: and in arts of government
Elizabeth and others; arts of war
The peasant Joan and others; arts of grace
Sappho and others vied with any man:
And, last not least, she who had left her place,
And bow'd her state to them, that they might grow
To use and power on this Oasis, lapt
In the arms of leisure, sacred from the blight
Of ancient influence and scorn.

At last
She rose upon a wind of prophecy
Dilating on the future; 'everywhere
Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,

Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss
Of science, and the secrets of the mind:
Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more:
And everywhere the broad and bounteous Earth
Should bear a double growth of those rare souls,
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world.'

She ended here, and beckon'd us: the rest
Parted; and, glowing full-faced welcome, she
Began to address us, and was moving on
In gratulation, till as when a boat
Tacks, and the slacken'd sail flaps, all her voice
Faltering and fluttering in her throat, she cried
'My brother!' 'Well, my sister.' 'O,' she said,
'What do you here? and in this dress? and these?
Why who are these? a wolf within the fold!
A pack of wolves! the Lord be gracious to me!
A plot, a plot, a plot, to ruin all!'
'No plot, no plot,' he answer'd. 'Wretched boy,
How saw you not the inscription on the gate,
LET NO MAN ENTER IN ON PAIN OF DEATH?'
'And if I had,' he answer'd, 'who could think
The softer Adams of your Academe,
O sister, Sirens tho' they be, were such
As chanted on the blanching bones of men?'
'But you will find it otherwise' she said.
'You jest: ill jesting with edge-tools! my vow
Binds me to speak, and O that iron will,
That axelike edge unturnable, our Head,
The Princess.' 'Well then, Psyche, take my life,
And nail me like a weasel on a grange
For warning: bury me beside the gate,
And cut this epitaph above my bones;
Here lies a brother by a sister slain,
All for the common good of womankind.'
'Let me die too,' said Cyril, 'having seen

And heard the Lady Psyche.'
I struck in:
'Albeit so mask'd, Madam, I love the truth;
Receive it; and in me behold the Prince
Your countryman, affianced years ago
To the Lady Ida: here, for here she was,
And thus (what other way was left) I came.'
'O Sir, O Prince, I have no country; none;
If any, this; but none. Whate'er I was
Disrooted, what I am is grafted here.
Affianced, Sir? love-whispers may not breathe
Within this vestal limit, and how should I,
Who am not mine, say, live: the thunderbolt
Hangs silent; but prepare: I speak; it falls.'
'Yet pause,' I said: 'for that inscription there,
I think no more of deadly lurks therein,
Than in a clapper clapping in a garth,
To scare the fowl from fruit: if more there be,
If more and acted on, what follows? war;
Your own work marr'd: for this your Academe,
Whichever side be Victor, in the halloo
Will topple to the trumpet down, and pass
With all fair theories only made to gild
A stormless summer.' 'Let the Princess judge
Of that' she said: 'farewell, Sir—and to you.
I shudder at the sequel, but I go.'

'Are you that Lady Psyche,' I rejoin'd,
'The fifth in line from that old Florian,
Yet hangs his portrait in my father's hall
(The gaunt old Baron with his beetle brow
Sun-shaded in the heat of dusty fights)
As he bestrode my Grandsire, when he fell,
And all else fled? we point to it, and we say,
The loyal warmth of Florian is not cold
But branches current yet in kindred veins.'

'Are you that Psyche,' Florian added; 'she
With whom I sang about the morning hills,
Flung ball, flew kite, and raced the purple fly,
And snared the squirrel of the glen? are you
That Psyche, wont to bind my throbbing brow,
To smoothe my pillow, mix the foaming draught
Of fever, tell me pleasant tales, and read
My sickness down to happy dreams? are you
That brother-sister Psyche, both in one?
You were that Psyche, but what are you now?'
'You are that Psyche,' Cyril said, 'for whom
I would be that for ever which I seem,
Woman, if I might sit beside your feet,
And glean your scatter'd sapience.'
Then once more,
'Are you that Lady Psyche,' I began,
'That on her bridal morn before she past
From all her old companions, when the king
Kiss'd her pale cheek, declared that ancient ties
Would still be dear beyond the southern hills;
That were there any of our people there
In want or peril, there was one to hear
And help them? look! for such are these and I.'
'Are you that Psyche,' Florian ask'd, 'to whom,
In gentler days, your arrow-wounded fawn
Came flying while you sat beside the well?
The creature laid his muzzle on your lap,
And sobb'd, and you sobb'd with it, and the blood
Was sprinkled on your kirtle, and you wept.
That was fawn's blood, not brother's, yet you wept.
O by the bright head of my little niece,
You were that Psyche, and what are you now?'
'You are that Psyche,' Cyril said again,
'The mother of the sweetest little maid,
That ever crow'd for kisses.'
'Out upon it!'

She answer'd, 'peace! and why should I not play
The Spartan Mother with emotion, be
The Lucius Junius Brutus of my kind?
Him you call great: he for the common weal,
The fading politics of mortal Rome,
As I might slay this child, if good need were,
Slew both his sons: and I, shall I, on whom
The secular emancipation turns
Of half this world, be swerved from right to save
A prince, a brother? a little will I yield.
Best so, perchance, for us, and well for you.
O hard, when love and duty clash! I fear
My conscience will not count me fleckless; yet—
Hear my conditions: promise (otherwise
You perish) as you came, to slip away
To-day, to-morrow, soon: it shall be said,
These women were too barbarous, would not learn;
They fled, who might have shamed us: promise all.'

What could we else, we promised each; and she,
Like some wild creature newly-caged, commenced
A to-and-fro, so pacing till she paused
By Florian; holding out her lily arms
Took both his hands, and smiling faintly said:
'I knew you at the first: tho' you have grown
You scarce have alter'd: I am sad and glad
To see you, Florian. *I* give thee to death
My brother! it was duty spoke, not I.
My needful seeming harshness, pardon it.
Our mother, is she well?'
With that she kiss'd
His forehead, then, a moment after, clung
About him, and betwixt them blossom'd up
From out a common vein of memory
Sweet household talk, and phrases of the hearth,
And far allusion, till the gracious dews

Began to glisten and to fall: and while
They stood, so rapt, we gazing, came a voice,
'I brought a message here from Lady Blanche.'
Back started she, and turning round we saw
The Lady Blanche's daughter where she stood,
Melissa, with her hand upon the lock,
A rosy blonde, and in a college gown,
That clad her like an April daffodilly
(Her mother's colour) with her lips apart,
And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes,
As bottom agates seen to wave and float
In crystal currents of clear morning seas.

So stood that same fair creature at the door.
Then Lady Psyche, 'Ah—Melissa—you!
You heard us?' and Melissa, 'O pardon me
I heard, I could not help it, did not wish:
But, dearest Lady, pray you fear me not,
Nor think I bear that heart within my breast,
To give three gallant gentlemen to death.'
'I trust you,' said the other, 'for we two
Were always friends, none closer, elm and vine:
But yet your mother's jealous temperament
Let not your prudence, dearest, drowse, or prove
The Danaïd of a leaky vase, for fear
This whole foundation ruin, and I lose
My honour, these their lives.' 'Ah, fear me not'
Replied Melissa; 'no—I would not tell,
No, not for all Aspasia's cleverness,
No, not to answer, Madam, all those hard things
That Sheba came to ask of Solomon.'
'Be it so' the other, 'that we still may lead
The new light up, and culminate in peace,
For Solomon may come to Sheba yet.'
Said Cyril, 'Madam, he the wisest man
Feasted the woman wisest then, in halls

Of Lebanonian cedar: nor should you
(Tho', Madam, *you* should answer, *we* would ask)
Less welcome find among us, if you came
Among us, debtors for our lives to you,
Myself for something more.' He said not what,
But 'Thanks,' she answer'd 'Go: we have been too long
Together: keep your hoods about the face;
They do so that affect abstraction here.
Speak little; mix not with the rest; and hold
Your promise: all, I trust, may yet be well.'

We turn'd to go, but Cyril took the child,
And held her round the knees against his waist,
And blew the swoll'n cheek of a trumpeter,
While Psyche watch'd them, smiling, and the child
Push'd her flat hand against his face and laugh'd;
And thus our conference closed.
And then we stroll'd
For half the day thro' stately theatres
Bench'd crescent-wise. In each we sat, we heard
The grave Professor. On the lecture slate
The circle rounded under female hands
With flawless demonstration: follow'd then
A classic lecture, rich in sentiment,
With scraps of thundrous Epic lilted out
By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies
And quoted odes, and jewels five-words-long
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle for ever: then we dipt in all
That treats of whatsoever is, the state,
The total chronicles of man, the mind,
The morals, something of the frame, the rock,
The star, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower,
Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest,
And whatsoever can be taught and known;
Till like three horses that have broken fence,

And glutted all night long breast-deep in corn,
We issued gorged with knowledge, and I spoke:
'Why, Sirs, they do all this as well as we.'
'They hunt old trails' said Cyril 'very well;
But when did woman ever yet invent?'
'Ungracious!' answer'd Florian; 'have you learnt
No more from Psyche's lecture, you that talk'd
The trash that made me sick, and almost sad?'
'O trash' he said, 'but with a kernel in it.
Should I not call her wise, who made me wise?
And learnt? I learnt more from her in a flash,
Than if my brainpan were an empty hull,
And every Muse tumbled a science in.
A thousand hearts lie fallow in these halls,
And round these halls a thousand baby loves
Fly twanging headless arrows at the hearts,
Whence follows many a vacant pang; but O
With me, Sir, enter'd in the bigger boy,
The Head of all the golden-shafted firm,
The long-limb'd lad that had a Psyche too;
He cleft me thro' the stomacher; and now
What think you of it, Florian? do I chase
The substance or the shadow? will it hold?
I have no sorcerer's malison on me,
No ghostly hauntings like his Highness. I
Flatter myself that always everywhere
I know the substance when I see it. Well,
Are castles shadows? Three of them? Is she
The sweet proprietress a shadow? If not,
Shall those three castles patch my tatter'd coat?
For dear are those three castles to my wants,
And dear is sister Psyche to my heart,
And two dear things are one of double worth,
And much I might have said, but that my zone
Unmann'd me: then the Doctors! O to hear
The Doctors! O to watch the thirsty plants

Imbibing! once or twice I thought to roar,
To break my chain, to shake my mane: but thou
Modulate me, Soul of mincing mimicry!
Make liquid treble of that bassoon, my throat;
Abase those eyes that ever loved to meet
Star-sisters answering under crescent brows;
Abate the stride, which speaks of man, and loose
A flying charm of blushes o'er this cheek,
Where they like swallows coming out of time
Will wonder why they came: but hark the bell
For dinner, let us go!'
And in we stream'd
Among the columns, pacing staid and still
By twos and threes, till all from end to end
With beauties every shade of brown and fair
In colours gayer than the morning mist,
The long hall glitter'd like a bed of flowers.
How might a man not wander from his wits
Pierced thro' with eyes, but that I kept mine own
Intent on her, who rapt in glorious dreams,
The second-sight of some Astræan age,
Sat compass'd with professors: they, the while,
Discuss'd a doubt and tost it to and fro:
A clamour thicken'd, mixt with inmost terms
Of art and science: Lady Blanche alone
Of faded form and haughtiest lineaments,
With all her autumn tresses falsely brown,
Shot sidelong daggers at us, a tiger-cat
In act to spring.
At last a solemn grace
Concluded, and we sought the gardens: there
One walk'd reciting by herself, and one
In this hand held a volume as to read,
And smoothed a petted peacock down with that:
Some to a low song oar'd a shallop by,
Or under arches of the marble bridge

Hung, shadow'd from the heat: some hid and sought
In the orange thickets: others tost a ball
Above the fountain-jets, and back again
With laughter: others lay about the lawns,
Of the older sort, and murmur'd that their May
Was passing: what was learning unto them?
They wish'd to marry; they could rule a house;
Men hated learned women: but we three
Sat muffled like the Fates; and often came
Melissa hitting all we saw with shafts
Of gentle satire, kin to charity,
That harm'd not: then day droopt; the chapel bells
Call'd us: we left the walks; we mixt with those
Six hundred maidens clad in purest white,
Before two streams of light from wall to wall,
While the great organ almost burst his pipes,
Groaning for power, and rolling thro' the court
A long melodious thunder to the sound
Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies,
The work of Ida, to call down from Heaven
A blessing on her labours for the world.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
  Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
  Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

III.

Morn in the white wake of the morning star
Came furrowing all the orient into gold.
We rose, and each by other drest with care
Descended to the court that lay three parts
In shadow, but the Muses' heads were touch'd
Above the darkness from their native East.

There while we stood beside the fount, and watch'd
Or seem'd to watch the dancing bubble, approach'd
Melissa, tinged with wan from lack of sleep,
Or grief, and glowing round her dewy eyes
The circled Iris of a night of tears;
'And fly,' she cried, 'O fly, while yet you may!
My mother knows:' and when I ask'd her 'how,'
'My fault' she wept 'my fault! and yet not mine;
Yet mine in part. O hear me, pardon me.
My mother, 'tis her wont from night to night
To rail at Lady Psyche and her side.
She says the Princess should have been the Head,
Herself and Lady Psyche the two arms;
And so it was agreed when first they came;
But Lady Psyche was the right hand now,
And she the left, or not, or seldom used;
Hers more than half the students, all the love.
And so last night she fell to canvass you:
Her countrywomen! she did not envy her.
"Who ever saw such wild barbarians?
Girls?—more like men!" and at these words the snake,
My secret, seem'd to stir within my breast;
And oh, Sirs, could I help it, but my cheek
Began to burn and burn, and her lynx eye

To fix and make me hotter, till she laugh'd:
"O marvellously modest maiden, you!
Men! girls, like men! why, if they had been men
You need not set your thoughts in rubric thus
For wholesale comment." Pardon, I am shamed
That I must needs repeat for my excuse
What looks so little graceful: "men" (for still
My mother went revolving on the word)
"And so they are,—very like men indeed—
And with that woman closeted for hours!"
Then came these dreadful words out one by one,
"Why--these--*are*—men:" I shudder'd: "and you know it."
"O ask me nothing," I said: "And she knows too,
And she conceals it." So my mother clutch'd
The truth at once, but with no word from me;
And now thus early risen she goes to inform
The Princess: Lady Psyche will be crush'd;
But you may yet be saved, and therefore fly:
But heal me with your pardon ere you go.'

'What pardon, sweet Melissa, for a blush?'
Said Cyril: 'Pale one, blush again: than wear
Those lilies, better blush our lives away.
Yet let us breathe for one hour more in Heaven'
He added, 'lest some classic Angel speak
In scorn of us, "They mounted, Ganymedes,
To tumble, Vulcans, on the second morn."
But I will melt this marble into wax
To yield us farther furlough:' and he went.

Melissa shook her doubtful curls, and thought
He scarce would prosper. 'Tell us,' Florian ask'd,
'How grew this feud betwixt the right and left.'
'O long ago,' she said, 'betwixt these two
Division smoulders hidden; 'tis my mother,

Too jealous, often fretful as the wind
Pent in a crevice: much I bear with her:
I never knew my father, but she says
(God help her) she was wedded to a fool;
And still she rail'd against the state of things.
She had the care of Lady Ida's youth,
And from the Queen's decease she brought her up.
But when your sister came she won the heart
Of Ida: they were still together, grew
(For so they said themselves) inosculated;
Consonant chords that shiver to one note;
One mind in all things: yet my mother still
Affirms your Psyche thieved her theories,
And angled with them for her pupil's love:
She calls her plagiarist; I know not what:
But I must go: I dare not tarry,' and light,
As flies the shadow of a bird, she fled.

Then murmur'd Florian gazing after her,
'An open-hearted maiden, true and pure.
If I could love, why this were she: how pretty
Her blushing was, and how she blush'd again,
As if to close with Cyril's random wish:
Not like your Princess cramm'd with erring pride,
Nor like poor Psyche whom she drags in tow.'

'The crane,' I said, 'may chatter of the crane,
The dove may murmur of the dove, but I
An eagle clang an eagle to the sphere.
My princess, O my princess! true she errs,
But in her own grand way: being herself
Three times more noble than three score of men,
She sees herself in every woman else,
And so she wears her error like a crown
To blind the truth and me: for her, and her
Hebes are they to hand ambrosia, mix

The nectar; but—ah she—whene'er she moves
The Samian Herè rises and she speaks
A Memnon smitten with the morning Sun.'

So saying from the court we paced, and gain'd
The terrace ranged along the Northern front,
And leaning there on those balusters, high
Above the empurpled champaign, drank the gale
That blown about the foliage underneath,
And sated with the innumerable rose,
Beat balm upon our eyelids. Hither came
Cyril, and yawning 'O hard task,' he cried;
'No fighting shadows here! I forced a way
Thro' solid opposition crabb'd and gnarl'd.
Better to clear prime forests, heave and thump
A league of street in summer solstice down,
Than hammer at this reverend gentlewoman.
I knock'd and, bidden, enter'd; found her there
At point to move, and settled in her eyes
The green malignant light of coming storm.
Sir, I was courteous, every phrase well-oil'd,
As man's could be; yet maiden-meek I pray'd
Concealment: she demanded who we were,
And why we came? I fabled nothing fair,
But, your example pilot, told her all.
Up went the hush'd amaze of hand and eye.
But when I dwelt upon your old affiance,
She answer'd sharply that I talk'd astray.
I urged the fierce inscription on the gate
And our three lives. True—we had limed ourselves
With open eyes, and we must take the chance.
But such extremes, I told her, well might harm
The woman's cause. "Not more than now," she said,
"So puddled as it is with favouritism."
I tried the mother's heart. Shame might befall
Melissa, knowing, saying not she knew:

Her answer was "Leave me to deal with that."
I spoke of war to come and many deaths,
And she replied, her duty was to speak,
And duty duty, clear of consequences.
I grew discouraged, Sir; but since I knew
No rock so hard but that a little wave
May beat admission in a thousand years,
I recommenced; "Decide not ere you pause.
I find you here but in the second place,
Some say the third—the authentic foundress you
I offer boldly: we will seat you highest:
Wink at our advent: help my prince to gain
His rightful bride, and here I promise you
Some palace in our land, where you shall reign
The head and heart of all our fair she-world,
And your great name flow on with broadening time
For ever." Well, she balanced this a little,
And told me she would answer us to-day,
Meantime be mute: thus much, nor more I gain'd.'

He ceasing, came a message from the Head.
'That afternoon the Princess rode to take
The dip of certain strata to the North.
Would we go with her? we should find the land
Worth seeing; and the river made a fall
Out yonder:' then she pointed on to where
A double hill ran up his furrowy forks
Beyond the thick-leaved platans of the vale.

Agreed to, this, the day fled on thro' all
Its range of duties to the appointed hour.
Then summon'd to the porch we went. She stood
Among her maidens, higher by the head,
Her back against a pillar, her foot on one
Of those tame leopards. Kittenlike he roll'd
And paw'd about her sandal. I drew near;

I gazed. On a sudden my strange seizure came
Upon me, the weird vision of our house:
The Princess Ida seem'd a hollow show,
Her gay-furr'd cats a painted fantasy,
Her college and her maidens, empty masks,
And I myself the shadow of a dream,
For all things were and were not. Yet I felt
My heart beat thick with passion and with awe;
Then from my breast the involuntary sigh
Brake, as she smote me with the light of eyes
That lent my knee desire to kneel, and shook
My pulses, till to horse we got, and so
Went forth in long retinue following up
The river as it narrow'd to the hills.

I rode beside her and to me she said:
'O friend, we trust that you esteem'd us not
Too harsh to your companion yestermorn;
Unwillingly we spake.' 'No- not to her,'
I answer'd, 'but to one of whom we spake
Your Highness might have seem'd the thing you say.'
'Again?' she cried, 'are you ambassadresses
From him to me? we give you, being strange,
A license: speak, and let the topic die.'

I stammer'd that I knew him—could have wish'd—
'Our king expects—was there no precontract?
There is no truer-hearted—ah, you seem
All he prefigured, and he could not see
The bird of passage flying south but long'd
To follow: surely, if your Highness keep
Your purport, you will shock him ev'n to death,
Or baser courses, children of despair.'

'Poor boy,' she said, 'can he not read—no books?
Quoit, tennis, ball—no games? nor deals in that

Which men delight in, martial exercise?
To nurse a blind ideal like a girl,
Methinks he seems no better than a girl;
As girls were once, as we ourself have been:
We had our dreams; perhaps he mixt with them:
We touch on our dead self, nor shun to do it,
Being other—since we learnt our meaning here,
To lift the woman's fall'n divinity
Upon an even pedestal with man.'

She paused, and added with a haughtier smile
'And as to precontracts, we move, my friend,
At no man's beck, but know ourself and thee,
O Vashti, noble Vashti! Summon'd out
She kept her state, and left the drunken king
To brawl at Shushan underneath the palms.'

'Alas your Highness breathes full East,' I said,
'On that which leans to you. I know the Prince,
I prize his truth: and then how vast a work
To assail this gray preeminence of man!
You grant me license; might I use it? think;
Ere half be done perchance your life may fail;
Then comes the feebler heiress of your plan,
And takes and ruins all; and thus your pains
May only make that footprint upon sand
Which old-recurring waves of prejudice
Resmooth to nothing: might I dread that you,
With only Fame for spouse and your great deeds
For issue, yet may live in vain, and miss,
Meanwhile, what every woman counts her due,
Love, children, happiness?'

And she exclaim'd,
'Peace, you young savage of the Northern wild!
What! tho' your Prince's love were like a God's,
Have we not made ourself the sacrifice?

You are bold indeed: we are not talk'd to thus:
Yet will we say for children, would they grew
Like field-flowers everywhere! we like them well:
But children die; and let me tell you, girl,
Howe'er you babble, great deeds cannot die;
They with the sun and moon renew their light
For ever, blessing those that look on them.
Children—that men may pluck them from our hearts,
Kill us with pity, break us with ourselves—
O—children—there is nothing upon earth
More miserable than she that has a son
And sees him err: nor would we work for fame;
Tho' she perhaps might reap the applause of Great,
Who learns the one POU STO whence afterhands
May move the world, tho' she herself effect
But little: wherefore up and act, nor shrink
For fear our solid aim be dissipated
By frail successors. Would, indeed, we had been,
In lieu of many mortal flies, a race
Of giants living, each, a thousand years,
That we might see our own work out, and watch
The sandy footprint harden into stone.'

I answer'd nothing, doubtful in myself
If that strange Poet-princess with her grand
Imaginations might at all be won.
And she broke out interpreting my thoughts:

'No doubt we seem a kind of monster to you;
We are used to that: for women, up till this
Cramp'd under worse than South-sea-isle taboo,
Dwarfs of the gynæceum, fail so far
In high desire, they know not, cannot guess
How much their welfare is a passion to us.
If we could give them surer, quicker proof—
Oh if our end were less achievable

By slow approaches, than by single act
Of immolation, any phase of death,
We were as prompt to spring against the pikes,
Or down the fiery gulf as talk of it,
To compass our dear sisters' liberties.'

She bow'd as if to veil a noble tear;
And up we came to where the river sloped
To plunge in cataract, shattering on black blocks
A breadth of thunder. O'er it shook the woods,
And danced the colour, and, below, stuck out
The bones of some vast bulk that lived and roar'd
Before man was. She gazed awhile and said,
'As these rude bones to us, are we to her
That will be.' 'Dare we dream of that,' I ask'd,
'Which wrought us, as the workman and his work,
That practice betters?' 'How,' she cried, 'you love
The metaphysics! read and earn our prize,
A golden brooch: beneath an emerald plane
Sits Diotima, teaching him that died
Of hemlock; our device; wrought to the life;
She rapt upon her subject, he on her:
For there are schools for all.' 'And yet' I said
'Methinks I have not found among them all
One anatomic.' 'Nay, we thought of that,'
She answer'd, 'but it pleased us not: in truth
We shudder but to dream our maids should ape
Those monstrous males that carve the living hound,
And cram him with the fragments of the grave,
Or in the dark dissolving human heart,
And holy secrets of this microcosm,
Dabbling a shameless hand with shameful jest,
Encarnalize their spirits: yet we know
Knowledge is knowledge, and this matter hangs:
Howbeit ourself, foreseeing casualty,
Nor willing men should come among us, learnt,

For many weary moons before we came,
This craft of healing. Were you sick, ourself
Would tend upon you. To your question now,
Which touches on the workman and his work.
Let there be light and there was light: 'tis so:
For was, and is, and will be, are but is;
And all creation is one act at once,
The birth of light: but we that are not all,
As parts, can see but parts, now this, now that,
And live, perforce, from thought to thought, and make
One act a phantom of succession: thus
Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time;
But in the shadow will we work, and mould
The woman to the fuller day.'
She spake
With kindled eyes: we rode a league beyond,
And, o'er a bridge of pinewood crossing, came
On flowery levels underneath the crag,
Full of all beauty. 'O how sweet' I said
(For I was half-oblivious of my mask)
'To linger here with one that loved us.' 'Yea,'
She answer'd, 'or with fair philosophies
That lift the fancy; for indeed these fields
Are lovely, lovelier not the Elysian lawns,
Where paced the Demigods of old, and saw
The soft white vapour streak the crowned towers
Built to the Sun:' then, turning to her maids,
'Pitch our pavilion here upon the sward;
Lay out the viands.' At the word, they raised
A tent of satin, elaborately wrought
With fair Corinna's triumph; here she stood,
Engirt with many a florid maiden-cheek,
The woman-conqueror; woman-conquer'd there
The bearded Victor of ten-thousand hymns,
And all the men mourn'd at his side: but we
Set forth to climb; then, climbing, Cyril kept

With Psyche, with Melissa Florian, I
With mine affianced. Many a little hand
Glanced like a touch of sunshine on the rocks,
Many a light foot shone like a jewel set
In the dark crag: and then we turn'd, we wound
About the cliffs, the copses, out and in,
Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names
Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff,
Amygdaloid and trachyte, till the Sun
Grew broader toward his death and fell, and all
The rosy heights came out above the lawns.

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

IV.

'There sinks the nebulous star we call the Sun,
If that hypothesis of theirs be sound'
Said Ida; 'let us down and rest;' and we
Down from the lean and wrinkled precipices,

By every coppice-feather'd chasm and cleft,
Dropt thro' the ambrosial gloom to where below
No bigger than a glow-worm shone the tent
Lamp-lit from the inner. Once she lean'd on me,
Descending; once or twice she lent her hand,
And blissful palpitations in the blood,
Stirring a sudden transport rose and fell.

But when we planted level feet, and dipt
Beneath the satin dome and enter'd in,
There leaning deep in broider'd down we sank
Our elbows: on a tripod in the midst
A fragrant flame rose, and before us glow'd
Fruit, blossom, viand, amber wine, and gold.

Then she, 'Let some one sing to us: lightlier move
The minutes fledged with music:' and a maid,
Of those beside her, smote her harp, and sang.

'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

'Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

'Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

'Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd

On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.'

She ended with such passion that the tear,
She sang of, shook and fell, an erring pearl
Lost in her bosom: but with some disdain
Answer'd the Princess, 'If indeed there haunt
About the moulder'd lodges of the Past
So sweet a voice and vague, fatal to men,
Well needs it we should cram our ears with wool
And so pace by: but thine are fancies hatch'd
In silken-folded idleness; nor is it
Wiser to weep a true occasion lost,
But trim our sails, and let old bygones be,
While down the streams that float us each and all
To the issue, goes, like glittering bergs of ice,
Throne after throne, and molten on the waste
Becomes a cloud: for all things serve their time
Toward that great year of equal mights and rights,
Nor would I fight with iron laws, in the end
Found golden: let the past be past; let be
Their cancell'd Babels: tho' the rough kex break
The starr'd mosaic, and the beard-blown goat
Hang on the shaft, and the wild figtree split
Their monstrous idols, care not while we hear
A trumpet in the distance pealing news
Of better, and Hope, a poising eagle, burns
Above the unrisen morrow:' then to me;
'Know you no song of your own land,' she said,
'Not such as moans about the retrospect,
But deals with the other distance and the hues
Of promise; not a death's-head at the wine.'

Then I remember'd one myself had made,
What time I watch'd the swallow winging south

From mine own land, part made long since, and part
Now while I sang, and maidenlike as far
As I could ape their treble, did I sing.

'O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

'O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

'O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

'O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

'Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

'O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

'O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

'O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.'

I ceased, and all the ladies, each at each,
Like the Ithacensian suitors in old time,
Stared with great eyes, and laugh'd with alien lips,
And knew not what they meant; for still my voice
Rang false: but smiling 'Not for thee,' she said,
'O Bulbul, any rose of Gulistan
Shall burst her veil: marsh-divers, rather, maid,

Shall croak thee sister, or the meadow-crake
Grate her harsh kindred in the grass: and this
A mere love-poem! O for such, my friend,
We hold them slight: they mind us of the time
When we made bricks in Egypt. Knaves are men,
That lute and flute fantastic tenderness,
And dress the victim to the offering up.
And paint the gates of Hell with Paradise,
And play the slave to gain the tyranny.
Poor soul! I had a maid of honour once;
She wept her true eyes blind for such a one,
A rogue of canzonets and serenades.
I loved her. Peace be with her. She is dead.
So they blaspheme the muse! But great is song
Used to great ends: ourself have often tried
Valkyrian hymns, or into rhythm have dash'd
The passion of the prophetess; for song
Is duer unto freedom, force and growth
Of spirit than to junketing and love.
Love is it? Would this same mock-love, and this
Mock-Hymen were laid up like winter bats,
Till all men grew to rate us at our worth,
Not vassals to be beat, nor pretty babes
To be dandled, no, but living wills, and sphered
Whole in ourselves and owed to none. Enough!
But now to leaven play with profit, you,
Know you no song, the true growth of your soil,
That gives the manners of your countrywomen?'

She spoke and turn'd her sumptuous head with eyes
Of shining expectation fixt on mine.
Then while I dragg'd my brains for such a song,
Cyril, with whom the bell-mouth'd glass had wrought,
Or master'd by the sense of sport, began
To troll a careless, careless tavern-catch
Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences

Unmeet for ladies. Florian nodded at him,
I frowning; Psyche flush'd and wann'd and shook;
The lilylike Melissa droop'd her brows;
'Forbear,' the Princess cried; 'Forbear, Sir' I;
And heated thro' and thro' with wrath and love,
I smote him on the breast; he started up;
There rose a shriek as of a city sack'd;
Melissa clamour'd 'Flee the death;' 'To horse'
Said Ida; 'home! to horse!' and fled, as flies
A troop of snowy doves athwart the dusk,
When some one batters at the dovecote-doors,
Disorderly the women. Alone I stood
With Florian, cursing Cyril, vext at heart,
In the pavilion: there like parting hopes
I heard them passing from me: hoof by hoof,
And every hoof a knell to my desires,
Clang'd on the bridge; and then another shriek,
'The Head, the Head, the Princess, O the Head!'
For blind with rage she miss'd the plank, and roll'd
In the river. Out I sprang from glow to gloom:
There whirl'd her white robe like a blossom'd branch
Rapt to the horrible fall: a glance I gave,
No more; but woman-vested as I was
Plunged; and the flood drew; yet I caught her; then
Oaring one arm, and bearing in my left
The weight of all the hopes of half the world,
Strove to buffet to land in vain. A tree
Was half-disrooted from his place and stoop'd
To drench his dark locks in the gurgling wave
Mid-channel. Right on this we drove and caught,
And grasping down the boughs I gain'd the shore.

There stood her maidens glimmeringly group'd
In the hollow bank. One reaching forward drew
My burthen from mine arms; they cried 'she lives:'
They bore her back into the tent: but I,

So much a kind of shame within me wrought,
Not yet endured to meet her opening eyes,
Nor found my friends; but push'd alone on foot
(For since her horse was lost I left her mine)
Across the woods, and less from Indian craft
Than beelike instinct hiveward, found at length
The garden portals. Two great statues, Art
And Science, Caryatids, lifted up
A weight of emblem, and betwixt were valves
Of open-work in which the hunter rued
His rash intrusion, manlike, but his brows
Had sprouted, and the branches thereupon
Spread out at top, and grimly spiked the gates.

A little space was left between the horns,
Thro' which I clamber'd o'er at top with pain,
Dropt on the sward, and up the linden walks,
And, tost on thoughts that changed from hue to hue,
Now poring on the glowworm, now the star,
I paced the terrace, till the Bear had wheel'd
Thro' a great arc his seven slow suns.

A step
Of lightest echo, then a loftier form
Than female, moving thro' the uncertain gloom,
Disturb'd me with the doubt 'if this were she'
But it was Florian. 'Hist O Hist,' he said,
'They seek us: out so late is out of rules.
Moreover 'seize the strangers' is the cry.
How came you here?' I told him: 'I' said he,
'Last of the train, a moral leper, I,
To whom none spake, half-sick at heart, return'd.
Arriving all confused among the rest
With hooded brows I crept into the hall,
And, couch'd behind a Judith, underneath
The head of Holofernes peep'd and saw.
Girl after girl was call'd to trial: each

Disclaim'd all knowledge of us: last of all,
Melissa: trust me, Sir, I pitied her.
She, question'd if she knew us men, at first
Was silent; closer prest, denied it not:
And then, demanded if her mother knew,
Or Psyche, she affirm'd not, or denied:
From whence the Royal mind, familiar with her
Easily gather'd either guilt. She sent
For Psyche, but she was not there; she call'd
For Psyche's child to cast it from the doors;
She sent for Blanche to accuse her face to face;
And I slipt out: but whither will you now?
And where are Psyche, Cyril? both are fled:
What, if together? that were not so well.
Would rather we had never come! I dread
His wildness, and the chances of the dark.'

'And yet,' I said, 'you wrong him more than I
That struck him: this is proper to the clown,
Tho' smock'd, or furr'd and purpled, still the clown,
To harm the thing that trusts him, and to shame
That which he says he loves: for Cyril, howe'er
He deal in frolic, as to-night—the song
Might have been worse and sinn'd in grosser lips
Beyond all pardon—as it is, I hold
These flashes on the surface are not he.
He has a solid base of temperament:
But as the waterlily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Tho' anchor'd to the bottom, such is he.'

Scarce had I ceased when from a tamarisk near
Two Proctors leapt upon us, crying, 'Names:'
He, standing still, was clutch'd; but I began
To thrid the musky-circled mazes, wind
And double in and out the boles, and race

By all the fountains: fleet I was of foot:
Before me shower'd the rose in flakes; behind
I heard the puff'd pursuer; at mine ear
Bubbled the nightingale and heeded not,
And secret laughter tickled all my soul.
At last I hook'd my ankle in a vine,
That claspt the feet of a Mnemosyne,
And falling on my face was caught and known.

They haled us to the Princess where she sat
High in the hall: above her droop'd a lamp,
And made the single jewel on her brow
Burn like the mystic fire on a mast-head,
Prophet of storm: a handmaid on each side
Bow'd toward her, combing out her long black hair
Damp from the river; and close behind her stood
Eight daughters of the plough, stronger than men,
Huge women blowzed with health, and wind, and rain,
And labour. Each was like a Druid rock;
Or like a spire of land that stands apart
Cleft from the main, and wail'd about with mews.

Then, as we came, the crowd dividing clove
An advent to the throne: and therebeside,
Half-naked as if caught at once from bed
And tumbled on the purple footcloth, lay
The lily-shining child; and on the left,
Bow'd on her palms and folded up from wrong,
Her round white shoulder shaken with her sobs,
Melissa knelt; but Lady Blanche erect
Stood up and spake, an affluent orator.

'It was not thus, O Princess, in old days:
You prized my counsel, lived upon my lips:
I led you then to all the Castalies;
I fed you with the milk of every Muse;

I loved you like this kneeler, and you me
Your second mother: those were gracious times.
Then came your new friend: you began to change—
I saw it and grieved—to slacken and to cool;
Till taken with her seeming openness
You turn'd your warmer currents all to her,
To me you froze: this was my meed for all.
Yet I bore up in part from ancient love,
And partly that I hoped to win you back,
And partly conscious of my own deserts,
And partly that you were my civil head,
And chiefly you were born for something great,
In which I might your fellow-worker be,
When time should serve; and thus a noble scheme
Grew up from seed we two long since had sown;
In us true growth, in her a Jonah's gourd,
Up in one night and due to sudden sun:
We took this palace; but even from the first
You stood in your own light and darken'd mine.
What student came but that you planed her path
To Lady Psyche, younger, not so wise,
A foreigner, and I your countrywoman,
I your old friend and tried, she new in all?
But still her lists were swell'd and mine were lean;
Yet I bore up in hope she would be known:
Then came these wolves: *they* knew her: *they* endured,
Long-closeted with her the yestermorn,
To tell her what they were, and she to hear:
And me none told: not less to an eye like mine
A lidless watcher of the public weal,
Last night, their mask was patent, and my foot
Was to you: but I thought again: I fear'd
To meet a cold "We thank you, we shall hear of it
From Lady Psyche:" you had gone to her,
She told, perforce; and winning easy grace,
No doubt, for slight delay, remain'd among us

In our young nursery still unknown, the stem
Less grain than touchwood, while my honest heat
Were all miscounted as malignant haste
To push my rival out of place and power.
But public use required she should be known;
And since my oath was ta'en for public use,
I broke the letter of it to keep the sense.
I spoke not then at first, but watch'd them well,
Saw that they kept apart, no mischief done;
And yet this day (tho' you should hate me for it)
I came to tell you; found that you had gone,
Ridd'n to the hills, she likewise: now, I thought,
That surely she will speak; if not, then I:
Did she? These monsters blazon'd what they were,
According to the coarseness of their kind,
For thus I hear; and known at last (my work)
And full of cowardice and guilty shame.
I grant in her some sense of shame, she flies;
And I remain on whom to wreak your rage,
I, that have lent my life to build up yours,
I that have wasted here health, wealth, and time,
And talent, I—you know it—I will not boast:
Dismiss me, and I prophesy your plan,
Divorced from my experience, will be chaff
For every gust of chance, and men will say
We did not know the real light, but chased
The wisp that flickers where no foot can tread.'

She ceased: the Princess answer'd coldly, 'Good:
Your oath is broken: we dismiss you: go.
For this lost lamb (she pointed to the child)
Our mind is changed: we take it to ourself.'

Thereat the Lady stretch'd a vulture throat,
And shot from crooked lips a haggard smile.
'The plan was mine. I built the nest' she said

'To hatch the cuckoo. Rise!' and stoop'd to updrag
Melissa: she, half on her mother propt,
Half-drooping from her, turn'd her face, and cast
A liquid look on Ida, full of prayer
Which melted Florian's fancy as she hung,
A Niobëan daughter, one arm out,
Appealing to the bolts of Heaven; and while
We gazed upon her came a little stir
About the doors, and on a sudden rush'd
Among us, out of breath, as one pursued,
A woman-post in flying raiment. Fear
Stared in her eyes, and chalk'd her face, and wing'd
Her transit to the throne, whereby she fell
Delivering seal'd dispatches which the Head
Took half-amazed, and in her lion's mood
Tore open, silent we with blind surmise
Regarding, while she read, till over brow
And cheek and bosom brake the wrathful bloom
As of some fire against a stormy cloud,
When the wild peasant rights himself, the rick
Flames, and his anger reddens in the heavens;
For anger most it seem'd, while now her breast,
Beaten with some great passion at her heart,
Palpitated, her hand shook, and we heard
In the dead hush the papers that she held
Rustle: at once the lost lamb at her feet
Sent out a bitter bleating for its dam;
The plaintive cry jarr'd on her ire; she crush'd
The scrolls together, made a sudden turn
As if to speak, but, utterance failing her,
She whirl'd them on to me, as who should say
'Read,' and I read—two letters—one her sire's.

'Fair daughter, when we sent the Prince your way
We knew not your ungracious laws, which learnt,
We, conscious of what temper you are built,

Came all in haste to hinder wrong, but fell
Into his father's hands, who has this night,
You lying close upon his territory,
Slipt round and in the dark invested you,
And here he keeps me hostage for his son.'

The second was my father's running thus:
'You have our son: touch not a hair of his head:
Render him up unscathed: give him your hand:
Cleave to your contract: tho' indeed we hear
You hold the woman is the better man;
A rampant heresy, such as if it spread
Would make all women kick against their Lords
Thro' all the world, and which might well deserve
That we this night should pluck your palace down;
And we will do it, unless you send us back
Our son, on the instant, whole.'
So far I read;
And then stood up and spoke impetuously.

'O not to pry and peer on your reserve,
But led by golden wishes, and a hope
The child of regal compact, did I break
Your precinct; not a scorner of your sex
But venerator, zealous it should be
All that it might be: hear me, for I bear,
Tho' man, yet human, whatsoe'er your wrongs,
From the flaxen curl to the gray lock a life
Less mine than yours: my nurse would tell me of you;
I babbled for you, as babies for the moon,
Vague brightness; when a boy, you stoop'd to me
From all high places, lived in all fair lights,
Came in long breezes rapt from inmost south
And blown to inmost north; at eve and dawn
With Ida, Ida, Ida rang the woods;
The leader wildswan in among the stars

Would clang it, and lapt in wreaths of glowworm light
The mellow breaker murmur'd Ida. Now,
Because I would have reach'd you, had you been
Sphered up with Cassiopëia, or the enthroned
Persephonê in Hades, now at length,
Those winters of abeyance all worn out,
A man I came to see you: but, indeed,
Not in this frequence can I lend full tongue,
O noble Ida, to those thoughts that wait
On you, their centre: let me say but this,
That many a famous man and woman, town
And landskip, have I heard of, after seen
The dwarfs of presage: tho' when known, there grew
Another kind of beauty in detail
Made them worth knowing; but in you I found
My boyish dream involved and dazzled down
And master'd, while that after-beauty makes
Such head from act to act, from hour to hour,
Within me, that except you slay me here,
According to your bitter statute-book,
I cannot cease to follow you, as they say
The seal does music; who desire you more
Than growing boys their manhood; dying lips,
With many thousand matters left to do,
The breath of life; O more than poor men wealth,
Than sick men health—yours, yours, not mine—but half
Without you; with you, whole; and of those halves
You worthiest; and howe'er you block and bar
Your heart with system out from mine, I hold
That it becomes no man to nurse despair,
But in the teeth of clench'd antagonisms
To follow up the worthiest till he die:
Yet that I came not all unauthorized
Behold your father's letter.'

On one knee
Kneeling, I gave it, which she caught, and dash'd

Unopen'd at her feet: a tide of fierce
Invective seem'd to wait behind her lips,
As waits a river level with the dam
Ready to burst and flood the world with foam:
And so she would have spoken, but there rose
A hubbub in the court of half the maids
Gather'd together: from the illumined hall
Long lanes of splendour slanted o'er a press
Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded ewes,
And rainbow robes, and gems and gemlike eyes,
And gold and golden heads; they to and fro
Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red, some pale,
All open-mouth'd, all gazing to the light,
Some crying there was an army in the land,
And some that men were in the very walls,
And some they cared not; till a clamour grew
As of a new-world Babel, woman-built,
And worse-confounded: high above them stood
The placid marble Muses, looking peace.

Not peace she look'd, the Head: but rising up
Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so
To the open window moved, remaining there
Fixt like a beacon-tower above the waves
Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling eye
Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the light
Dash themselves dead. She stretch'd her arms and call'd
Across the tumult and the tumult fell.

'What fear ye, brawlers? am not I your Head?
On me, me, me, the storm first breaks: *I* dare
All these male thunderbolts: what is it ye fear?
Peace! there are those to avenge us and they come:
If not,—myself were like enough, O girls,
To unfurl the maiden banner of our rights,

And clad in iron burst the ranks of war,
Or, falling, protomartyr of our cause,
Die: yet I blame you not so much for fear;
Six thousand years of fear have made you that
From which I would redeem you: but for those
That stir this hubbub—you and you—I know
Your faces there in the crowd—to-morrow morn
We hold a great convention: then shall they
That love their voices more than duty, learn
With whom they deal, dismiss'd in shame to live
No wiser than their mothers, household stuff,
Live chattels, mincers of each other's fame,
Full of weak poison, turnspits for the clown,
The drunkard's football, laughing-stocks of Time,
Whose brains are in their hands and in their heels,
But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to thrum,
To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and to scour,
For ever slaves at home and fools abroad.'

She, ending, waved her hands: thereat the crowd
Muttering, dissolved: then with a smile, that look'd
A stroke of cruel sunshine on the cliff,
When all the glens are drown'd in azure gloom
Of thunder-shower, she floated to us and said:

'You have done well and like a gentleman,
And like a prince: you have our thanks for all:
And you look well too in your woman's dress:
Well have you done and like a gentleman.
You saved our life: we owe you bitter thanks:
Better have died and spilt our bones in the flood—
Then men had said—but now—What hinders me
To take such bloody vengeance on you both?—
Yet since our father—Wasps in our good hive,
You would-be quenchers of the light to be,
Barbarians, grosser than your native bears—

O would I had his sceptre for one hour!
You that have dared to break our bound, and gull'd
Our servants, wrong'd and lied and thwarted us—
I wed with thee! *I* bound by precontract
Your bride, your bondslave! not tho' all the gold
That veins the world were pack'd to make your crown,
And every spoken tongue should lord you. Sir,
Your falsehood and yourself are hateful to us:
I trample on your offers and on you:
Begone: we will not look upon you more.
Here, push them out at gates.'

In wrath she spake.
Then those eight mighty daughters of the plough
Bent their broad faces toward us and address'd
Their motion: twice I sought to plead my cause,
But on my shoulder hung their heavy hands,
The weight of destiny: so from her face
They push'd us, down the steps, and thro' the court,
And with grim laughter thrust us out at gates.

We cross'd the street and gain'd a petty mound
Beyond it, whence we saw the lights and heard
The voices murmuring. While I listen'd, came
On a sudden the weird seizure and the doubt:
I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts;
The Princess with her monstrous woman-guard,
The jest and earnest working side by side,
The cataract and the tumult and the kings
Were shadows; and the long fantastic night
With all its doings had and had not been,
And all things were and were not.

This went by
As strangely as it came, and on my spirits
Settled a gentle cloud of melancholy;
Not long; I shook it off; for spite of doubts
And sudden ghostly shadowings I was one

To whom the touch of all mischance but came
As night to him that sitting on a hill
Sees the midsummer, midnight, Norway sun
Set into sunrise; then we moved away.

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
  That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
  And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
  He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
  And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

So Lilia sang: we thought her half-possess'd,
She struck such warbling fury thro' the words;
And, after, feigning pique at what she call'd
The raillery, or grotesque, or false sublime—
Like one that wishes at a dance to change
The music—clapt her hands and cried for war,
Or some grand fight to kill and make an end:
And he that next inherited the tale
Half turning to the broken statue, said,
'Sir Ralph has got your colours: if I prove
Your knight, and fight your battle, what for me?'
It chanced, her empty glove upon the tomb
Lay by her like a model of her hand.
She took it and she flung it. 'Fight' she said,
'And make us all we would be, great and good.'
He knightlike in his cap instead of casque,
A cap of Tyrol borrow'd from the hall,
Arranged the favour, and assumed the Prince.

V.

Now, scarce three paces measured from the mound,
We stumbled on a stationary voice,

And 'Stand, who goes?' 'Two from the palace' I.
'The second two: they wait,' he said, 'pass on;
His Highness wakes:' and one, that clash'd in arms,
By glimmering lanes and walls of canvas led
Threading the soldier-city, till we heard
The drowsy folds of our great ensign shake
From blazon'd lions o'er the imperial tent
Whispers of war.
Entering, the sudden light
Dazed me half-blind: I stood and seem'd to hear,
As in a poplar grove when a light wind wakes
A lisping of the innumerous leaf and dies,
Each hissing in his neighbour's ear; and then
A strangled titter, out of which there brake
On all sides, clamouring etiquette to death,
Unmeasured mirth; while now the two old kings
Began to wag their baldness up and down,
The fresh young captains flash'd their glittering teeth,
The huge bush-bearded Barons heaved and blew,
And slain with laughter roll'd the gilded Squire.

At length my Sire, his rough cheek wet with tears,
Panted from weary sides 'King, you are free!
We did but keep you surety for our son,
If this be he,—or a draggled mawkin, thou,
That tends her bristled grunters in the sludge:'
For I was drench'd with ooze, and torn with briers,
More crumpled than a poppy from the sheath,
And all one rag, disprinced from head to heel.
Then some one sent beneath his vaulted palm
A whisper'd jest to some one near him, 'Look,
He has been among his shadows.' 'Satan take
The old women and their shadows! (thus the King
Roar'd) make yourself a man to fight with men.
Go: Cyril told us all.'
As boys that slink

From ferule and the trespass-chiding eye,
Away we stole, and transient in a trice
From what was left of faded woman-slough
To sheathing splendours and the golden scale
Of harness, issued in the sun, that now
Leapt from the dewy shoulders of the Earth,
And hit the Northern hills. Here Cyril met us.
A little shy at first, but by and by
We twain, with mutual pardon ask'd and given
For stroke and song, resolder'd peace, whereon
Follow'd his tale. Amazed he fled away
Thro' the dark land, and later in the night
Had come on Psyche weeping: 'then we fell
Into your father's hand, and there she lies,
But will not speak, nor stir.'
He show'd a tent
A stone-shot off: we enter'd in, and there
Among piled arms and rough accoutrements,
Pitiful sight, wrapp'd in a soldier's cloak,
Like some sweet sculpture draped from head to foot,
And push'd by rude hands from its pedestal,
All her fair length upon the ground she lay:
And at her head a follower of the camp,
A charr'd and wrinkled piece of womanhood,
Sat watching like a watcher by the dead.

Then Florian knelt, and 'Come' he whisper'd to her,
'Lift up your head, sweet sister: lie not thus.
What have you done but right? you could not slay
Me, nor your prince: look up: be comforted:
Sweet is it to have done the thing one ought,
When fall'n in darker ways.' And likewise I:
'Be comforted: have I not lost her too,
In whose least act abides the nameless charm
That none has else for me?' She heard, she moved,
She moan'd, a folded voice; and up she sat,

And raised the cloak from brows as pale and smooth
As those that mourn half-shrouded over death
In deathless marble. 'Her,' she said, 'my friend—
Parted from her—betray'd her cause and mine—
Where shall I breathe? why kept ye not your faith?
O base and bad! what comfort? none for me!'
To whom remorseful Cyril, 'Yet I pray
Take comfort: live, dear lady, for your child!'
At which she lifted up her voice and cried.

'Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah, my child,
My one sweet child, whom I shall see no more!
For now will cruel Ida keep her back;
And either she will die from want of care,
Or sicken with ill-usage, when they say
The child is hers—for every little fault,
The child is hers; and they will beat my girl
Remembering her mother: O my flower!
Or they will take her, they will make her hard,
And she will pass me by in after-life
With some cold reverence worse than were she dead.
Ill mother that I was to leave her there,
To lag behind, scared by the cry they made,
The horror of the shame among them all:
But I will go and sit beside the doors,
And make a wild petition night and day,
Until they hate to hear me like a wind
Wailing for ever, till they open to me,
And lay my little blossom at my feet,
My babe, my sweet Aglaïa, my one child:
And I will take her up and go my way,
And satisfy my soul with kissing her:
Ah! what might that man not deserve of me
Who gave me back my child?' 'Be comforted,'
Said Cyril, 'you shall have it:' but again
She veil'd her brows, and prone she sank, and so

Like tender things that being caught feign death,
Spoke not, nor stirr'd.
By this a murmur ran
Thro' all the camp and inward raced the scouts
With rumour of Prince Arac hard at hand.
We left her by the woman, and without
Found the gray kings at parle: and 'Look you' cried
My father 'that our compact be fulfill'd:
You have spoilt this child; she laughs at you and man:
She wrongs herself, her sex, and me, and him:
But red-faced war has rods of steel and fire;
She yields, or war.'
Then Gama turn'd to me:
'We fear, indeed, you spent a stormy time
With our strange girl: and yet they say that still
You love her. Give us, then, your mind at large:
How say you, war or not?'
'Not war, if possible,
O king,' I said, 'lest from the abuse of war,
The desecrated shrine, the trampled year,
The smouldering homestead, and the household flower
Torn from the lintel—all the common wrong—
A smoke go up thro' which I loom to her
Three times a monster: now she lightens scorn
At him that mars her plan, but then would hate
(And every voice she talk'd with ratify it,
And every face she look'd on justify it)
The general foe. More soluble is this knot,
By gentleness than war. I want her love.
What were I nigher this altho' we dash'd
Your cities into shards with catapults,
She would not love;—or brought her chain'd, a slave,
The lifting of whose eyelash is my lord,
Not ever would she love; but brooding turn
The book of scorn, till all my flitting chance
Were caught within the record of her wrongs,

And crush'd to death: and rather, Sire, than this
I would the old God of war himself were dead,
Forgotten, rusting on his iron hills,
Rotting on some wild shore with ribs of wreck,
Or like an old-world mammoth bulk'd in ice,
Not to be molten out.'

And roughly spake
My father, 'Tut, you know them not, the girls.
Boy, when I hear you prate I almost think
That idiot legend credible. Look you, Sir!
Man is the hunter; woman is his game:
The sleek and shining creatures of the chase,
We hunt them for the beauty of their skins;
They love us for it, and we ride them down.
Wheedling and siding with them! Out! for shame!
Boy, there's no rose that's half so dear to them
As he that does the thing they dare not do,
Breathing and sounding beauteous battle, comes
With the air of the trumpet round him, and leaps in
Among the women, snares them by the score
Flatter'd and fluster'd, wins, tho' dash'd with death
He reddens what he kisses: thus I won
Your mother, a good mother, a good wife,
Worth winning; but this firebrand—gentleness
To such as her! if Cyril spake her true,
To catch a dragon in a cherry net,
To trip a tigress with a gossamer,
Were wisdom to it.'

'Yea but Sire,' I cried,
'Wild natures need wise curbs. The soldier? No:
What dares not Ida do that she should prize
The soldier? I beheld her, when she rose
The yesternight, and storming in extremes,
Stood for her cause, and flung defiance down
Gagelike to man, and had not shunn'd the death,
No, not the soldier's: yet I hold her, king,

True woman: but you clash them all in one,
That have as many differences as we.
The violet varies from the lily as far
As oak from elm: one loves the soldier, one
The silken priest of peace, one this, one that,
And some unworthily; their sinless faith,
A maiden moon that sparkles on a sty,
Glorifying clown and satyr; whence they need
More breadth of culture: is not Ida right?
They worth it? truer to the law within?
Severer in the logic of a life?
Twice as magnetic to sweet influences
Of earth and heaven? and she of whom you speak,
My mother, looks as whole as some serene
Creation minted in the golden moods
Of sovereign artists; not a thought, a touch,
But pure as lines of green that streak the white
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves; I say,
Not like the piebald miscellany, man,
Bursts of great heart and slips in sensual mire,
But whole and one: and take them all-in-all,
Were we ourselves but half as good, as kind,
As truthful, much that Ida claims as right
Had ne'er been mooted, but as frankly theirs
As dues of Nature. To our point: not war:
Lest I lose all.'
'Nay, nay, you spake but sense'
Said Gama. 'We remember love ourself
In our sweet youth; we did not rate him then
This red-hot iron to be shaped with blows.
You talk almost like Ida: *she* can talk;
And there is something in it as you say:
But you talk kindlier: we esteem you for it.—
He seems a gracious and a gallant Prince,
I would he had our daughter: for the rest,
Our own detention, why, the causes weigh'd,

Fatherly fears—you used us courteously—
We would do much to gratify your Prince—
We pardon it; and for your ingress here
Upon the skirt and fringe of our fair land,
You did but come as goblins in the night,
Nor in the furrow broke the ploughman's head,
Nor burnt the grange, nor buss'd the milking-maid,
Nor robb'd the farmer of his bowl of cream:
But let your Prince (our royal word upon it,
He comes back safe) ride with us to our lines,
And speak with Arac: Arac's word is thrice
As ours with Ida: something may be done—
I know not what—and ours shall see us friends.
You, likewise, our late guests, if so you will,
Follow us: who knows? we four may build some plan
Foursquare to opposition.'
Here he reach'd
White hands of farewell to my sire, who growl'd
An answer which, half-muffled in his beard,
Let so much out as gave us leave to go.

Then rode we with the old king across the lawns
Beneath huge trees, a thousand rings of Spring
In every bole, a song on every spray
Of birds that piped their Valentines, and woke
Desire in me to infuse my tale of love
In the old king's ears, who promised help, and oozed
All o'er with honey'd answer as we rode
And blossom-fragrant slipt the heavy dews
Gather'd by night and peace, with each light air
On our mail'd heads: but other thoughts than Peace
Burnt in us, when we saw the embattled squares,
And squadrons of the Prince, trampling the flowers
With clamour: for among them rose a cry
As if to greet the king; they made a halt;
The horses yell'd; they clash'd their arms; the drum

Beat; merrily-blowing shrill'd the martial fife;
And in the blast and bray of the long horn
And serpent-throated bugle, undulated
The banner: anon to meet us lightly pranced
Three captains out; nor ever had I seen
Such thews of men: the midmost and the highest
Was Arac: all about his motion clung
The shadow of his sister, as the beam
Of the East, that play'd upon them, made them glance
Like those three stars of the airy Giant's zone,
That glitter burnish'd by the frosty dark;
And as the fiery Sirius alters hue,
And bickers into red and emerald, shone
Their morions, wash'd with morning, as they came.

And I that prated peace, when first I heard
War-music, felt the blind wildbeast of force,
Whose home is in the sinews of a man,
Stir in me as to strike: then took the king
His three broad sons; with now a wandering hand
And now a pointed finger, told them all:
A common light of smiles at our disguise
Broke from their lips, and, ere the windy jest
Had labour'd down within his ample lungs,
The genial giant, Arac, roll'd himself
Thrice in the saddle, then burst out in words.

'Our land invaded, 'sdeath! and he himself
Your captive, yet my father wills not war:
And, 'sdeath! myself, what care I, war or no?
But then this question of your troth remains:
And there's a downright honest meaning in her;
She flies too high, she flies too high! and yet
She ask'd but space and fairplay for her scheme;
She prest and prest it on me—I myself,
What know I of these things? but, life and soul!

I thought her half-right talking of her wrongs;
I say she flies too high, 'sdeath! what of that?
I take her for the flower of womankind,
And so I often told her, right or wrong,
And, Prince, she can be sweet to those she loves,
And, right or wrong, I care not: this is all,
I stand upon her side: she made me swear it—
'Sdeath—and with solemn rites by candle-light—
Swear by St., something—I forget her name—
Her that talk'd down the fifty wisest men;
She was a princess too; and so I swore.
Come, this is all; she will not: waive your claim:
If not, the foughten field, what else, at once
Decides it, 'sdeath! against my father's will.'

I lagg'd in answer loth to render up
My precontract, and loth by brainless war
To cleave the rift of difference deeper yet;
Till one of those two brothers, half aside
And fingering at the hair about his lip,
To prick us on to combat 'Like to like!
The woman's garment hid the woman's heart.'
A taunt that clench'd his purpose like a blow!
For fiery-short was Cyril's counter-scoff,
And sharp I answer'd, touch'd upon the point
Where idle boys are cowards to their shame,
'Decide it here: why not? we are three to three.'

Then spake the third 'But three to three? no more?
No more, and in our noble sister's cause?
More, more, for honour: every captain waits
Hungry for honour, angry for his king.
More, more, some fifty on a side, that each
May breathe himself, and quick! by overthrow
Of these or those, the question settled die.'

'Yea,' answer'd I, 'for this wild wreath of air,
This flake of rainbow flying on the highest
Foam of men's deeds—this honour, if ye will.
It needs must be for honour if at all:
Since, what decision? if we fail, we fail,
And if we win, we fail: she would not keep
Her compact.' ''Sdeath! but we will send to her,
Said Arac, 'worthy reasons why she should
Bide by this issue: let our missive thro',
And you shall have her answer by the word.'

'Boys!' shriek'd the old king, but vainlier than a hen
To her false daughters in the pool; for none
Regarded; neither seem'd there more to say:
Back rode we to my father's camp, and found
He thrice had sent a herald to the gates,
To learn if Ida yet would cede our claim,
Or by denial flush her babbling wells
With her own people's life: three times he went:
The first, he blew and blew, but none appear'd:
He batter'd at the doors; none came: the next,
An awful voice within had warn'd him thence:
The third, and those eight daughters of the plough
Came sallying thro' the gates, and caught his hair,
And so belabour'd him on rib and cheek
They made him wild: not less one glance he caught
Thro' open doors of Ida station'd there
Unshaken, clinging to her purpose, firm
Tho' compass'd by two armies and the noise
Of arms; and standing like a stately Pine
Set in a cataract on an island-crag,
When storm is on the heights, and right and left
Suck'd from the dark heart of the long hills roll
The torrents, dash'd to the vale: and yet her will
Bred will in me to overcome it or fall.

But when I told the king that I was pledged
To fight in tourney for my bride, he clash'd
His iron palms together with a cry;
Himself would tilt it out among the lads:
But overborne by all his bearded lords
With reasons drawn from age and state, perforce
He yielded, wroth and red, with fierce demur:
And many a bold knight started up in heat,
And sware to combat for my claim till death.

All on this side the palace ran the field
Flat to the garden-wall: and likewise here,
Above the garden's glowing blossom-belts,
A column'd entry shone and marble stairs,
And great bronze valves, emboss'd with Tomyris
And what she did to Cyrus after fight,
But now fast barr'd: so here upon the flat
All that long morn the lists were hammer'd up,
And all that morn the heralds to and fro,
With message and defiance, went and came;
Last, Ida's answer, in a royal hand,
But shaken here and there, and rolling words
Oration-like. I kiss'd it and I read.

'O brother, you have known the pangs we felt,
What heats of indignation when we heard
Of those that iron-cramp'd their women's feet;
Of lands in which at the altar the poor bride
Gives her harsh groom for bridal-gift a scourge;
Of living hearts that crack within the fire
Where smoulder their dead despots; and of those,—
Mothers,—that, all prophetic pity, fling
Their pretty maids in the running flood, and swoops
The vulture, beak and talon, at the heart
Made for all noble motion: and I saw
That equal baseness lived in sleeker times

With smoother men: the old leaven leaven'd all:
Millions of throats would bawl for civil rights,
No woman named: therefore I set my face
Against all men, and lived but for mine own.
Far off from men I built a fold for them:
I stored it full of rich memorial:
I fenced it round with gallant institutes,
And biting laws to scare the beasts of prey
And prosper'd; till a rout of saucy boys
Brake on us at our books, and marr'd our peace,
Mask'd like our maids, blustering I know not what
Of insolence and love, some pretext held
Of baby troth, invalid, since my will
Seal'd not the bond—the striplings!—for their sport!—
I tamed my leopards: shall I not tame these?
Or you? or I? for since you think me touch'd
In honour—what, I would not aught of false—
Is not our cause pure? and whereas I know
Your prowess, Arac, and what mother's blood
You draw from, fight; you failing, I abide
What end soever: fail you will not. Still
Take not his life: he risk'd it for my own;
His mother lives: yet whatsoe'er you do,
Fight and fight well; strike and strike home. O dear
Brothers, the woman's Angel guards you, you
The sole men to be mingled with our cause,
The sole men we shall prize in the aftertime,
Your very armour hallow'd, and your statues
Rear'd, sung to, when, this gad-fly brush'd aside,
We plant a solid foot into the Time,
And mould a generation strong to move
With claim on claim from right to right, till she
Whose name is yoked with children's, know herself;
And Knowledge in our own land make her free,
And, ever following those two crowned twins,
Commerce and conquest, shower the fiery grain

Of freedom broadcast over all that orbs
Between the Northern and the Southern morn.'

Then came a postscript dash'd across the rest.
'See that there be no traitors in your camp:
We seem a nest of traitors—none to trust
Since our arms fail'd—this Egypt-plague of men!
Almost our maids were better at their homes,
Than thus man-girdled here: indeed I think
Our chiefest comfort is the little child
Of one unworthy mother; which she left:
She shall not have it back: the child shall grow
To prize the authentic mother of her mind.
I took it for an hour in mine own bed
This morning: there the tender orphan hands
Felt at my heart, and seem'd to charm from thence
The wrath I nursed against the world: farewell.'

I ceased; he said, 'Stubborn, but she may sit
Upon a king's right hand in thunderstorms,
And breed up warriors! See now, tho' yourself
Be dazzled by the wildfire Love to sloughs
That swallow common sense, the spindling king,
This Gama swamp'd in lazy tolerance.
When the man wants weight, the woman takes it up,
And topples down the scales; but this is fixt
As are the roots of earth and base of all;
Man for the field and woman for the hearth:
Man for the sword and for the needle she:
Man with the head and woman with the heart:
Man to command and woman to obey;
All else confusion. Look you! the gray mare
Is ill to live with, when her whinny shrills
From tile to scullery, and her small goodman
Shrinks in his arm-chair while the fires of Hell
Mix with his hearth: but you—she's yet a colt—

Take, break her: strongly groom'd and straitly curb'd
She might not rank with those detestable
That let the bantling scald at home, and brawl
Their rights or wrongs like potherbs in the street.
They say she's comely; there's the fairer chance:
I like her none the less for rating at her!
Besides, the woman wed is not as we,
But suffers change of frame. A lusty brace
Of twins may weed her of her folly. Boy,
The bearing and the training of a child
Is woman's wisdom.'

Thus the hard old king:
I took my leave, for it was nearly noon:
I pored upon her letter which I held,
And on the little clause 'take not his life:'
I mused on that wild morning in the woods,
And on the 'Follow, follow, thou shalt win:'
I thought on all the wrathful king had said,
And how the strange betrothment was to end:
Then I remember'd that burnt sorcerer's curse
That one should fight with shadows and should fall;
And like a flash the weird affection came:
King, camp and college turn'd to hollow shows;
I seem'd to move in old memorial tilts,
And doing battle with forgotten ghosts,
To dream myself the shadow of a dream:
And ere I woke it was the point of noon,
The lists were ready. Empanoplied and plumed
We enter'd in, and waited, fifty there
Opposed to fifty, till the trumpet blared
At the barrier like a wild horn in a land
Of echoes, and a moment, and once more
The trumpet, and again: at which the storm
Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears
And riders front to front, until they closed
In conflict with the crash of shivering points,

And thunder. Yet it seem'd a dream, I dream'd
Of fighting. On his haunches rose the steed,
And into fiery splinters leapt the lance,
And out of stricken helmets sprang the fire.
Part sat like rocks: part reel'd but kept their seats:
Part roll'd on the earth and rose again and drew:
Part stumbled mixt with floundering horses. Down
From those two bulks at Arac's side, and down
From Arac's arm, as from a giant's flail,
The large blows rain'd, as here and everywhere
He rode the mellay, lord of the ringing lists,
And all the plain,—brand, mace, and shaft, and shield—
Shock'd, like an iron-clanging anvil bang'd
With hammers; till I thought, can this be he
From Gama's dwarfish loins? if this be so,
The mother makes us most—and in my dream
I glanced aside, and saw the palace-front
Alive with fluttering scarfs and ladies' eyes,
And highest, among the statues, statue-like,
Between a cymbal'd Miriam and a Jael,
With Psyche's babe, was Ida watching us,
A single band of gold about her hair,
Like a Saint's glory up in heaven: but she
No saint—inexorable—no tenderness—
Too hard, too cruel: yet she sees me fight,
Yea, let her see me fall! with that I drave
Among the thickest and bore down a Prince,
And Cyril, one. Yea, let me make my dream
All that I would. But that large-moulded man,
His visage all agrin as at a wake,
Made at me thro' the press, and, staggering back
With stroke on stroke the horse and horseman, came
A comes a pillar of electric cloud,
Flaying the roofs and sucking up the drains,
And shadowing down the champaign till it strikes
On a wood, and takes, and breaks, and cracks, and splits,

And twists the grain with such a roar that Earth
Reels, and the herdsmen cry; for everything
Gave way before him: only Florian, he
That loved me closer than his own right eye,
Thrust in between; but Arac rode him down:
And Cyril seeing it, push'd against the Prince,
With Psyche's colour round his helmet, tough,
Strong, supple, sinew-corded, apt at arms;
But tougher, heavier, stronger, he that smote
And threw him: last I spurr'd; I felt my veins
Stretch with fierce heat; a moment hand to hand,
And sword to sword, and horse to horse we hung,
Till I struck out and shouted; the blade glanced,
I did but shear a feather, and dream and truth
Flow'd from me; darkness closed me; and I fell.

Home they brought her warrior dead:
  She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
  'She must weep or she will die.'

Then they praised him, soft and low,
  Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
  Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
  Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
  Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
  Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
  'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

VI.

My dream had never died or lived again.
As in some mystic middle state I lay;
Seeing I saw not, hearing not I heard:
Tho', if I saw not, yet they told me all
So often that I speak as having seen.

For so it seem'd, or so they said to me,
That all things grew more tragic and more strange;
That when our side was vanquish'd and my cause
For ever lost, there went up a great cry,
The Prince is slain. My father heard and ran
In on the lists, and there unlaced my casque
And grovell'd on my body, and after him
Came Psyche, sorrowing for Aglaïa.

But high upon the palace Ida stood
With Psyche's babe in arm: there on the roofs
Like that great dame of Lapidoth she sang.

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: the seed,
The little seed they laugh'd at in the dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
A thousand arms and rushes to the Sun.

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they came;
The leaves were wet with women's tears: they heard
A noise of songs they would not understand:
They mark'd it with the red cross to the fall,
And would have strown it, and are fall'n themselves.

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they came,
The woodmen with their axes: lo the tree!
But we will make it faggots for the hearth,
And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor,
And boats and bridges for the use of men.

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they struck;
With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor knew
There dwelt an iron nature in the grain:
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,
Their arms were shatter'd to the shoulder blade.

'Our enemies have fall'n, but this shall grow
A night of Summer from the heat, a breadth
Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power: and roll'd
With music in the growing breeze of Time,
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the world.

'And now, O maids, behold our sanctuary
Is violate, our laws broken: fear we not
To break them more in their behoof, whose arms
Champion'd our cause and won it with a day
Blanch'd in our annals, and perpetual feast,
When dames and heroines of the golden year
Shall strip a hundred hollows bare of Spring,
To rain an April of ovation round
Their statues, borne aloft, the three: but come,
We will be liberal, since our rights are won.
Let them not lie in the tents with coarse mankind,
Ill nurses; but descend, and proffer these
The brethren of our blood and cause, that there
Lie bruised and maim'd, the tender ministries
Of female hands and hospitality.'

She spoke, and with the babe yet in her arms,
Descending, burst the great bronze valves, and led
A hundred maids in train across the Park.
Some cowl'd, and some bare-headed, on they came,
Their feet in flowers, her loveliest: by them went
The enamour'd air sighing, and on their curls
From the high tree the blossom wavering fell,
And over them the tremulous isles of light

Slided, they moving under shade: but Blanche
At distance follow'd: so they came: anon
Thro' open field into the lists they wound
Timorously; and as the leader of the herd
That holds a stately fretwork to the Sun,
And follow'd up by a hundred airy does,
Steps with a tender foot, light as on air,
The lovely, lordly creature floated on
To where her wounded brethren lay; there stay'd;
Knelt on one knee,—the child on one,—and prest
Their hands, and call'd them dear deliverers,
And happy warriors, and immortal names,
And said 'You shall not lie in the tents but here,
And nursed by those for whom you fought, and served
With female hands and hospitality.'

Then, whether moved by this, or was it chance,
She past my way. Up started from my side
The old lion, glaring with his whelpless eye,
Silent; but when she saw me lying stark,
Dishelm'd and mute, and motionlessly pale,
Cold ev'n to her, she sigh'd; and when she saw
The haggard father's face and reverend beard
Of grisly twine, all dabbled with the blood
Of his own son, shudder'd, a twitch of pain
Tortured her mouth, and o'er her forehead past
A shadow, and her hue changed, and she said:
'He saved my life: my brother slew him for it.'
No more: at which the king in bitter scorn
Drew from my neck the painting and the tress,
And held them up: she saw them, and a day
Rose from the distance on her memory,
When the good Queen, her mother, shore the tress
With kisses, ere the days of Lady Blanche:
And then once more she look'd at my pale face:
Till understanding all the foolish work

Of Fancy, and the bitter close of all,
Her iron will was broken in her mind;
Her noble heart was molten in her breast;
She bow'd, she set the child on the earth; she laid
A feeling finger on my brows, and presently
'O Sire,' she said 'he lives: he is not dead:
O let me have him with my brethren here
In our own palace: we will tend on him
Like one of these; if so, by any means,
To lighten this great clog of thanks, that make
Our progress falter to the woman's goal.'

She said: but at the happy word 'he lives'
My father stoop'd, re-father'd o'er my wounds.
So those two foes above my fallen life,
With brow to brow like night and evening mixt
Their dark and gray, while Psyche ever stole
A little nearer, till the babe that by us,
Half-lapt in glowing gauze and golden brede,
Lay like a new-fall'n meteor on the grass,
Uncared for, spied its mother and began
A blind and babbling laughter, and to dance
Its body, and reach its fatling innocent arms
And lazy lingering fingers. She the appeal
Brook'd not, but clamouring out 'Mine--mine—not yours,
It is not yours, but mine: give me the child'
Ceased all on tremble: piteous was the cry:
So stood the unhappy mother open-mouth'd,
And turn'd each face her way: wan was her cheek
With hollow watch, her blooming mantle torn,
Red grief and mother's hunger in her eye,
And down dead-heavy sank her curls, and half
The sacred mother's bosom, panting, burst
The laces toward her babe; but she nor cared
Nor knew it, clamouring on, till Ida heard,

Look'd up, and rising slowly from me, stood
Erect and silent, striking with her glance
The mother, me, the child; but he that lay
Beside us, Cyril, batter'd as he was,
Trail'd himself up on one knee: then he drew
Her robe to meet his lips, and down she look'd
At the arm'd man sideways, pitying as it seem'd
Or self-involved; but when she learnt his face,
Remembering his ill-omen'd song, arose
Once more thro' all her height, and o'er him grew
Tall as a figure lengthen'd on the sand
When the tide ebbs in sunshine, and he said:

'O fair and strong and terrible! Lioness
That with your long locks play the Lion's mane!
But Love and Nature, these are two more terrible
And stronger. See, your foot is on our necks,
We vanquish'd, you the Victor of your will.
What would you more? give her the child! remain
Orb'd in your isolation: he is dead,
Or all as dead: henceforth we let you be:
Win you the hearts of women; and beware
Lest, where you seek the common love of these,
The common hate with the revolving wheel
Should drag you down, and some great Nemesis
Break from a darken'd future, crown'd with fire,
And tread you out for ever: but howsoe'er
Fix'd in yourself, never in your own arms
To hold your own, deny not hers to her,
Give her the child! O if, I say, you keep
One pulse that beats true woman, if you loved
The breast that fed or arm that dandled you,
Or own one port of sense not flint to prayer,
Give her the child! or if you scorn to lay it,
Yourself, in hands so lately claspt with yours,
Or speak to her, your dearest, her one fault

The tenderness, not yours, that could not kill,
Give *me* it: *I* will give it her.'
He said:
At first her eye with slow dilation roll'd
Dry flame, she listening; after sank and sank
And, into mournful twilight mellowing, dwelt
Full on the child; she took it: 'Pretty bud!
Lily of the vale! half open'd bell of the woods!
Sole comfort of my dark hour, when a world
Of traitorous friend and broken system made
No purple in the distance, mystery,
Pledge of a love not to be mine, farewell;
These men are hard upon us as of old,
We two must part: and yet how fain was I
To dream thy cause embraced in mine, to think
I might be something to thee, when I felt
Thy helpless warmth about my barren breast
In the dead prime: but may thy mother prove
As true to thee as false, false, false to me!
And, if thou needs must bear the yoke, I wish it
Gentle as freedom'—here she kiss'd it: then—
'All good go with thee! take it Sir,' and so
Laid the soft babe in his hard-mailed hands,
Who turn'd half-round to Psyche as she sprang
To meet it, with an eye that swum in thanks;
Then felt it sound and whole from head to foot,
And hugg'd and never hugg'd it close enough,
And in her hunger mouth'd and mumbled it,
And hid her bosom with it; after that
Put on more calm and added suppliantly:

'We two were friends: I go to mine own land
For ever: find some other: as for me
I scarce am fit for your great plans: yet speak to me,
Say one soft word and let me part forgiven.'

But Ida spoke not, rapt upon the child.
Then Arac. 'Ida—'sdeath! you blame the man;
You wrong yourselves—the woman is so hard
Upon the woman. Come, a grace to me!
I am your warrior: I and mine have fought
Your battle: kiss her; take her hand, she weeps:
'Sdeath! I would sooner fight thrice o'er than see it.'

But Ida spoke not, gazing on the ground,
And reddening in the furrows of his chin,
And moved beyond his custom, Gama said:

'I've heard that there is iron in the blood,
And I believe it. Not one word? not one?
Whence drew you this steel temper? not from me,
Not from your mother, now a saint with saints.
She said you had a heart—I heard her say it—
"Our Ida has a heart"—just ere she died—
"But see that some one with authority
Be near her still" and I—I sought for one—
All people said she had authority—
The Lady Blanche: much profit! Not one word;
No! tho' your father sues: see how you stand
Stiff as Lot's wife, and all the good knights maim'd,
I trust that there is no one hurt to death,
For your wild whim: and was it then for this,
Was it for this we gave our palace up,
Where we withdrew from summer heats and state,
And had our wine and chess beneath the planes,
And many a pleasant hour with her that's gone,
Ere you were born to vex us? Is it kind?
Speak to her I say: is this not she of whom,
When first she came, all flush'd you said to me
Now had you got a friend of your own age,
Now could you share your thought; now should men see
Two women faster welded in one love

Than pairs of wedlock; she you walk'd with, she
You talk'd with, whole nights long, up in the tower,
Of sine and arc, spheroïd and azimuth,
And right ascension, Heaven knows what; and now
A word, but one, one little kindly word,
Not one to spare her: out upon you, flint!
You love nor her, nor me, nor any; nay,
You shame your mother's judgment too. Not one?
You will not? well—no heart have you, or such
As fancies like the vermin in a nut
Have fretted all to dust and bitterness.'
So said the small king moved beyond his wont.

But Ida stood nor spoke, drain'd of her force
By many a varying influence and so long.
Down thro' her limbs a drooping languor wept:
Her head a little bent; and on her mouth
A doubtful smile dwelt like a clouded moon
In a still water: then brake out my sire,
Lifting his grim head from my wounds. 'O you,
Woman, whom we thought woman even now,
And were half fool'd to let you tend our son,
Because he might have wish'd it—but we see
The accomplice of your madness unforgiven,
And think that you might mix his draught with death,
When your skies change again: the rougher hand
Is safer: on to the tents: take up the Prince.'

He rose, and while each ear was prick'd to attend
A tempest, thro' the cloud that dimm'd her broke
A genial warmth and light once more, and shone
Thro' glittering drops on her sad friend.
'Come hither.
O Psyche,' she cried out, 'embrace me, come,
Quick while I melt; make reconcilement sure
With one that cannot keep her mind an hour;

Come to the hollow heart they slander so!
Kiss and be friends, like children being chid!
I seem no more: *I* want forgiveness too:
I should have had to do with none but maids,
That have no links with men. Ah false but dear,
Dear traitor, too much loved, why?—why?—Yet see,
Before these kings we embrace you yet once more
With all forgiveness, all oblivion,
And trust, not love, you less.
And now, O sire,
Grant me your son, to nurse, to wait upon him,
Like mine own brother. For my debt to him,
This nightmare weight of gratitude, I know it;
Taunt me no more: yourself and yours shall have
Free adit; we will scatter all our maids
Till happier times each to her proper hearth:
What use to keep them here—now? grant my prayer.
Help, father, brother, help; speak to the king:
Thaw this male nature to some touch of that
Which kills me with myself, and drags me down
From my fixt height to mob me up with all
The soft and milky rabble of womankind,
Poor weakling ev'n as they are.'
Passionate tears
Follow'd: the king replied not: Cyril said:
'Your brother, Lady,—Florian,—ask for him
Of your great head—for he is wounded too—
That you may tend upon him with the prince.'
'Ay so,' said Ida with a bitter smile,
'Our laws are broken: let him enter too.'
Then Violet, she that sang the mournful song,
And had a cousin tumbled on the plain,
Petition'd too for him. 'Ay so,' she said,
'I stagger in the stream: I cannot keep
My heart an eddy from the brawling hour:
We break our laws with ease, but let it be.'

'Ay so?' said Blanche: 'Amazed am I to hear
Your Highness: but your Highness breaks with ease
The law your Highness did not make: 'twas I.
I had been wedded wife, I knew mankind,
And block'd them out; but these men came to woo
Your Highness—verily I think to win.'

So she, and turn'd askance a wintry eye:
But Ida with a voice, that like a bell
Toll'd by an earthquake in a trembling tower,
Rang ruin, answer'd full of grief and scorn.

'Fling our doors wide! all, all, not one, but all,
Not only he, but by my mother's soul,
Whatever man lies wounded, friend or foe,
Shall enter, if he will. Let our girls flit,
Till the storm die! but had you stood by us,
The roar that breaks the Pharos from his base
Had left us rock. She fain would sting us too,
But shall not. Pass, and mingle with your likes.
We brook no further insult but are gone.'

She turn'd; the very nape of her white neck
Was rosed with indignation: but the Prince
Her brother came; the king her father charm'd
Her wounded soul with words: nor did mine own
Refuse her proffer, lastly gave his hand.

Then us they lifted up, dead weights, and bare
Straight to the doors: to them the doors gave way
Groaning, and in the Vestal entry shriek'd
The virgin marble under iron heels:
And on they moved and gain'd the hall, and there
Rested: but great the crush was, and each base,
To left and right, of those tall columns drown'd
In silken fluctuation and the swarm
Of female whisperers: at the further end

Was Ida by the throne, the two great cats
Close by her, like supporters on a shield,
Bow-back'd with fear: but in the centre stood
The common men with rolling eyes; amazed
They glared upon the women, and aghast,
The women stared at these, all silent, save
When armour clash'd or jingled, while the day,
Descending, struck athwart the hall, and shot
A flying splendour out of brass and steel,
That o'er the statues leapt from head to head,
Now fired an angry Pallas on the helm,
Now set a wrathful Dian's moon on flame,
And now and then an echo started up,
And shuddering fled from room to room, and died
Of fright in far apartments.

Then the voice
Of Ida sounded, issuing ordinance:
And me they bore up the broad stairs, and thro'
The long-laid galleries past a hundred doors
To one deep chamber shut from sound, and due
To languid limbs and sickness; left me in it;
And others otherwhere they laid; and all
That afternoon a sound arose of hoof
And chariot, many a maiden passing home
Till happier times; but some were left of those
Held sagest, and the great lords out and in,
From those two hosts that lay beside the walls,
Walk'd at their will, and everything was changed.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond; when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live:
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:
I strove against the stream and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

VII.

So was their sanctuary violated,
So their fair college turn'd to hospital;
At first with all confusion: by and by
Sweet order lived again with other laws:
A kindlier influence reign'd; and everywhere
Low voices with the ministering hand
Hung round the sick: the maidens came, they talk'd,
They sang, they read: till she not fair began
To gather light, and she that was, became
Her former beauty treble; and to and fro
With books, with flowers, with Angel offices,
Like creatures native unto gracious act,
And in their own clear element, they moved.

But sadness on the soul of Ida fell,
And hatred of her weakness, blent with shame.
Old studies fail'd; seldom she spoke: but oft
Clomb to the roofs, and gazed alone for hours
On that disastrous leaguer, swarms of men
Darkening her female field: void was her use,
And she as one that climbs a peak to gaze
O'er land and main, and sees a great black cloud
Drag inward from the deeps, a wall of night,
Blot out the slope of sea from verge to shore,
And suck the blinding splendour from the sand,

And quenching lake by lake and tarn by tarn
Expunge the world: so fared she gazing there;
So blacken'd all her world in secret, blank
And waste it seem'd and vain; till down she came,
And found fair peace once more among the sick.

And twilight dawn'd; and morn by morn the lark
Shot up and shrill'd in flickering gyres, but I
Lay silent in the muffled cage of life:
And twilight gloom'd; and broader-grown the bowers
Drew the great night into themselves, and Heaven,
Star after star, arose and fell; but I,
Deeper than those weird doubts could reach me, lay
Quite sunder'd from the moving Universe,
Nor knew what eye was on me, nor the hand
That nursed me, more than infants in their sleep

But Psyche tended Florian: with her oft,
Melissa came; for Blanche had gone, but left
Her child among us, willing she should keep
Court-favour: here and there the small bright head,
A light of healing, glanced about the couch,
Or thro' the parted silks the tender face
Peep'd, shining in upon the wounded man
With blush and smile, a medicine in themselves
To wile the length from languorous hours, and draw
The sting from pain; nor seem'd it strange that soon
He rose up whole, and those fair charities
Join'd at her side; nor stranger seem'd that hearts
So gentle, so employ'd, should close in love,
Than when two dewdrops on the petal shake
To the same sweet air, and tremble deeper down,
And slip at once all-fragrant into one.

Less prosperously the second suit obtain'd
At first with Psyche. Not tho' Blanche had sworn
That after that dark night among the fields

She needs must wed him for her own good name;
Not tho' he built upon the babe restored;
Nor tho' she liked him, yielded she, but fear'd
To incense the Head once more; till on a day
When Cyril pleaded, Ida came behind
Seen but of Psyche: on her foot she hung
A moment, and she heard, at which her face
A little flush'd, and she past on; but each
Assumed from thence a half-consent involved
In stillness, plighted troth, and were at peace.

Nor only these: Love in the sacred halls
Held carnival at will, and flying struck
With showers of random sweet on maid and man.
Nor did her father cease to press my claim,
Nor did mine own now reconciled; nor yet
Did those twin brothers, risen again and whole;
Nor Arac, satiate with his victory.

But I lay still, and with me oft she sat:
Then came a change; for sometimes I would catch
Her hand in wild delirium, gripe it hard,
And fling it like a viper off, and shriek
'You are not Ida;' clasp it once again,
And call her Ida, tho' I knew her not,
And call her sweet, as if in irony,
And call her hard and cold which seem'd a truth:
And still she fear'd that I should lose my mind,
And often she believed that I should die:
Till out of long frustration of her care,
And pensive tendance in the all-weary noons,
And watches in the dead, the dark, when clocks
Throbb'd thunder thro' the palace floors, or call'd
On flying Time from all their silver tongues—
And out of memories of her kindlier days,
And sidelong glances at my father's grief,

And at the happy lovers heart in heart—
And out of hauntings of my spoken love,
And lonely listenings to my mutter'd dream,
And often feeling of the helpless hands,
And wordless broodings on the wasted cheek—
From all a closer interest flourish'd up,
Tenderness touch by touch, and last, to these,
Love, like an Alpine harebell hung with tears
By some cold morning glacier; frail at first
And feeble, all unconscious of itself,
But such as gather'd colour day by day.

Last I woke sane, but well-nigh close to death
For weakness: it was evening: silent light
Slept on the painted walls, wherein were wrought
Two grand designs; for on one side arose
The women up in wild revolt, and storm'd
At the Oppian law. Titanic shapes, they cramm'd
The forum, and half-crush'd among the rest
A dwarf-like Cato cower'd. On the other side
Hortensia spoke against the tax; behind,
A train of dames: by axe and eagle sat,
With all their foreheads drawn in Roman scowls,
And half the wolf's-milk curdled in their veins,
The fierce triumvirs; and before them paused
Hortensia pleading: angry was her face.

I saw the forms: I knew not where I was:
They did but look like hollow shows; nor more
Sweet Ida: palm to palm she sat: the dew
Dwelt in her eyes, and softer all her shape
And rounder seem'd: I moved: I sigh'd: a touch
Came round my wrist, and tears upon my hand:
Then all for languor and self-pity ran
Mine down my face, and with what life I had,
And like a flower that cannot all unfold,

So drench'd it is with tempest, to the sun,
Yet, as it may, turns toward him, I on her
Fixt my faint eyes, and utter'd whisperingly:

'If you be, what I think you, some sweet dream,
I would but ask you to fulfil yourself:
But if you be that Ida whom I knew,
I ask you nothing: only, if a dream,
Sweet dream, be perfect. I shall die to-night.
Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I die.'

I could no more, but lay like one in trance,
That hears his burial talk'd of by his friends,
And cannot speak, nor move, nor make one sign,
But lies and dreads his doom. She turn'd; she paused;
She stoop'd; and out of languor leapt a cry;
Leapt fiery Passion from the brinks of death;
And I believed that in the living world
My spirit closed with Ida's at the lips;
Till back I fell, and from mine arms she rose
Glowing all over noble shame; and all
Her falser self slipt from her like a robe,
And left her woman, lovelier in her mood
Than in her mould that other, when she came
From barren deeps to conquer all with love;
And down the streaming crystal dropt; and she
Far-fleeted by the purple island-sides,
Naked, a double light in air and wave,
To meet her Graces, where they deck'd her out
For worship without end; nor end of mine,
Stateliest, for thee! but mute she glided forth,
Nor glanced behind her, and I sank and slept,
Fill'd thro' and thro' with Love, a happy sleep.

Deep in the night I woke: she, near me, held
A volume of the Poets of her land:
There to herself, all in low tones, she read.

'Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.'

I heard her turn the page; she found a small
Sweet Idyl, and once more, as low, she read:

'Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave

The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air:
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.'

So she low-toned; while with shut eyes I lay
Listening; then look'd. Pale was the perfect face;
The bosom with long sighs labour'd; and meek
Seem'd the full lips, and mild the luminous eyes,
And the voice trembled and the hand. She said
Brokenly, that she knew it, she had fail'd
In sweet humility; had fail'd in all;
That all her labour was but as a block
Left in the quarry; but she still were loth,
She still were loth to yield herself to one
That wholly scorn'd to help their equal rights
Against the sons of men, and barbarous laws.
She pray'd me not to judge their cause from her
That wrong'd it, sought far less for truth than power
In knowledge: something wild within her breast,
A greater than all knowledge, beat her down.
And she had nursed me there from week to week:
Much had she learnt in little time. In part
It was ill counsel had misled the girl
To vex true hearts: yet was she but a girl—
'Ah fool, and made myself a Queen of farce!
When comes another such? never, I think,
Till the Sun drop, dead, from the signs.'
Her voice
Choked, and her forehead sank upon her hands,

And her great heart thro' all the faultful Past
Went sorrowing in a pause I dared not break;
Till notice of a change in the dark world
Was lispt about the acacias, and a bird,
That early woke to feed her little ones,
Sent from a dewy breast a cry for light:
She moved, and at her feet the volume fell.

'Blame not thyself too much,' I said, 'nor blame
Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws;
These were the rough ways of the world till now.
Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? but work no more alone!
Our place is much: as far as in us lies
We two will serve them both in aiding her—
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her down—
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her—let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;

She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be!'
Sighing she spoke 'I fear
They will not.'
'Dear, but let us type them now
In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest
Of equal; seeing either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal: each fulfils
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full stroke,
Life.'
And again sighing she spoke: 'A dream
That once was mine! what woman taught you this?'

'Alone,' I said, 'from earlier than I know,
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,
I loved the woman: he, that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt with crime:
Yet was there one thro' whom I loved her, one

Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.'
'But I,'
Said Ida, tremulously, 'so all unlike—
It seems you love to cheat yourself with words:
This mother is your model. I have heard
Of your strange doubts: they well might be: I seem
A mockery to my own self. Never, Prince;
You cannot love me.'
'Nay but thee' I said
'From yearlong poring on thy pictured eyes,
Ere seen I loved, and loved thee seen, and saw
Thee woman thro' the crust of iron moods
That mask'd thee from men's reverence up, and forced
Sweet love on pranks of saucy boyhood: now,
Giv'n back to life, to life indeed, thro' thee,
Indeed I love: the new day comes, the light
Dearer for night, as dearer thou for faults
Lived over: lift thine eyes; my doubts are dead,
My haunting sense of hollow shows: the change,
This truthful change in thee has kill'd it. Dear,
Look up, and let thy nature strike on mine,
Like yonder morning on the blind half-world;
Approach and fear not; breathe upon my brows;

In that fine air I tremble, all the past
Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and this
Is morn to more, and all the rich to-come
Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland reels
Athwart the smoke of burning weeds. Forgive me,
I waste my heart in signs: let be. My bride,
My wife, my life. O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee: come,
Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine are one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.'

CONCLUSION.

So closed our tale, of which I give you all
The random scheme as wildly as it rose:
The words are mostly mine; for when we ceased
There came a minute's pause, and Walter said,
'I wish she had not yielded!' then to me,
'What, if you drest it up poetically!'
So pray'd the men, the women: I gave assent:
Yet how to bind the scatter'd scheme of seven
Together in one sheaf? What style could suit?
The men required that I should give throughout
The sort of mock-heroic gigantesque,
With which we banter'd little Lilia first:
The women—and perhaps they felt their power,
For something in the ballads which they sang,
Or in their silent influence as they sat,
Had ever seem'd to wrestle with burlesque,
And drove us, last, to quite a solemn close—
They hated banter, wish'd for something real,
A gallant fight, a noble princess—why
Not make her true-heroic—true-sublime?

Or all, they said, as earnest as the close?
Which yet with such a framework scarce could be.
Then rose a little feud betwixt the two,
Betwixt the mockers and the realists:
And I, betwixt them both, to please them both,
And yet to give the story as it rose,
I moved as in a strange diagonal,
And maybe neither pleased myself nor them.

But Lilia pleased me, for she took no part
In our dispute: the sequel of the tale
Had touch'd her; and she sat, she pluck'd the grass,
She flung it from her, thinking: last, she fixt
A showery glance upon her aunt, and said,
'You—tell us what we are' who might have told,
For she was cramm'd with theories out of books,
But that there rose a shout: the gates were closed
At sunset, and the crowd were swarming now,
To take their leave, about the garden rails.

So I and some went out to these: we climb'd
The slope to Vivian-place, and turning saw
The happy valleys, half in light, and half
Far-shadowing from the west, a land of peace;
Gray halls alone among their massive groves;
Trim hamlets; here and there a rustic tower
Half-lost in belts of hop and breadths of wheat;
The shimmering glimpses of a stream; the seas;
A red sail, or a white; and far beyond,
Imagined more than seen, the skirts of France.

'Look there, a garden!' said my college friend,
The Tory member's elder son, 'and there!
God bless the narrow sea which keeps her off,
And keeps our Britain, whole within herself,
A nation yet, the rulers and the ruled—

Some sense of duty, something of a faith,
Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made,
Some patient force to change them when we will,
Some civic manhood firm against the crowd—
But yonder, whiff! there comes a sudden heat,
The gravest citizen seems to lose his head,
The king is scared, the soldier will not fight,
The little boys begin to shoot and stab,
A kingdom topples over with a shriek
Like an old woman, and down rolls the world
In mock heroics stranger than our own;
Revolts, republics, revolutions, most
No graver than a schoolboys' barring out;
Too comic for the solemn things they are,
Too solemn for the comic touches in them,
Like our wild Princess with as wise a dream
As some of theirs—God bless the narrow seas!
I wish they were a whole Atlantic broad.'

'Have patience,' I replied, 'ourselves are full
Of social wrong; and maybe wildest dreams
Are but the needful preludes of the truth:
For me, the genial day, the happy crowd,
The sport half-science, fill me with a faith.
This fine old world of ours is but a child
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time
To learn its limbs: there is a hand that guides.'

In such discourse we gain'd the garden rails,
And there we saw Sir Walter where he stood,
Before a tower of crimson holly-hoaks,
Among six boys, head under head, and look'd
No little lily-handed Baronet he,
A great broad-shoulder'd genial Englishman,
A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pine,

A patron of some thirty charities,
A pamphleteer on guano and on grain,
A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none;
Fair-hair'd and redder than a windy morn;
Now shaking hands with him, now him, of those
That stood the nearest—now address'd to speech—
Who spoke few words and pithy, such as closed
Welcome, farewell, and welcome for the year
To follow: a shout rose again, and made
The long line of the approaching rookery swerve
From the elms, and shook the branches of the deer
From slope to slope thro' distant ferns, and rang
Beyond the bourn of sunset; O, a shout
More joyful than the city-roar that hails
Premier or king! Why should not these great Sirs
Give up their parks some dozen times a year
To let the people breathe? So thrice they cried,
I likewise, and in groups they stream'd away.

But we went back to the Abbey, and sat on,
So much the gathering darkness charm'd: we sat
But spoke not, rapt in nameless reverie,
Perchance upon the future man: the walls
Blacken'd about us, bats wheel'd, and owls whoop'd,
And gradually the powers of the night,
That range above the region of the wind,
Deepening the courts of twilight broke them up
Thro' all the silent spaces of the worlds,
Beyond all thought into the Heaven of Heavens.

Last little Lilia, rising quietly,
Disrobed the glimmering statue of Sir Ralph
From those rich silks, and home well-pleased we went.

NOTES.

Prologue.

2. **lawns.** The modern usage of this word generally conveys the idea of closely-mown grass in a well-kept garden (as in 95, below); in this passage it has the older meaning of an extent of natural pasture-land or untilled glade, such as contributes so much to the charm of an English country gentleman's park. This Elizabethan use of the word the Poet has adopted in other passages, as in III. 347, and in *Œnone*, 6—

"On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers,"

and in *Enoch Arden*, 573—

"the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven."

4. **wife and child.** This quasi-adverbial expression means of course 'accompanied by their wives and families.' Cf. V. 373—"The vulture, beak and talon."

5. **Institute.** This would be the local 'Mechanics' Institute,' a social club, with library, lecture-hall, etc., established for the benefit of the labouring classes of the town.

8. **set**, a quasi-technical term at the Universities, denoting such students as are naturally drawn together by community of tastes or interests.

11. **Greek.** A house built after a Greek model has generally a main front adorned with pillars or pilasters and a pediment, and flanked with wings. This style of Architecture came into fashion in England about the middle of the eighteenth century. **set with busts**, adorned with busts round the walls; cf. Wordsworth—

"Pastoral dales thin set with modern farms."

And the word is used in kindred senses in 106 and 153.

12. **heavens**, climates, countries. **lovelier than their names.** The technical terminology of Botany, consisting as it does of long Greek and Latin words, seems strikingly harsh and pedantic in contrast with the grace and beauty of its subject-matter.

14. **the Abbey-ruin.** After the suppression of the English monasteries by Henry VIII. (1536-39) the old buildings fell into decay, and subsequent owners of the estates have not unfrequently even made use of the old materials in the construction of new houses. In some cases however they have been kept in repair, and form part of the present mansion. Such is the case with Newstead Priory, formerly the family residence of the Byrons.

15. **Ammonites**, fossil snake-shaped or 'whorled' stones, called sometimes 'snake-stones,' once believed to be petrified snakes (see Scott, *Marmion*, II. xiii.); called 'Ammonites' from the mediaeval technical term '*Cornu Ammonis*,' the involuted horn of Jupiter Ammon. **the first bones of Time**, bones of prehistoric antiquity, subsequently discovered in a fossil state.

16. **every clime and age**, *i.e.* their products.

17. **celts**, stone or bronze hatchets, found in the grave-mounds of the ancient Danes. **calumets**, the pipes smoked by the North American Indians, having a bowl of clay or stone, and a stem of reed, ornamented with feathers or horsehair. Among this people smoking in company is regarded as a pledge of peace or friendship.

18. **Claymore**, the large two-edged broadsword of the ancient Scottish Highlanders. **snowshoe**, a large flat shoe, about forty inches long and fifteen wide, tapering at the ends, having a framework and crossbars of hickory-wood, with strips of leather stretched tightly across; this gear is worn in Canada and other northern countries by those who travel over snow; the weight of the wearer being distributed, he is able to walk over the surface with comparative ease and swiftness. **toys in lava**, toys wrought in lava, the molten rock which, ejected by a volcano, runs in a devastating stream over the surrounding country. When dry and cold, this substance is used as a material for the carving of small articles.

19. **sandal**, an exceedingly fragrant wood found in Java and other islands of the East Indian Archipelago, specially used for the manufacture of boxes and small ornaments. **amber**, petrified or fossil pine-resin. **rosaries**, strings of beads used for counting prayers by Catholic Christians, Mohamedans, and others.

20. **Laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere**, a series of ivory balls of various sizes, one inside another, as carved with extreme delicacy and elaborate design by the Chinese and Burmese. Notice how in this line the series of three anapaests, dominated by the rolling 'o' sound, and the repetition of the resonant final

word, seem to indicate the succession of the wonderful balls of which the ornament is composed. Cf. for a similar effect VII. 205-7.

21. **crease**, dagger (Malayan *kris*); **cursed**, probably because of the indiscriminate slaughter involved in 'running amuck.'

22. **the isles of palm**, islands characterised by the palm, as those of the tropics. The palm only grows in warm latitudes.

25. **Agincourt**. Here Henry V. defeated the French in 1415.

26. **Ascalon**. This was a stronghold of great importance during the Crusades, and in 1192 the scene of a signal victory gained by the Christians under Richard I. of England over the Saracen army under Saladin.

29. **in**, used for 'into,' as commonly in Shakespeare (as in *Julius Cæsar*, i. 3. 60—"cast yourself in wonder"). So again in I. 115, and elsewhere in this Poem.

31. **laid about them at their wills**, smote right and left with vigour, lived strong warrior lives (we must supply after the verb 'their swords,' or some similar expression to complete the sense, though the phrase is very common in this form). Fighting for fighting's sake, in the absence of other inducement, was a not uncommon form of recreation among the gentlemen of Europe in mediaeval times.

34. **beat**, a not uncommon form in poetry for the ordinary 'beaten'; cf. IV. 128.

35-9. This passage appeared first in the fifth Edition (1853).

35. **miracle of women**, marvel among woman-kind.

36. **strait-besieged**, rigorously blockaded.

37. **to force her**, with intent to force her.

38. **bent ... broke**, yielded to him ... was crushed under the stress of her danger.

39. **now**, at that moment. The irregular use of this adverb of present time renders the narrative more graphic.

40. **Her stature more than mortal**, *i.e.* dilated with energy and fury, as was Satan's when roused by a similar crisis (Milton, *Paradise Lost*, IV. 985-8)—

"On th' other side, Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremov'd;
His stature reach'd the sky ——."

The expression is to some extent the record of a physical fact, but is specially forcible in reference to the moral effect produced on others by the sight of enthusiasm or indignation excited in a just cause. Or by other forms of strong emotion; cf. *In Memoriam*, LXXXVII. 37, CIII. 25-43.

44-7. Notice the monotonous structure and rhythm of these four lines; the bare enumeration of items seems to gain in effectiveness from the exact adjustment of the clauses to the lines. Cf. II. 56-8, IV. 284-8; see also note on VII. 98.

55. **murmur'd**, was full of voices. **sown**, strewn, besprinkled.

56. **With happy faces and with holiday.** This line affords an instance of a common Classical figure of speech called *Hendiadys*, by which one idea is expressed by two words joined by a conjunction. The line means 'With the happy faces of the holiday-makers.' Cf. VI. 57 and 80—"female hands and hospitality."

60. **on the slope**, *i.e.* above him, that he might get the water-force required for his operation.

61. **playing**, displaying, putting into action, causing the water to take the shape of.

62. **A twisted snake.** This he would imitate by moving the mouth of the tube round and round in a circle, and thus causing the water to shoot forth in a spiral stream. **a rain of pearls.** This would be effected by the operator's letting the water out spasmodically.

63. **steep-up**, precipitous. Cf. *Queen Mary*, iii. 4. 60—"the steep-up track of the new faith." The word occurs in Shakespeare (*Sonnets*, VII. 5—"the steep-up heavenly hill"; *The Passionate Pilgrim*, III. 5—"a steep-up hill"; cf. *Othello*, v. 2. 283—"steep-down gulfs of liquid fire").

64. **wisp**, the *ignis fatuus* or lamp supposed to be carried by Will-o'-the-Wisp or Jack-o'-Lantern over marshes and other dangerous places, onto which it beguiles the traveller. With like action does an india-rubber ball dance on the top of a long thin spout of water.

66. **Echo** is here spelt with a capital letter, because in Greek Mythology the phenomenon was represented as being an enchanted Nymph. Cf. 210-2, below, VI. 349-51, and the refrain of the Song at the end of Canto III.

68. **azure.** All distant objects seem to lie in a blue atmosphere.

68-70. **a group of girls ... laughter.** A circle of girls is formed, at one point of which is placed an electric battery, the girl on each side grasping a handle. The current is turned on, and the shock, communicated throughout, causes each to drop the hands she is holding. For the prefix "dis-" (denoting the negation of the action of the verb that follows it), cf. II. 127—"disyoke"; V. 29—"disprinced"; VI. 85—"dishelm'd." In *Queen Mary* we have even "dis-archbishop." So Shakespeare seems to have devised "disedge," "disseat," "disliken," etc.

73. **angry**, acting in a manner which among men denotes anger, having on human analogy the appearance of anger. Used also of the sky, the sea, and other phenomena which, though inanimate, have motion and undergo change of appearance. Cf. III. 64-5—

"fretful as the wind
Pent in a crevice."

"Smiling," "frowning," "chafing," and other epithets are commonly used in the same manner.

74. **fire-balloon**, one raised not by gas but by heated air, which, being lighter than the surrounding atmosphere, causes the balloon to rise when set free.

75. **gem-like**, lustrous against the dark trees.

76. **parachute**, a silken umbrella-shaped device, by means of which a gentle descent may be made from a balloon; **fairy** here means 'delicate,' 'slight.'

80. **otherwhere**, found in Shakespeare and Milton; cf. VI. 357, also *The Holy Grail*—

"However they may crown him otherwhere."

81. **Pure**, simple, *i.e.* without any admixture of scientific instruction.

86. **Struck up**, began. **Soldier-laddie**, the name of a favourite dance-tune.

87. **ambrosial**, divinely fragrant. An **aisle** is primarily one of the wings or lateral divisions of a church; the word is here applied to an avenue of tall trees, from its general resemblance to two lines of slender pillars supporting an arched roof.

89. **smacking of the time**, typical of the age, as indicating the spread of scientific interests among the people.

91. **High-arch'd.** Tall sharply-pointed arches are the most striking characteristic of Gothic Architecture.

92. **lighter than a fire** (than which nothing visible can be conceived of a more ethereal appearance) denotes the slender grace and delicacy of a Gothic structure as contrasted with the massive solidity of one built in the Norman or the Classical style. Gothic Architecture prevailed in England during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

93. **one wide chasm of time and frost**, a rent in one of the walls caused by the lapse of time and the action of frost. The roofs having fallen in, the rain would make its way between the stones, and this on freezing would expand and burst the masonry. **gave**, gave a view of.

98. **neighbour seats**, other country houses of the district;

"neighbour" is here used as an adjective (cf. III. 30—"her lynx eye"); "seats" is a common term for country mansions.

102. **stony** generally means 'as cold as stone,' or 'as hard as stone'; here 'of stone.'

106. **silver-set**, furnished with silver plate. Cf. 11. and 153, also the use of "gold" in IV. 17.

108-10. **Took this fair day ... all things great**, an expression derived from the custom of preachers, who take a passage from the Bible and enlarge upon it, drawing out its full meaning and moral. "The crowd" is here used for 'the lower classes.'

110. **unworthier**, more frivolous, interested in less elevated topics.

111-3. **he had climb'd ... Proctor's dogs**. These three lines refer to adventurous offences against University and College discipline. "He ... he ... he," one ... another ... a third. The "spikes" and "bars" are respectively on the walls of the College garden and in the windows of the students' rooms. The "Proctor" is the University official charged with the superintendence of discipline; when on his rounds of inspection he is attended by servants, familiarly known as 'bull-dogs,' who at his orders pursue and arrest any undergraduate who will not obey his summons. "Breathed," tired out with a long run; cf. a somewhat similar use in V. 306.

115. **honeying**, putting on an affable demeanour.

116. **Master**, the title most commonly borne by the head of a Cambridge College.

116-7. **a rogue .. theory**, naturally a scoundrel, but one who concealed his real character under an affectation of extreme piety. The word "grain" has had a curious history, which is given at length by Marsh (*Lectures on the English Language*, III.); from having originally signified a seed or kernel from which a peculiarly rich and strong dye was procured, it has come to be commonly used in modern parlance to denote the fibre or texture of any substance, here the essential character of the gentleman described. "Veneer" is a thin superficial layer of good material designed to hide the inferiority of the main substance beneath. Cf. the use of "tinsel" in II. 41.

119. **feudal**, literally 'connected with feuds or fiefs,' and used strictly of territorial rights and tenures, but here, as often, in the looser sense of 'mediaeval,' from the fact that during the Middle Ages the system of land-tenure so called was all-pervading and all-important, settling as it did the character of the social and political life of the time.

121. **rang**, resounded, the loud fury of the conflict being as it were transferred to the narrative.

128. **convention**, conventionality, custom, as in II. 72.

129. **It is but bringing up**, it is only a matter of education.

133. **keep us children**, keep us in ignorance and seclusion. This is an exaggeration on Lilia's part. Although when this Poem was written there were not the Ladies' Colleges and other opportunities for woman's work that now exist, English women (of whom we must suppose Lilia to be speaking) did enjoy, as always throughout our history they have enjoyed, far more personal and social liberty than falls, or has fallen, to the lot of the women of most countries. What she means is that there is not the adventure and the excitement in a domestic life that men encounter in the wider world.

134-5. **I would build ... like a man's.** This is a sort of inversion of the scheme of Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, in which the King of Navarre and some of his Court determine to seclude themselves from the society of women for three years, which period they will devote to study. The Play, like this Poem, concludes with the defeat of the unnatural design and the triumph of the human affections. On this point and other possible sources from which the scheme of the Poem may have been derived, see *Introduction*, xli-xliii.

138. **play'd the patron with**, smoothed in a patronising way; this the girl could not stand from one of the tyrannous sex. For the form of the expression cf. II. 262-3.

140. **halls**, here used as equivalent to 'Colleges,' as in *In Memoriam*, LXXXVII. 4. **flaunt**, strut, look splendid.

141. The **dean** of a College is the official who enforces its discipline. The word is derived from the Latin *decanus*, a chief over ten, used originally in a military sense, later in a monastic.

144. **Emperor-moths**, a splendid species, the prevailing colours being dark grey brown and reddish yellow, with blue spots.

150. **light**, flippant.

152. **at herself she laugh'd**, recognising the ridiculous exaggeration of her vehemence. Cf. *Aylmer's Field*, 400-2—

"At which, like one that sees his own excess,
And easily forgives it as his own,
He laugh'd."

153. **set**, furnished round about, protected (cf. somewhat similar uses of the word in 11 and 106). The idea intended by the line is of something essentially sweet and attractive, but able to defend itself successfully at need, and dangerous to approach rashly. The **thorns** in this girl's case are her occasional outbursts of temper.

155. **hail'd**, cf. I. 60—"snow'd"; VI. 50—"rain."

156. **Puss**, a common pet-name for girls.

158. **she-society**, cf. III. 147—"she-world"; also "she-Solon" (see note on VI. 314-22); and in *The Talking Oak*, 57, we have—

"The slight she-slips of loyal blood."

161. **They lost their weeks.** At an English University residence for a certain number of Terms is necessary to render a student eligible for his Degree, and residence for a certain proportion of each Term (reckoned by attendance at dinner) is necessary to enable him to 'count' that Term. The expression therefore denotes that they were irregular in their observance of the College regulations concerning attendance, and consequently were unable to count certain weeks of their residence towards their Degrees.

163. **caught the blossom of the flying terms**, enjoyed to the utmost the fresh pleasures of the days as they sped by. Cf. *Aylmer's Field*, 142-3—

"Gather'd the blossom that rebloom'd, and drank
The magic cup that fill'd itself anew."

164. **mignonette**, a small fragrant flower commonly grown in English gardens. The word is French, being the diminutive of *mignon* (darling).

165. **The little hearth-flower**, the pet of the domestic circle; cf. V. 122-3, and note. For this use of "hearth" to denote the idea of the home, cf. II. 294.

172. **for true heart**, as a mark of pure affection. Parrots are not uncommon pets among English ladies.

176. **stay'd up**, remained at the College instead of going home for the Vacation. **to read** is the term generally used at the English Universities for 'to work.'

177. **as to read**, ostensibly for that purpose.

178. **The ... Muses of the cube and square.** This expression, derived from Classical phraseology, means literally 'the presiding Deities of Mathematics' (see note on II. 13), and is hence used of the sciences themselves. **hard-grain'd**, rigid, severe, lacking in elements of human sympathy.

180. **So moulder'd**, lived such an idle life.

181. **cloisters**, originally 'enclosures,' here, as generally, the covered arcades or broad corridors that run round the interior of a College quadrangle. In frosty weather hard sounds ring with special clearness.

182. **walks**, avenues of trees in the College grounds.

183-4. **pledge you all In wassail**, drink to your healths. "Wassail," derived from the Scandinavian *wæs hæl*, *i.e.* 'be of good health,' is used both of the wine and of the salutation.

185. The **holly** and the **yew** are two evergreen trees, used for the decoration of houses at Christmas-time.

187-8. The references are to four popular games involving the exercise of ingenuity and skill in analysis. (The last might have been printed '*when and where and how,*' the title consisting of these five words.)

192. **magic music** and **forfeits** are games of a more boisterous character. In the former some hidden article is sought for by one of the company, who is partly guided in his efforts by the music of some instrument which is played fast and loud as he approaches the place of concealment, and more slowly and softly as he wanders from it. In the latter articles which individual members of the company have forfeited by doing something prohibited or omitting to do something prescribed are redeemed by some sportive penalty imposed by one whom they have elected judge. Lilia prefers the quieter and more reflective forms of amusement.

195. **the ... blossom of her lips,** cf. *Œnone*, 76—

"He prest the blossom of his lips to mine."

The expression indicates softness, fragrance, and richness of colour.

199. **Chimeras.** The Chimera of Greek Mythology was a monster having the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon. Hence the word signifies in modern usage any grotesquely incongruous composition. **crotchets,** perverse fancies, whimsical productions. **solecisms.** This word is fancifully derived from the fact that the Athenian settlers at Soli, a town in Cilicia, lost the original purity of the Attic dialect. It thus denotes originally an impropriety in language, then, more loosely, any incongruity or inconsistency—here a ridiculous story, such as might naturally pass from mouth to mouth during the festivities of Christmas time. We may compare the word "barbarism," similarly formed to denote the violation of the classical standard of a language by speakers not perfectly acquainted with its usages.

200-1. **kill Time.** This expression is apparently based upon a conception of Time as the personification of *ennui* (boredom), who must by any means be cheated of his anticipated triumph.

208. **warp'd,** twisted, contracted.

209. **To something so mock-solemn,** into so ludicrous an affectation of reverent gravity.

211. The **woodpecker** is so called from its habit of pecking among the decaying wood of trees in order to feed upon the insects found within, also to make holes in which to deposit its eggs. The reference here is to the peculiar shrill and reverber-

ating cry with which the bird calls to its mate, sounding sometimes like laughter, though plaintive and dolorous in tone.

212. **Hid in the ruins.** For this semi-personification of an echo as something that lies hidden and can be suddenly awakened, cf. VI. 349-51, and see note on that passage.

213-4. **(A little sense ... With colour).** The lady was slightly offended at the frivolous behaviour of Walter and Lilia.

219. **epic,** majestic; cf. note on II. 353. **homicidal** refers to her furious opposition to the tyranny of man.

222. **like shadows in a dream,** which, though one in continuity, is made up of incongruous parts, and thus not conformable to ordinary canons of composition.

224. **Something,** [some story. H. T.]

229. **For which ... burnt them all.** The belief in witchcraft was universal in England during the Middle Ages, when the exercise of any new power or the pursuit of any mysterious study, especially if connected with Astrology, Chemistry, or any other obscure science, was held to indicate the existence of dealings with the Devil; the ordinary punishment for the offence was death by fire. Even down to the end of the seventeenth century the law took cognisance of such charges, and inflicted the death-penalty on conviction. In the two earliest Editions (1847-48) these two lines ran as follows:—

> "And there with shrieks and strange experiments,
> For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all,
> The nineteenth century gambols on the grass,"

thus accentuating still more strongly the 'medley' character of the setting of the Poem.

230. **were,** would be indeed.

233-9. The six intercalary Songs and all the passages in which reference is made to them appeared for the first time in the third Edition of the Poem (1850). See *Introduction*, xxiv, l-lii.

[It may be remarked that there is scarcely anything in the story which is not prophetically glanced at in the Prologue. H. T.]

I.

2. **amorous, as the first of May.** Spring is traditionally regarded as the season when the emotions are strongest and the spirits most vigorous; cf. *Locksley Hall*, 20—

> "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to
> thoughts of love."

We find the same idea in Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, *Prologue*, 92—

"He was as fresh as is the month of May,"

and in Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV.* iv. 1. 101—

"As full of spirit as the month of May."

4. **For on my cradle shone the Northern star.** This periphrasis is very characteristic of the Poet's genius. The bald meaning is—'For I am a native of a northern country,' but the form of the expression in the text, besides embodying an idea picturesque in itself, has also a distant reference to the old Astrology, which taught that the various planets guided the fortunes of those who were born under their respective influences. For a similar periphrasis cf. V. 412-3, and note. "For" is explanatory of "yellow," that being the characteristic colour of the hair of North German and Scandinavian races; the word may perhaps refer to the whole of the preceding passage, which describes an eminently Saxon type.

5-21. This passage, and all referring to these "weird seizures," appeared first in the fourth Edition of the Poem (1851). See *Introduction*, xxiv, xlv-xlvii.

7. **Because he cast no shadow.** This phenomenon was supposed to be one of the indications of wizardry. See note on *Prologue*, 229.

7-10. **had foretold ... and to fall.** There are in England many similar legends of family curses derived from some act of violence on the part of a mediaeval ancestor.

14. **weird**, supernatural. The word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon for 'to come to pass,' and is thus connected with the idea of fate or destiny. There is an old noun of the same form with this latter meaning.

19. Claudius **Galen** of Pergamus (130-200), the most remarkable medical authority of ancient times, has left his name to posterity as a synonym for an eminent physician. So also James I. has been called "the British Solomon," and we have the words "Crichton" to denote a man of signal accomplishments, and "Mausoleum" as a common name for a magnificent tomb. There is a similar use of "Adam" in II. 180. To carry a **gilt-head cane** used to be a traditional custom among the medical profession.

21-3. The Prince pronounces a more elaborate panegyric on his mother in VII. 298-312.

23. **Half-canonized**, regarded as almost a saint. To "canonize" is literally to 'enroll in the canon,' or catalogue of Saints acknowledged by the Catholic Church.

25. **thought a king a king**, held by the old idea of kingship, thought that a king's duty was to govern strongly and ad-

minister strict justice. For the form of the expression cf. note on II. 135.

26. **the affection of the house**, this curse of which an account has just been given. In V. 146 the King refers to the story as "that idiot legend."

27. **pedant.** The word has here not its ordinary modern signification 'one who habitually makes a display of his learning,' but its older meaning 'schoolmaster,' as frequently in Shakespeare.

28. **with long arms and hands** indicates the strength of his government.

33. **proxy-wedded with a bootless calf.** Proxy marriages were not uncommon in the Middle Ages, but the word "wedded" is here used loosely. What really took place at this time was a 'betrothal,' a ceremony that bound the parties to nothing, being dissoluble at the will of either on attainment to years of discretion. It is noticeable that not elsewhere in the Poem is the ceremony referred to as a marriage; Gama speaks of it vaguely as "a compact...a kind of ceremony" (122-3, below), the Prince himself, though here he uses the expression "wedded," dare not in the presence of the Princess call it more than a "pre-contract" (III. 191)—nay, just below (40) he speaks of "wedding" as a necessary complement to the previous performance to constitute a perfect marriage—, and the Princess is quite justified in scorning the idea that it was in any way binding upon her in the absence of her own consent—

"baby troth, invalid, since my will
Seal'd not the bond" (V. 388-9).

The words "with a bootless calf" have reference to a ceremony occasionally observed during the Middle Ages in the celebration of proxy-marriages, according to which the bridegroom's representative was brought into the presence of the bride with the lower part of his leg bare. This was done in the case of the marriage of Maximilian of Austria with Anne of Brittany in 1489, of which ceremony an account is given by Bacon in his *Life and Reign of King Henry VII.* Strictly speaking, recourse was only had to this device in the case of adults, competent to consent and to appoint and receive representatives, when it was not possible or convenient for the principals to meet in person. Its introduction in this passage in connection with a betrothal of children is not more irregular from the point of view of strict historical accuracy than eminently and admirably in keeping with the fantastic structure and conduct of the whole Poem.

50. **presence room,** Hall of Audience.

53-4. **bursts of revel.** Cf. V. 191—"Bursts of great heart."

56. **twinn'd,** forming a perfect pair, acting together in complete unison.

58. **Grow long ... rising moon.** The moon when near the horizon appears oval in shape and frequently red in colour.

60. **snow'd.** Cf. *Prologue,* 155—"hail'd"; VI. 50—"rain."

61. **thro' warp and woof.** The threads of the warp of any woven fabric run from end to end, those of the woof across. **skirt,** edge, as in V. 210, etc.

64-5. **chew'd The thrice-turn'd cud of wrath,** let his heart feed again upon its indignation, turning the insult over and over in his mind. The expression is one that we have derived from the Latin, and is a metaphor from the habit that cows and other 'ruminants' have of re-chewing food already once swallowed. Cf. Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar,* i. 2. 170—

"Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this,"

i.e. consider, meditate upon.

65. **cook'd his spleen,** brooded over his wrath. This is another metaphor of similar nature, derived primarily from Homer ("ἐπὶ νηυσὶ χόλον θυμαλγέα πέσσει," *Iliad,* IV. 513), whom the Roman poets also have imitated (*e.g.* Silius Italicus, *Punica,* VII. 403—"iras cum fraude coquentem"). It has its origin in the sense of carefully watching and keeping warm which is implied in that of cooking. "Spleen" has obtained the secondary meaning of anger from the belief of the ancients that the organ so called (situated to the left of the stomach, under the ribs) was the seat of that passion.

72. **Whate'er my grief ... fame,** however severe might be my disappointment at finding her inferior to the reputation she enjoys. The expression "less than fame" is an adaptation of a common Classical idiom; cf. IV. 427—"The dwarfs of presage."

85. **I grate on rusty hinges here,** my idle life here is irksome to me. The metaphor is from a gate that through long disuse is not easily opened or shut.

91. **pluck'd her likeness out,** drew out her portrait from my breast.

93. **dewy-tassell'd,** [hung with catkins as in the hazel-wood. It was spring-time. H. T.] The word occurs again in *In Memoriam,* LXXXVI. 6.

96-9. **A wind arose ... thou shalt win.'** For this attribution of a voice to the inanimate phenomena of Nature cf. *The Voice and the Peak, Ulysses,* 55-6—

"the deep
Moans round with many voices,"

and *The Coming of Arthur*, 378-80—

"Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices."

"J. C. C." in the *Cornhill Magazine*, July, 1880, compares a passage from Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, II. i.—

"A wind arose among the pines; it shook
The clinging music from their boughs, and then
Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of ghosts,
Were heard; 'Oh follow, follow, follow me!'"

100-1. The **silver sickle** is of course the pale crescent of the moon; **her golden shield** is her full rich circle.

106. **bastion'd**, furnished at top with ramparts.

107. **Like threaded spiders**, silent as spiders dropping down their lines of web.

109. **a livelier land.** The southern portion of Europe, being much warmer than the northern, is far more luxuriantly rich in flowers and fruits. **tilth**, literally 'state of cultivation,' hence used of land in that condition, as opposed to pasturage; cf. *Enoch Arden*, 676. **grange**, here probably used in its primary sense of 'granary,' as in II. 188 and V. 213, though more often it signifies farm-buildings generally, or any house standing by itself in the country.

110. **blowing bosks of wilderness**, luxuriant masses of wild flowering shrubs. "Bosk" is a variant of 'bush.' In *The Dream of Fair Women* and *Sir John Oldcastle* we find the word "boscage," woody undergrowth or silvan scenery.

111. **mother-city** here means 'capital town,' 'metropolis' (in the modern sense), but more often is a literal translation of the Greek word *metro-polis*, signifying a city from which others are planted as colonies (cf. "mother-country," "mother-church"). Cf. *In Memoriam*, XCVIII. 21, where "mother town" is used in the same sense of 'capital.'

113. **crack'd**, sharp, high-pitched, feeble, not strong and resonant.

114-5. **like a wrinkling ... in lines**, furrowed his cheek into wrinkles, as the wind does still water.

116. **without a star**, with no symbol of royalty about his person.

120. **Airing**, displaying with some ostentation.

121. **ourselves.** Elsewhere in this Poem the form used of himself by a king is "ourself," as generally in Shakespeare; the latter

has however occasionally made use of the variation adopted in this line; cf. *Richard II.* i. 1. 16-7—

"ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak."

128. **fed**, supported, encouraged. **in and out of place**, incessantly, with no regard to relevance.

129. **with equal husbandry**, with equally careful management (the reference in this case being specially to education). Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 137-8—

"And for my means, I'll husband them so well
They shall go far with little."

But note the exquisite irony in the choice of this word in connection with the central delusion of the Lady Ida.

131. **They harp'd on this**, they recurred incessantly to this one theme, they dwelt exclusively and tediously on this one point. Cf. Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, ii. 3. 250-1—

"Say, you ne'er had done it
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on."

132. **broke ... talk**, split up into little groups which eagerly discussed the matter.

134-5. **knowledge ... all in all.** This fallacy, upon which is based the fore-doomed scheme of the Princess for the betterment of woman's position, is one upon which Tennyson has expressed himself with great vehemence and earnestness in several passages throughout his works. Knowledge, he teaches, is good, but it is not the best. The best is Wisdom. Mere Knowledge is brutal and overweening; Wisdom is reverent and serene. This sane and wholesome doctrine of the insufficiency and dangerousness of Knowledge without the restraint and guidance of a higher power finds its most splendid and vigorous expression in *In Memoriam*, CXIV., which should be carefully studied. More specially is the fallacy disastrous when taken in connection with the Lady Ida's mistaken analogy on the subject of education for the two sexes. The province of woman in the economy of Nature is not intellectual eminence but the more graceful and tender offices of life, and this, the established verdict of centuries, is the central idea and doctrine of the Poem.

136-7. **lose the child, assume The woman**, put off their meek submissiveness and claim the rights of developed beings, able to think and act for themselves. For the form of the expression (viz., the use of a personal noun to denote a sum of characteristic qualities) cf. Thomson, *Winter*, 507-8—

"The public father who the private quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal sternly sad."

A similar use of the word "mother" occurs in *Enoch Arden*, 520—

"when her child was born,
Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
Then the new mother came about her heart."

Cf. also *In Memoriam*, LXXXVII. 35-6—

"when we saw
The God within him light his face,"

and *The Passing of Arthur*, 25-6—

"all my realm
Reels back into the beast, and is no more."

For this sense of the word "assume" (= 'take the character of') we may compare *Interlude* (at end of IV.), 26—"assumed the Prince."

144. **masterpieces.** A masterpiece is a production of extraordinary merit. In the next line Gama makes a gentle pun on the word, and uses "master'd" in the sense 'were too strong for.'

148. **easy**, easy-tempered, unable to maintain a prolonged resistance. So "hard" is used in the sense of 'inexorable.'

150. **on the spur**, on the sharp impulse of the moment.

158. **In some sort**, to some extent.

161-3. **tho' nettled ... formal compact**, though irritated to find him treating the solemn bond between us so slightingly, chattering on in this flippant style, with his glib compliments.

163-4. **all frets ... my bride**, all impediments serving only to aggravate my impatience to meet my betrothed face to face. The metaphor is from ignition by friction—these delays irritated the Prince's heart into a burning excitement.

167. **a land of hope**, because it held the object of his passion and his journey.

168. **on**, onto, as "in" for 'into.' See note on *Prologue*, 29. Again in IV. 170, VII. 323.

170. **the liberties**, the estate or grounds of the College, within which the inmates were free to roam at will.

171. **mine host.** Perhaps owing to the intimate personal relation existing between a man and those whom he entertains in his house, we find this word generally throughout our Literature (almost invariably in Shakespeare) preceded by the pronominal adjective "mine," rather than by the article, even in cases where, as here, such usage involves a slightly irregular construction.

174. **sibilation**, strictly a 'hiss,' but here rather a 'whistle'—the prolonged 'Whew!' of amazed reflection.

178. **to mellow**, to soften, to lose its severity of tone under the genial influence of the wine.

179. **to speak,** to report our arrival to the Princess.

180. **bear him out,** stand by and support him if he got into trouble.

181. **The summer,** the exhilarating warmth. Cf. VI. 49—"Spring" for 'blossoms,' and note.

187. **to post,** to arrange a service of horses for those travelling by stages.

188. **boys,** a technical term for postilions.

192. **clothed in act,** invested with actual performance, realised in my own action. Cf. *Love Thou Thy Land*, 4—

"A saying, hard to shape in act."

193. **presented,** represented, took the part of, as commonly in Shakespeare.

194. **tide,** time, season (no connection here with the ordinary meaning of the word, though we may paraphrase the expression—'when festivity ran high'). Cf. Shakespeare, *King John*, iii. 1. 86—

"Among the high tides in the calendar."

And we still use the word in composition—"Yule-tide," "Eastertide," etc.

195. The **masque** was an allegorical occasional piece, generally designed for a special festival at the Court, or some other scene of importance, and produced with splendid circumstances of scenery, dresses, and music. The **pageant** was a gorgeous spectacular performance. Dramatic exhibitions of various kinds, amateur as well as professional, have always been a favourite form of entertainment in the various countries of Europe.

197-8. **a sight to shake ... laughter.** The sight of this grave old man acting the part of lady's-maid was ridiculous enough to have made the most melancholy man alive shake to his inmost parts with laughter.

198. **holp,** the old "strong" past tense of "help." So again in *Guinevere*, 46, and the past participle "holpen" in *Lancelot and Elaine*, 495. Cf. IV. 264—"clove"; VII. 17—"clomb."

201. **guerdon,** rare as a verb, but so found in 2 *Henry VI.* i. 4. 46—

"See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts."

Cf. also *Love Thou Thy Land*, 27—

"It grows to guerdon after days,"

though the meaning is not exactly the same in all three passages.

205. **A copse** is a shrubbery or small plantation.

206. **linden alley,** avenue of limes. "Linden" is the adjective

formed from 'lind,' the old name for the lime-tree; this is a common European product, and not to be confused with the Indian tree of the same name, the latter being allied to the lemon.

207-8. **Whereon a woman-statue ... the stars.** This may have been a personification of the Princess's ideal—a representation of woman in full triumphant development.

209-10. **And some inscription ... deep in shadow.** What this was we learn in II. 177-8.

216. **In meshes of the jasmine and the rose**, into a tangled growth of jasmine- and rose-bushes. For this use of "in" see note on *Prologue*, 29.

218. **Rapt in her song.** Tennyson here follows the common practice of European poets in making the nightingale a feminine songster. This tradition, based on the Classical legend of Philomela, is scientifically inaccurate, as it is only the male bird that sings. That Tennyson however is well aware of this fact is plain from *The Gardener's Daughter*, 93-4—

"The nightingale
Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of day."

And the "bulbul" is of course masculine in IV. 104, below, and in *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, 70—"the bulbul as he sang." **careless of the snare**, free from all apprehension of, or anxiety about, capture; "the" is generic, denoting snares as a class; cf. III. 269-70.

219. **a bust of Pallas**, for she was in Greek Mythology the Goddess of Wisdom; cf. note on VI. 347-8.

220-1. **blazon'd ... continent**, portrayed, the one with a map of the earth, the other with a map of the sky, called respectively terrestrial and celestial globes.

225-6. **sail'd, Full-blown**, moved along with a stately and important air, as of a ship with all her sails set and full of wind.

226-7. **gave Upon**, opened upon, gave access to. Similarly in *The Gardener's Daughter*, 110—

"This, yielding, gave into a grassy walk."

229. **tutors.** At a Cambridge College every student is placed under the care of one or other of the resident Fellows, who is called his Tutor, and advises him about his work, controls his expenditure, etc. **Blanche** is the French for 'White,' **Psyche** the Greek for 'Soul.'

233-4. **In such a hand ... roaring East**, *i.e.* with the lines of the letters long and thin and sloping regularly, not unlike the appearance of corn-stalks bent down by the wind. The Prince's intention was of course to produce in his letter the appearance

of feminine authorship. The character of women's hand-writing was much more uniform in former times than it is now.

238-40. **The seal was Cupid ... from his eyes.** The seal is significant. The reference is to Plato's romantic Dialogue *The Symposium* (Drinking-Party), in the course of which Pausanias, one of the characters, explains that there are two kinds of Love—one the Heavenly ("Uranian") Love, the pure spiritual emotion, the other Gross or Common Love. Cupid, the son of the latter, is traditionally blind, that is, passionate without reason or discrimination; this defect Heavenly Love is represented on the Prince's seal as removing through her calm and purifying influence.

244. **glazed with muffled moonlight**, overlaid with the smooth radiance of the moon shining from behind a thin curtain of cloud.

245. **just seen that it was rich**, just recognisable as rich. The Prince's dreams take their character from his uncertain expectations of a splendid romance just breaking upon his life.

II.

2-3. **in hue The lilac.** This shrub bears flowers of a delicate purple tint, and the word (from the Persian *lilaj*, *i.e.*, properly, the indigo-plant) is commonly used of the colour. [The long hall glittered like a bed of flowers (line 416) with daffodil and lilac colours. H. T.]

5. **cocoons**, the brown coverings spun for themselves by silk-worms as a protection in their chrysalis state.

8-9. **sang All round with laurel.** The laurel is an evergreen shrub with glossy leaves, commonly used for the decoration of porches and arcades. "Sang" refers to the buzzing of bees and flies which cluster so thickly in laurel-bushes [or more likely to the wind in the bushes. H. T.].

9. **in**, into, as commonly; see note on *Prologue*, 29.

10. **Compact**, solidly and firmly constructed throughout; cf. *Godiva*, 66—

"One low churl, compact of thankless earth."

lucid is now used almost exclusively in a figurative sense, as applied to a man's intellect, literary style, etc., but we may compare with its literal use in this line Cowper's *Glow-worm*, 3—

"That shows by night a lucid beam."

boss'd, embossed, sculptured in relief, *i.e.* with the figures of the design standing out solidly from the surface.

11. The **frieze** is that part of the outside of a Classical building which is above the beam that rests on the tops of the pillars and

below the edge of the roof; it is generally decorated with mythological or other designs executed in relief; cf. IV. 184, and Milton, *Paradise Lost*, I. 716—

"Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven."

The word is however here used to denote not the portion of the building but rather the style of decoration associated therewith. **classic**, of Classical design, copied from Classical models.

13. The nine **Muses**, daughters, according to the most common tradition, of Zeus and Mnemosyne (Memory), were in Classical Mythology the Deities who presided over the various departments of Art, especially of Poetry. Thus Calliope was the Muse of Epic Poetry, Euterpe of Lyric, Thalia of Comedy, Urania of Astronomy, and so forth. The **Graces**, three in number, were the Goddesses of Loveliness and Refinement; in this capacity it was their special duty to attend on Aphrodite (cf. VII. 153). The arrangement of these four groups round the fountain is designed to indicate the aim and method of the College.

14. **Enring'd.** The prefix "en-" has here, and in "engirt" (III. 332), its proper force, conveying the idea of encircling (cf. Shakespeare's "enwheel"), but it is often used as a mere intensive, as in III. 298—"encarnalize," (so Shakespeare has "enchafe," "endamage," and many other similar uses in composition).

19. **couch'd.** The intransitive use of the verb is the more common when used of the action of living creatures, but we have this form again in IV. 207.

20. This line is in grammatical agreement with "The Princess" in the next. For the form of the expression we may compare *The Gardener's Daughter*, 12-3—

"all grace
Summ'd up and closed in little;—Juliet."

21-3. **liker to the inhabitant ... man's earth.** The idea of these two lines is that, the more nearly a planet revolved to the Sun, the centre of the universe and the source of all life and light, the purer and finer and nobler might we imagine its inhabitants to be.

24. **breathing down**, making their influence felt.

25. **arch'd brows** are supposed to be indicative of fine artistic taste.

26. **Lived thro' her**, pervaded her, was diffused throughout her whole frame. **long hands**, besides being a common mark of high birth, are said to indicate strength of will and practical force.

27. **her height**, a quasi-adverbial expression, intensifying the effect of the verb.

28. **redound**, an exceedingly rare noun, though perfectly legitimate, formed, from the verb on the analogy of "rebound,"

etc. The word is derived from the Latin, and has etymologically reference to the overflowing of plentiful water; hence its meaning in this passage of 'abundant requital.'

29. **use** and **glory**, the two forms in which their action will find its reward, refer respectively to the practical advantages that will accrue to them from their education, and to the fame that they will reap by their courageous action.

30. **The first-fruits of the stranger**, the first that we have attracted from outside the boundaries of our own country. The metaphor is from the gathering in of crops. For the singular form "the stranger," cf. "the enemy," "the alien," etc.

30-2. **aftertime ... with me**, the clear and unanimous verdict of posterity will delight to dwell upon your nobility of mind, to which you have testified by your desire to be associated with me in this great work.

36. **The climax of his age**, its acme, its highest production, the personification of all its noblest qualities. The word is Greek, and means primarily a ladder, whence later the highest point of that ladder.

38. **your ideal**, not 'your conception of the highest good,' but 'his ideal as he finds it embodied in you.' Cf. IV. 430, where for the present reading "My boyish dream," the two earliest Editions have "Mine old ideal."

40-1. **This barren ... compliment**, this vain profusion of wordiness, this false flattering tone that passes among men for courtesy. "Tinsel" is a word that has come into the English language from the Latin, through the French. It is derived from the Latin word for a spark, and means originally 'that which sparkles.' It is now used specifically to denote a thin covering of cloth or metal, designed to make an inferior substance appear valuable; hence, figuratively, anything of outward glitter or gaudy show, not possessing real value. Cf. *Prologue*, 117—"Veneer'd."

43. **arguing**, implying, indicating.

44. **the child**. Cf. I. 145-7.

48. **cast and fling**. These verbs are generally found in this sense followed by "away" or "off," but in 103, below, we have "cast" again with the ellipse of the adverb.

49. **The tricks ... of men**, the little feminine weaknesses, as vanity, susceptibility to compliment, etc., of which men take advantage to enslave us.

50. **will**, choose, desire.

53. **conscious of ourselves**, aware of our own identity, and consequently feeling embarrassed.

54. **Perused the matting,** kept our eyes on the ground, as though examining the pattern of the carpet.

56-8. Notice in these three lines how the formality of the regulations finds a correspondence in that of the language; these lines, carefully constructed after one type, both indicate and accentuate the strictness of the College discipline. Cf. for a similar effect *Prologue*, 44-7, IV. 284-8; see also note on VII. 98.

60. **We enter'd on the boards,** our names were inscribed in the College Register. The word "boards" is the technical term at Cambridge for the official Register of undergraduates' names.

61. **green,** fresh, unseasoned, with the moisture still in it. In this condition wood is very easily distorted from its proper shape by heat and other agencies. Cf. Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, iii. 3. 85—"Then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp."

62. **those that men desire,** *i.e.* the lowest and most ignoble and least independent of their sex.

63. **Odalisques,** female slaves (Turkish, from *odah*, a room). **oracles of mode,** authorities on fashion in dress, etc.

64. **squaws,** an American-Indian word, but here used of women in Eastern countries also, when held in similar subjection and contempt. **stunted** has reference to their moral and social starvation rather than to their lack of physical stature.

64-5. **she ... to rule.** The reference is to the legend of Egeria, a wood-nymph, to whom Numa Pompilius, the second King of Rome, is said to have betaken himself for instruction, and under whose guidance to have formulated the national religion and regulated the hierarchy. He was a Sabine by birth, of the town of Cures. The legend is referred to again in *The Palace of Art*, 109-12—

> "Or hollowing one hand against his ear
> To list a footfall, ere he saw
> The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian king to hear
> Of wisdom and of law."

65-6. **she ... Babylonian wall.** This was Semiramis, wife of Ninus, a legendary personage, to whom are ascribed innumerable marvellous deeds and heroic achievements. The gigantic city of Babylon is only one of many that she is said to have built. She is supposed to have lived about B.C. 2182.

67. **The Carian ... in war.** She was Queen of Halicarnassus, and attached herself to the Expedition which Xerxes led against Greece in B.C. 480. In the battle of Salamis she displayed signal courage and energy, though at one moment during the

rout she did not shrink from procuring her own safety by the shameful device of running down a friendly vessel; seeing which action, but not knowing the true circumstances, Xerxes exclaimed—"My men have become women, and my women men."

68. **The Rhodope .. pyramid.** The structure in question was really the work of another woman, Nicotris, sister and wife of Mycerinus (who himself began the erection, but died before its completion); it was however generally attributed in ancient times, and even after the exposure of the falseness of the story, to Rhodōpis, a Greek courtesan. Her name, signifying 'the Rosy-cheeked,' Tennyson has here altered in both form and accent; cf. Shakespeare, 1 *Henry VI.* i. 6. 22—

> "A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
> Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was."

69. **Clelia** was a Roman girl, one of the hostages given to Lars Porsena, King of Clusium, during his investment of Rome on behalf of the expelled Tarquins. She is said to have escaped from the camp and swum across the Tiber back to Rome. **Cornelia** was the daughter of Scipio Africanus, the great Roman general, and the mother of the famous Tribunes and reformers of the Constitution, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus. She was a noble, refined, and cultured lady, and one whom we may regard as an ideal Roman matron. She died about B.C. 110.

69-70. **the Palmyrene That fought Aurelian.** This was Zenobia, who succeeded to the throne of Palmyra on the death of her husband Odenathus. She was a woman of vehement energy and ambition, and for a long time defied with success the efforts of the Emperor Aurelian to conquer her dominions. She was ultimately defeated, captured, and taken to Rome (A.D. 274).

70-1. **the Roman brows Of Agrippina.** This lady, the granddaughter of the Emperor Augustus and the wife of his general Germanicus, was another typical Roman matron, cultured, courageous, and devoted to her husband and family. She died A.D. 33. The form of this clause is borrowed from the Classics; thus Homer has—

> "τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειφ' ἱερὴ ἲς Τηλεμάχοιο" (*Odyssey*, II. 409),
> "And among them spake the godlike strength of Telemachus"

(*i.e.* 'Telemachus, that goodly youth'), and Horace—

> "... inquit sententia dia Catonis" (*Satires*, I. ii. 32),
> "... said the divine judgment of Cato"

(*i.e.* 'Cato divinely wise'). Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, VI, 355—"where the might of Gabriel fought" (*i.e.* 'Gabriel, the mighty'). The special form of the periphrasis in the text is most appropriate; the Princess is pointing out the marble statue of

Agrippina, of which no doubt the brows would indicate the dignity of that lady's character.

It is customary in English Colleges and similar institutions to adorn the Hall or some other public room with portraits or statues of famous past members of the establishment. The College of the Poem has no past, and the statues are those of eight of the most eminent women of antiquity, representing respectively legislative sagacity, political enterprise, military prowess, architectural skill, physical courage, intellectual culture, imperial ambition, and wifely devotion.

72. **Convention**, conventionality; cf. *Prologue*, 128.

72-4. **since to look ... That which is higher**, since, owing to the delicate manner in which the mind and body are connected, the ennoblement of the outward senses through the study of worthy objects will react upon the higher functions of the mind, and elevate that also. (For "these" in 71 refers to the statues themselves.) Mr. Dawson quotes Shelley, *Prince Athanase*, II. i.—

> "'The mind becomes that which it contemplates'—
> And thus Zonoras, by forever seeing
> Their bright creations, grew like wisest men."

77-8. **the habits ... of emptiness**, the petty despicable occupations to which women have hitherto been so prone, as the results of their inferiority in the social scale and the idleness enforced upon them by tyrannous man.

84. **waved**, signified with a wave of her hand.

91. **brunette** is a French word, signifying a girl or woman of dark complexion.

92-3. **the hither side Of**, this side of, *i.e.* below. This expression and its reverse "the other side of" (= 'more than') are commonly used, quite irrespectively of the age of the speaker at the time. For **summers** see note on 95.

94. **headed like a star**, [with bright golden hair. H. T.]

95. **a double April old**, *i.e.* two years old, the month of April being selected as suitable to the bright fresh youth of the child. Cf. *Enoch Arden*, 57—"ere he touch'd his one and-twentieth May," where "May" signifies primarily 'year,' but with the connotation of the vigour of early manhood. We may contrast the use of the word "December" in *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue*, 104, which with the primary sense of 'year' includes also the idea of the gloom of the cellar. So also the Lady Psyche's age is expressed in "summers," that of Homer (*The Palace of Art*, 139) in "winters."

96. **Aglaïa**, Brightness, the name of one of the Graces.

97-8. **the dame ... the sedge.** The reference is to the story of Midas, the rich King of Phrygia; he, having in a musical contest between Pan and Apollo given his verdict in favour of the former, incurred thereby the violent wrath of the latter, who in revenge turned his ears into those of an ass. Midas did his utmost to conceal the deformity, but his barber discovered the secret, and, not daring to betray it to any other human being, but unable to keep it to himself, whispered it into a hole in the ground; whence afterwards grew up a reed which in its whispers betrayed the secret to the world at large. This is the story as told by Ovid; in substituting the King's wife for his barber the Poet is perhaps following the account as given in Chaucer (*Wife of Bath's Tale*).

101-4. **This world ... The planets.** These lines give a concise summary of the 'Nebular Hypothesis' as formulated by the French mathematician and astronomer Laplace (1749-1827), which may be more elaborately enunciated as follows:—"It supposes the matter of the solar system to have existed originally in the form of a vast diffused revolving nebula, which, gradually cooling and consequently contracting towards the centre, threw off, owing to the action of centrifugal force, successive rings of matter, from which subsequently by the same laws were produced the several planets, satellites, and other bodies of the system." This hypothesis, offering as it does the most satisfactory explanation yet suggested of the various phenomena of the solar system, is generally regarded by astronomers with as complete an approval as can be granted to a theory that has so little direct evidence in its support. Tennyson refers to it again in *In Memoriam*, CXVIII. 7-12—

"They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

"In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man."

104. **the monster,** the lower animal creation.

105. **Tattoo'd.** To tattoo (a word of Polynesian origin) is to mark with designs of various characters, made by pricking the flesh and introducing a vegetable pigment, generally red or blue. The custom is common among the barbarous tribes of the Southern Seas, and has been adopted to some extent by European sailors. **woaded,** stained with woad (an Anglo-Saxon word), a plant from the leaves of which is extracted a blue dye. The ancient Britons were among those who stained their bodies with this substance. Both customs seem to have been devised, partly from a mere love of decoration, and specially as a means of

personal distinction, among peoples who had not yet developed an elaborate system of dress.

106. **Raw from the prime**, undeveloped, coarse, gross, only just issuing into existence, in the very dawn of human life. So in *Aylmer's Field*, 264—"Raw from the nursery" (*i.e.* only just emancipated from control). We have "prime" again in this sense in *In Memoriam*, LVI. 22—

"Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime."

108-9. **she took A bird's-eye-view of**, she gave a comprehensive summary of, as though looking down upon her subject from a lofty height, whence all the proportions could be well grasped.

110-1. **Glanced at ... a nobler age.** This race of warrior females play a prominent part in the adventures of Greek Mythology from the poems of Homer downwards. They are supposed to have lived originally in the neighbourhood of the Caucasus.

112. **the Lycian custom.** Herodotus, the Greek traveller and historian, tells us that the Lycians observed one custom peculiar to themselves, viz., that they took their names from their mothers and not from their fathers, and reckoned their ancestry always in the feminine line. Lycia was a peninsula, situated to the south-west of Asia Minor. **Appraised**, estimated, here of course with approval, though the word must not be taken as a variant of, and equivalent to, "praised."

112-3. **spoke of those ... Lar and Lucumo.** Lar and Lucumo were titles of honour borne respectively by the priests and nobles among the ancient Etruscans. "Lay at wine with" seems to indicate the personal freedom and equality with men enjoyed by the ladies of this nation; to this feature of their social life testimony is borne by their sculptures and paintings that have survived to our time, in which men and women appear feasting together in public; among this people it was customary to take meals reclining on couches ranged round the table.

114-6. **Ran down ... from just.** In ancient Persia, and throughout Asia generally, women were for the most part regarded merely as a valuable property maintained for purposes of ostentation and voluptuousness, and to be jealously guarded as such. In the Homeric times of Greek history we find the wives and daughters of the Chiefs treated with marked deference and possessed of considerable influence, but with the progress of democratic institutions and the diffusion of a coarser spirit throughout society, their position became less honourable as their political importance diminished. After the Persian Wars, moreover, the Greeks appear to have become infected with Oriental ideas concerning the proper treatment of women, and in the fifth century, the period of their greatest power and

development, they held much severer views on the subject than their forefathers of the Heroic Age. Their women were not indeed subjected to the insult of seclusion in harems under the custody of eunuchs, but they were restrained from social freedom as now understood in Europe, and the ideal held before them, at any rate in Athens, was a life of silent domesticity that should never attract the attention of the outside world, either for good or for evil. Consequently those Greek women whose names have come down to us as having won distinction in intellectual accomplishments were not ladies of good position, but such as had defied the ordinary social canons and struck out a line for themselves. In Rome their condition was far otherwise. They were indeed excluded from political rights, and laboured under certain civil disabilities in connection with property and other matters (see also note on the Oppian Law, VII. 109), but they were always treated with extreme personal attention and respect. The wife was the honoured mistress of the house, and shared to the full in the reverence due to her husband. Women were not forbidden to appear in public, nor shut out from the advantages of education, and the history of the Roman Commonwealth contains the names of not a few ladies of culture and fine character who, without reproach, mingled in the life of their time and devoted their talents and their energies to the national welfare.

117. **fulmined**, a rare word, found in Milton. The common modern expression is "thundered." **laws Salique**, *i.e.* laws forbidding inheritance to pass through a female line. The reference is to one of the clauses in the Code of Laws of the Salian Franks, an early German tribe, among whom this prohibition was believed to have originated. They inhabited the country watered by the Sala (the modern Yssel), after which they were probably called, though some have derived the name of the tribe from that of the Code, which they consider connected with the old Frankish word *Sal* (Mansion or Estate); according to the latter theory the prohibition was confined to certain estates associated with the proprietor's household, for tenancy of which military service was an indispensable condition. A quarrel on the question of the application of this Law to the throne of France caused in 1337 the outbreak of the Hundred Years' War between England and France, Edward III. claiming the crown in right of his mother Isabella, daughter of the late King Philip V., and Philip of Valois, the nearest heir by the male line, maintaining that the Law had always been extended to the kingdom of France.

118. **little-footed China.** The allusion here is to the custom commonly practised among the upper classes in China of cramping the feet of their girls from a very early age in tiny shoes or tight

bandages in order to keep them small, and thus conform to the arbitrary standard of beauty prevalent in that country. The practice is referred to again in V. 366. For the application of the epithet to the country we may compare Cowper, *Task*, IV. 28-9—

"Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace .. ?"

118-9. **touch'd ... contempt.** [Does she allude to a report once popular that Mahomet denied that women have souls, or had she heard that according to the Mohammedan doctrine hell was chiefly peopled with women. H. T.] The civil system of Islam permits polygamy, also divorce of the wife by the husband for no fault of hers, and without the compulsory assignment of any cause. That Mohamed effected a vast improvement in the condition of the women of Arabia is of course ignored by Lady Psyche, who knows only the items, not the circumstances, of his legislation, and condemns him by reference to her ideal standard. The slurring over of the name, by allotting to its three syllables the space of one only, is no doubt designed by the Poet to accentuate the fair lecturer's contempt for the Prophet of Arabia; cf. a similar effect in IV. 309.

119. **chivalry** is the term given to the political and social system that prevailed in Europe during the Middle Ages. It is derived from the French *chevalier* (horseman), owing to the importance of Knighthood as a main factor in that system. It dealt with all matters connected with war, vassalage, and social decorum, and inculcated a high standard of honour and of morals.

121. **superstition all awry,** *i.e.* not the rational respect they claimed as women, but an extravagant and almost idolatrous reverence that seemed a caricature of this feeling—a crooked, unsatisfactory attitude. Women were in the days of Chivalry regarded in this distorted light, as being of an almost supernatural character, so that Lady Psyche's vehement expression is quite justifiable. The words are of course in apposition to "some respect."

126. **rotten,** having no intrinsic validity, and therefore yielding at once to determined effort, however impassable they might have appeared before. Cf. Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, i. 10. 22-4, where Aufidius declares that no considerations, however potent.

"shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom"

against his revenge on his enemy.

127. **Disyoke.** See note on *Prologue*, 68-70.

128-9. **None lordlier ... and man,** that there was no being

naturally superior to themselves save God alone, the Creator of all. [She puts 'Woman' first. H. T.]

135. **If more was more**, if a larger brain did really imply a more powerful intellect. For the form of the expression cf. *Merlin and Vivien*, 237—"if Love be Love" (*i.e.* if Love really does imply the entire confidence and self-surrender that we are accustomed to consider included in the name); also *Show-Day at Battle Abbey, 1876*, 13—"if soul be soul" (*i.e.* if there is really truth in our traditional beliefs about immortality). A somewhat similar expression occurs in I. 25. The underlying idea in each case is that of interpreting a word in its fullest possible sense.

141-3. **The highest ... the glebe**, men may reasonably claim to be estimated by their noblest specimens, not by their lowest, whether of barbarous birth or of uneducated estate. "Horn-handed" (cf. Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 72—"hard-handed") denotes the effect of their labour on the skin of those engaged in severe manual work.

144. **Homer, Plato, Verulam.** These are quoted as names eminent respectively in the domains of Poetry, Philosophy, and Natural Science. Verulam was the title of the Barony conferred on Bacon in 1618. These three are brought together again in a similar connection in *The Palace of Art*, the two last being there referred to as

> "Plato the wise, and large-brow'd Verulam,
> The first of those that know,"

this characterisation of them being due to the fact that they are the central figures in the history of ancient and modern thought respectively.

146. **Elizabeth.** During the reign of this Queen (1558-1603) England first took up her position as one of the great Powers of the world, and, whatever may have been Elizabeth's failings, there can be no doubt that the national prosperity was due in great measure to her ardent patriotism and the sagacity with which she selected her ministers, while the adventurers and the poets who contributed to win for her reign the splendid name which it has ever since enjoyed drew no small part of their energy and vigour from the devotion with which they regarded her person. Among the **others** referred to by the lecturer we may suppose were included Semiramis, Dido, Catherine de' Medici, and Catherine II., Empress of Russia.

147. **Joan.** This remarkable character was a French village girl, by name Jeanne Darc, who, deeply affected by the calamities of her country, so large a portion of which was in the hands of the English, set herself in 1427 to deliver it from the power of the alien. At the head of the French army she drove the English

from Orleans, and had Charles VII. crowned King of France at Rheims (1429). Two years afterwards she was burnt as a sorceress at Rouen. But her work was accomplished, and the power of the English in France was broken. Other famous female warriors of history are Artemisia, Boadicea, and Zenobia.

148. **Sappho** was a lyric poetess of Mytilene in Lesbos, about the beginning of the sixth century before Christ. Her work only survives in fragments, but from the exquisite beauty of these we can to some extent understand the unbounded admiration that ancient writers have expressed for her genius, and appreciate the magnitude of the loss that Literature has sustained in the destruction of her works. Lady Psyche's use of the expression **and others** in this connection is, it must be acknowledged, somewhat careless and not easy to justify. There have of course been many women who have had a strong and abiding love of Literature, Music, Painting, and the other "arts of grace," but the history of the world—at any rate up to the date of the publication of this Poem—is signally deficient in the names of great female *creators* in these departments of activity. This comparative weakness of intellectual originality does not in the least interfere with their above-mentioned prowess in the arts of Government and War, which are independent of the capacity for supreme creative mental effort, and in which it is not improbable that their successes were in great part due to the special loyalty and enthusiasm with which their very sex inspired the noblest spirits among their followers.

150. **bow'd her state**, condescended from her high position.

151. An **oasis** is primarily a fertile spot in the midst of a desert or arid plain. Here the word signifies a haven of peace and rest. **lapt**, enfolded; cf. IV. 415.

152-3. **sacred .. scorn**, inviolable, not exposed to the withering contempt that men have hitherto always poured upon such schemes as this.

158. The **liberal offices of life** are those occupations and professions which are concerned not with the practical necessities of existence but with those graces and accomplishments which tend to refine and cultivate the mind.

164. **Poets ... the world.** Those who have the power to express noble sentiments in noble language make fuller and more vigorous the life of the rest of their kind.

166. **Parted**, departed, as in VI. 202. **glowing full-faced welcome.** The verb "to glow" is originally intransitive, and means 'to shine with intense heat,' 'to be ardent.' Here it is used in a semi-transitive sense, the words "full-faced welcome" forming what is called a 'cognate object,' that is, one that expresses the

same idea as the verb. The words may therefore be paraphrased:—'her face animated with a warm glow of welcome.' We have a similar use of this verb in VII. 145, and of "beat" in VI. 164. The epithet "full-faced" denotes the genial smile that spread over her whole face, expressing the heartiness of her reception of the new-comers.

168-70. **till as when .. in her throat.** Notice the skill with which the metre of this passage is distorted to correspond to the sense. The confused structure of 169, with pauses in the middle of the first and fourth feet (a trochee and a spondee respectively), and the introduction into 170 of two extra syllables that must be hastened over, seem to sympathise with the shock, the interruption, and the tremor, which the Poet is describing. Cf. for similar effects IV. 162-7, 195, 370, 461, VI. 69, VII. 210, 230.

178. Cf. the Inscription which Dante mentions as appearing above the Gate of Hell; this consisted of nine lines of solemn warning, of which the last was—

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

The Inscription of the text was "deep in shadow" when they arrived (I. 210).

180. **The softer ... Academe,** the gentler-minded founders of your University. "Adam" is here used as "Galen" in I. 19. The form "Academe" for "Academy" is used by Shakespeare in *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1. 13.

181. **Sirens.** The appropriateness of this comparison is derived from the fact that it was by their irresistible charm and attractiveness that these enchantresses of Greek Mythology allured men to their doom. Reference is again made to this legend in IV. 44-8.

184. **ill jesting with edge-tools.** This proverb is intended as a warning against the adoption of a flippant attitude with respect to a dangerous subject. "Jesting with edge-tools" is the subject to the implied copula "is."

188. **grange** is here, as in I. 109 and V. 213, used in its primary sense of 'granary'; cf. Milton, *Comus*, 175-6—

"When, for their teeming flocks and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan."

189. **For warning,** *i.e.*, to other weasels that might come after the grain.

192. **All,** simply, solely, entirely.

202. **Disrooted.** The ordinary form of this word is "uprooted," but see note on *Prologue*, 68-70.

204. **Within this vestal limit,** inside these virgin walls. The word "vestal" is derived from the name of the Roman Goddess

Vesta, to whose service were consecrated only maidens of blameless life.

205. **Who am not mine**, who cannot act in all things as I would. **the thunderbolt**, *i.e.* your doom at the decree of the outraged Princess.

207. **for**, as for; cf. III. 96. A common Shakespearian use.

208. **no more of deadly**, nothing more of a dangerous character. The form is borrowed from the Latin.

209. A **clapper** is an instrument constructed with broad thin pieces of wood, which, swung round either by hand or by the wind, makes a loud clapping sound. **garth** (connected with "yard" and "garden") denotes any enclosed space set apart for cultivation of flowers, fruits, etc.

212-6. **for this your Academe ... summer**, for, whichever side might be victorious, in the tumult that would inevitably follow so outrageous an act of violence, this institution of yours would collapse at the first note of war, as in times of turmoil all fanciful schemes, however graceful, must pass away, that have no basis of physical strength to rest upon, and can serve only to lend charm and ornament to peaceful summer dreamings. The Prince means that the College is a pretty idea, but nothing more, and that its authorities cannot, in their weakness, afford to indulge in these extravagant and bloodthirsty precautions for the defence of their principles. In the expression "to the trumpet" there is an allusion to the circumstances of the fall of Jericho (*Bible*, *Joshua*, VI. 20).

222. **beetle brow**. In this expression as it now appears, the word "beetle" is used as an adjective, signifying 'prominent,' 'projecting.' But this form is due to a misunderstanding. The word "beetle" in this sense is first found in the composition "beetle-browed" (1362), and not till 1532 does it occur as a separate word qualifying "brows" adjectivally as in the text. The original expression seems to have been derived from a comparison of projecting eye-brows in a man with the tufted horns that stand out from the head of a beetle; the phrase is thus somewhat parallel in form to "horn-handed" in 143, above, and the derivative use of the word in the text as an adjective is wholly irregular; and even more so its appearance as a verb in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, i. 4. 71—

> "the dreadful summit of the cliff
> That beetles o'er his base into the sea,"

which subsequent writers have imitated freely.

223 **Sun-shaded**, shaded from the sun by the palm of his hand.

224. **bestrode**, to defend him; cf. Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, v. 1. 192—

> "When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
> Deep scars to save thy life,"

and 1 *Henry IV*. v. 1. 122—"Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship."

227. **branches**. Ancestry and relationship are commonly referred to under the metaphor of trees and branches. **current**, running lustily, vigorous.

230. **fly**, butterfly.

234-5. **read ... down**, with your reading charmed away; cf. the use of "blush away" in III. 52.

241. **your scatter'd sapience**, the wisdom that is strewn from your lips as you lecture.

262-3. **play ... with emotion**, crush out for the public good all natural affection, a duty sternly inculcated among the ancient Spartans, with whom it was a doctrine that all men existed for the sake of their State or City, and must make any sacrifice on her behalf. Several anecdotes are told of the exercise of this form of fortitude by the women of Sparta. For the form of the expression cf. *Prologue*, 138.

265-71. **Him you call great ... a brother?** Lucius Junius Brutus, elected Consul in B.C. 509, upon the expulsion of the Tarquins, was so determined to maintain the freedom of the infant Republic committed to his charge that, having detected his two sons in a conspiracy with other young nobles to restore the banished dynasty, he did not hesitate to order them to execution; whence his name has been handed down to all subsequent generations as that of a man who under specially trying circumstances preferred the claims of public duty to those of private affection. Lady Psyche's argument is of an *a fortiori* character:—'Thus did Brutus for a merely temporary object—the preservation of the political constitution of one city; how much more strongly then is the duty imposed upon me, upon whose action depends the welfare of the whole of my sex to the end of time! My cause is greater than his both in extent of time and in range of application.' "Secular" is contrasted with "fading" and "mortal," "the politics of Rome" with "the emancipation of half this world." This use of "secular" (='that shall endure throughout all ages') is older than the ordinary modern signification ('worldly' as opposed to 'spiritual'). "Fading" and "mortal" do not refer to the condition of Rome at the time of Brutus, but to her inevitable fall sooner or later, as contrasted with the permanently elevated position that the lecturer anticipates for womankind as the result of the new movement.

273. **O hard ... clash!** This exclamation has formed the motive of one of the Poet's most powerful and passionate poems, *Love and Duty.*

277. **To-day, to-morrow, soon.** In these successive softenings of her theoretically inexorable decree is shown how weak is her unnatural resolution in the face of her proper affection.

282. **A to-and-fro,** a restless pacing up and down the room.

295. **far allusion,** references to the days of far-off childhood. **the gracious dews,** *i.e.* tears welling up from their affectionate hearts. "Dew" is several times used by Shakespeare in this sense, as in *Richard II.* v. 1. 9—

"yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears."

"Gracious," as being the outcome of tender affection.

301. **Melissa** is the Greek word for 'Bee' or 'Honey.'

302. A **blonde** is a person of fair complexion, with light hair and blue eyes.

304. **Her mother's colour,** *i.e.* the colour worn by those who were on her "side" of the College—the side of which she was Tutor.

305. **fair,** clearly to be seen. Cf. Shakespeare, *King John,* IV. i. 37—

"Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?"

For the whole image Mr. Dawson quotes a parallel from Moore's *Loves of the Angels*—

"I soon could track each thought that lay,
Gleaming within her heart, as clear
As pebbles within brooks appear."

313-4. **that heart ... To give,** such a cruel disposition as should make me give.

318-9. **prove ... vase.** The Danaids, daughters of Danaus, King of Argos, having murdered their husbands, sons of Aegyptus, were punished in Hades by condemnation to carry water in sieves. The expression therefore means 'be found unable to keep your secret,' 'let it slip from you.'

320. **ruin.** This intransitive use of the word (= fall to ruin, collapse,) is not common. We have it again in *Lucretius,* 40, where it means 'rush along in wild confusion.' **foundation** is here used of the College in the sense of 'establishment.'

323. **Aspasia** was the most accomplished woman in Athens during the height of that city's prosperity under the government of Pericles (B.C. 440).

324-5. **No, not to answer . Solomon.** The reference is to the story of Bilkis (or Balkis, or Balkamah), Queen of Sheba, in Southern Arabia, who, attracted by the fame of Solomon's wisdom, paid him a visit at Jerusalem under circumstances of unprecedented magnificence, and, having tested him "with hard questions," was forced to confess that his wisdom was superior even to the reports made of it (*Bible*, 1 *Kings*, x. 1-13). For this use of the name of the country to denote its sovereign we may compare Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, i. 2. 434—"Myself am Naples"; *Henry V.* v. 2. 2—

> "Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
> Health and fair time of day,"

and numerous other passages.

326-7. **lead The new light up,** promote the new noble cause.

331. **Lebanonian cedar.** The range of Lebanon in the north of Palestine was famous for its cedars, and from this locality Solomon procured the supply necessary for his various splendid buildings. The cedar is nearly related to the deodar of Northern India.

335. **something more.** Cyril refers to the awakened love in his heart.

338. **that affect abstraction,** who desire to appear unconscious of the worldly things around them by reason of their immersion in abstruse studies.

343. **blew ... trumpeter,** *i.e.* blew his cheeks out full of air, as a man does when sounding a trumpet.

347. **theatres,** lecture-halls, so called from their semicircular arrangement of seats all facing the lecturer's desk.

349. **the lecture slate,** a rectangular piece of smooth slate, resembling a black board.

353. **Epic** is that style of poetry in which heroic actions, generally of a warlike or adventurous character, are narrated in elevated and splendid language. **lilted out,** [declaimed in a feminine voice. H. T.]

355-7. **jewels ... for ever,** expressions which through their flawless perfection of form have attained a deathless vitality. The image is a very striking one—Time as he hastens past holding out for the admiration of all these gems with which he has been enriched throughout the past centuries.

357. **dipt in.** See note on *Prologue*, 29.

360. **something of the frame,** *i.e.* Physiology (which treats of our various organs and their functions), not Anatomy (which is concerned with the structure of our bodies, as learned by dissection), for see III. 288-299.

368-9. **They hunt ... invent?** It is noteworthy that, while there have been many instances of women of great appreciative power, capable of acquiring and reproducing with extreme skill, they seem almost totally devoid of the inventive or originative faculty in matters of the intellect; no great school of thought, no system, moral, scientific, or otherwise, looks to a woman as its founder.

372. **The trash ... almost sad.** Florian is referring to the extravagance of Cyril's compliments in 238-41 and 329-35, above.

377. **every Muse.** See note on 13, above.

378-85. **A thousand hearts .. stomacher.** Cyril's meaning is that up to that time love was unknown within the sacred precincts of the College—there were hundreds of girls' hearts lying fallow for lack of fertilisation—plenty of capacity for love, but nothing to call it forth. He expresses himself in the language of Classical Mythology, and represents the absence of the passion as due to the futile attempts of baby Cupids to wound with headless arrows. Now, however, the real God himself has come, and has set to work in earnest and with immediate success.

383. **firm,** partnership, company, a mercantile term signifying two or more working together. **golden-shafted** because it was by means of golden arrows that Eros (Cupid or Amor) was supposed to cause the passion of love.

384. **The long-limb'd .. too.** This is a reference to the Greek legend of Eros and Psyche, whose mutual attachment seems to signify the necessity of Love to the Human Soul.

385. **He cleft me ... stomacher,** he has wounded me fatally, his arrow piercing my heart through my bodice. Cyril possibly means that the archer mistook him for a girl, seeing him in female disguise. "Cleft" is the "weak" perfect of "cleave"; the "strong" occurs in IV. 264.

389-90. **I Flatter myself.** This jocular expression is commonly used when any one makes a remark that reflects credit on himself; it does not imply in its present use any pretence or consciousness that he is paying himself an undeserved compliment.

392. **castles.** See I. 73-8.

394. **patch my tatter'd coat,** an extravagant expression for 'lift me from my poverty.'

399. **Unmann'd me,** forbade me to speak in my true character.

401-10. **once or twice .. why they came,** once or twice I felt that I could restrain myself no longer—that I must break out and give my passions full play. But this must not be. O thou Spirit of Affectation! to thee I cry!—help me to readjust myself to the dainty demeanour fitting my predicament. Grant me a delicate feminine voice, teach my amorous eyes a modest pose,

make gentle my manly gait, and, if thou canst, send a blush now and then over my cheeks—though certainly blushes there would feel as out of place as swallows in winter.

401-2. **to roar, To break my chain, to shake my mane** is a ringing metaphor from a captive lion, an animal with vehement passions that he cannot indulge.

404. A **bassoon** is a wind-instrument with rich full bass notes.

406. **Star-sisters answering,** bright pairs of eyes that respond to my amorous glances. For **crescent** cf. "arch'd," in 25, above.

415. **In colours ... mist.** In damp climates the effect of the sun on the mist in the early morning is very striking, various colours being produced by the action of the rays on the suspended moisture. [The colours of lilac and daffodil have a splendid effect when placed together in masses. H. T.]

417-8. **How might a man ... but that I kept ...** This is a curiously condensed expression. In full the sentence would run, "... pierced thro' with eyes? And so it would have been with me had I not kept ...", but, the thought outrunning the language, an ellipse occurs, as commonly in some of the more condensed Roman writers.

420. **The second-sight ... age.** According to the old legend Astraea (Starbright), the daughter of Zeus and Themis (the Goddess of Justice), lived among men on earth during the Golden Age, and was the last of the Deities to leave when that had passed away. It was believed moreover that she would be the first to re-establish her home on earth should the Golden Age ever return. There is a famous reference to this theory in Virgil, and it reappears in many English poets--Milton, Pope, and notably in the title of Dryden's Ode in celebration of the Restoration of Charles II. in 1660, *Astraea Redux* (The Return of Astraea), by which the poet intended to indicate a joyful conviction that a new Age of Prosperity was dawning upon the country. "Second-sight" is the name given to the power of seeing future or distant events, which some people have been believed to possess. The expression in the text means therefore that the Princess's mind was all-engrossed in the prophetic vision of some glorious and ideal Era in the future.

423. **inmost terms,** most recondite technicalities.

426. **With all falsely brown.** The lady was past middle age, and was endeavouring to hide her decadence by an affectation of youth. With this use of "autumn" to signify the period of decay in man, cf. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, v. 3. 22-3—

> "I have lived long enough; my way of life
> Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf."

See also note on 439, below.

427. **Shot sidelong daggers at us**, glanced askance at us with fury. Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 379—

"I will speak daggers to her, but use none."

433. A **shallop** is a light boat; the word is probably of American-Indian origin, and allied to "sloop."

435. **Hung**, floated motionless. **hid and sought**, played hide-and-seek.

439. **their May**, the prime and vigour of their youth. Cf. Shakespeare, *Much Ado About Nothing*, v. 1. 76—

"His May of youth and bloom of lustihood,"

and *Sonnets*, CII. 5—

"Our love was new, and then but in the spring."

443. **Sat muffled like the Fates.** These were in Classical Mythology the Divinities who watched over and guided the lives and fortunes of men from birth to death. They were three in number, and their names were Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. They are spoken of as "muffled" because their ways and decrees were hidden from mortal observation.

445-6. **gentle ... That harm'd not,** *i.e.* good natured, not malicious.

446. **the chapel bells.** Each College at Oxford and Cambridge has its private Chapel, where Service is held.

448. **clad in purest white.** Those who attend the Chapel Services put on a loose white garment, called a surplice, over their ordinary dress.

450-5. The organ, the instrument of music most commonly used in sacred buildings throughout Christendom, is a very large and powerful structure, provided with bellows for the supply of wind, and producing its sound through a vast number of pipes of various sizes. **Groaning for power** (*i.e.* in the effort to produce a louder and fuller effect) exactly expresses the nature of the sound of the instrument when working up to a strong climax. For **thunder** cf. *In Memoriam*, LXXXVII. 5-8—

"And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophet blazon'd on the panes."

453. **silver**, soft and clearly ringing, used of voices and bells in opposition to "iron," "brazen," etc. A **litany** is a Service of supplication.

454. **The work of Ida** This may mean either that she had written the words or that she had composed the music—probably both.

SONG.

6. **dying**, setting; the wind is from the west.

14. **Silver sails**. white in the pallid radiance of the moon, to which this epithet is constantly applied. This line and the next have no grammatical position in the sentence, but fall easily into its general tone.

III.

1. **the morning star**. Venus, the brightest and most beautiful of all the planets, never appears far from the Sun, and generally quite close to him; when west of the Sun she precedes his rising, and is called the Morning-star (Phosphorus or Lucifer); when east of him she is visible after the sunset, and is called the Evening-star (Hesperus). Cf. *In Memoriam*, CXXI.

2. **furrowing all the orient into gold** Cf. the description of early morning in *Love and Duty*, 95-8--

> "Then when the first low martin-chirp hath grown
> Full quire, and morning driv'n her plow of pearl
> Far furrowing into light the mounded rack
> Beyond the fair green field and eastern sea."

The word-painting in these two lines is, as are all Tennyson's descriptions of natural phenomena, as faultless in truth as in form—first Venus, then an expanse of pale sky, gradually suffused with a golden tint, till the ridges of full glorious colour take form as the sun comes up. Cf. *Maud*, I. xxii. 2—

> "For a breeze of morning moves,
> And the planet of love is on high,
> Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
> On a bed of daffodil sky,
> To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
> To faint in his light, and to die."

6. **their native East**. Their original home was Greece, the Mythology of which country has spread all over Europe.

9. **wan**, pallor. This use of an adjective for the corresponding noun is common in Shakespeare—thus "fair" for 'beauty,' "pale" for 'pallor,' etc.

11. **The circled . tears**. Iris was in Greek Mythology the Messenger of the Gods, and was later identified with the rainbow, which thus acquired this name. The expression in the text denotes the circular dark band round the eyes that tells of a long sleepless night of tears.

16. **wont**, use, custom, from the old root *won* (to dwell). The noun is not in common modern use, but is found in Shakespeare and Milton.

18. **Head is** the technical term for the Master or Principal of a College. Here, however, the metaphor is expanded, and "Head" is used of the chief organising authority, "arms" of the two members of the executive Staff.

22. **or not,** either never.

24. **canvass.** This word meant originally 'to toss in a sheet of canvas' (as in 2 *Henry IV.* ii. 4. 226—"I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets"); hence successively 'to buffet,' 'to maltreat' generally, 'to criticise disparagingly and spitefully.'

30. **lynx,** here used as an adjective. Cf. *Prologue,* 98—"neighbour seats."

34. **set in rubric,** publish in red, so as to call attention to them—a metaphor from printing; cf. Pope, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,* 215—

> "What though my name stood rubric on the walls,
> Or plastered posts, with claps, in capitals?"

The expression was of course suggested to Lady Blanche by the sight of her daughter's face burning with blushes.

35. **wholesale,** a mercantile term used when goods are bought and sold in large quantities; here it means 'universal.'

38. **revolving on,** working upon, taking it as a centre for her indignation.

44. **clutch'd.** This vehement term is no doubt designed to indicate the lady's malicious glee at the certainty of her rival's ruin.

50. **What pardon,** *sc.* 'is needed.'

51-2. **than wear .. lives away,** rather than look so pale we would have you always be blushing—aye, even though you should thereby bring our death upon us. As other instances of this curious use of an intransitive verb forming together with "away" a violent transitive we may quote Wesley—"Having a severe cold, I was in hopes of riding it away," "They had falsely sworn away the lives of their fellows." Cf. the use of "read down" in II. 234-5.

54. **classic,** well versed in Classical lore. The word is also used of a writer who has won an assured place in Literature. Of the student who might compose this epigram he uses the word "angel" in order to keep up the idea commenced in "Heaven."

55-6. **Ganymede** was a beautiful Phrygian boy who was taken up to Heaven to be the Cup-bearer of the Gods. **Vulcan** was twice cast from Heaven, first by his mother Juno on account of his ugliness, secondly by Jupiter for the offence of championing his mother's cause when she was being punished by himself. The point of the application of these stories lies in the contrast

between the glad welcome they received on their arrival and their ignominious expulsion two days afterwards.

57. **this marble.** He speaks thus of Lady Blanche with reference to her inexorable determination. In like manner **wax** denotes impressibility. Cf. Shakespeare, *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1240—

"For men have marble, women waxen, minds."

58. **furlough.** This is a Scandinavian word that has come to us through the Dutch; it means literally 'out-leave,' *i.e.* 'leave of absence,' in which sense it is ordinarily used; here however it has the meaning 'permission to remain,' or, at least, 'time for consideration.'

59. **shook her doubtful curls.** This expression means no more than 'shook her head doubtfully' (*i.e.* to indicate her small hope of his success), the adverb being transformed into an adjective and applied to "curls" by a not uncommon figure; cf. III. 12—"planted level feet," and *In Memoriam*, XIV. 11—

"Should strike a sudden hand in mine."

62-3. **long ago smoulders**, has been smouldering now for a long time. This use of the present tense of the verb with an adverb of past time is common in Latin; cf. also Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, iii. 1. 91—

"How does your honour for this many a day?"

and 1 *Henry IV*. iv. 1. 127—

"That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet."

67. **God help her** (in the first and second Editions "God pardon her") is Melissa's pious ejaculation at the thought of her mother's shocking language concerning her dead husband.

73. **inosculated**, blent together into one. The word is generally used in special derivative application to the case of veins and other vessels that have been made to run into one another, but here there is no doubt a closer reference to the etymology of the word, which is derived from the Latin *osculor*, 'to kiss,' and thus signifies primarily unity through affection. With the general sense of this passage we may compare Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 203-12—

"We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart."

74. **Consonant ... note.** This expression is derived from the observation of a curious phenomenon in Acoustics. If there be in the same room two stringed instruments, a note struck on a chord of one will cause the corresponding chord in the other to vibrate. The metaphor thus denotes complete unison of heart and mind between the two ladies, causing any emotion or interest in the one to find an immediate sympathetic response in the other. We may compare *Aylmer's Field*, 578-9—

"Star to star vibrates light: may soul to soul
Strike thro' a finer element of her own?"

For this use of "shiver" (=vibrate) cf. *Morte d'Arthur*, 199—

"A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars."

Mr. Dawson explains the passage differently:—"the notes ... being chords, blend into one musical note, and the ear cannot separate the two sets of vibrations." In this case "to" means 'into' or 'so as to produce,' and "note" is used in the sense of a combination of two or more individual notes simultaneously produced, and in harmony.

86. **your.** There is a touch of scorn in this use of the pronoun; cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, IV. iii. 22-4—"Your worm is your only emperor for diet .. your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service." The word is not directly and consciously used in its strict sense, though it is of course derived from that, probably through the phraseology of argument, as when a man refers contemptuously to his adversary's point as "your" (='that which you lay such stress upon'). The same use of the pronoun is found in Latin also. **erring pride,** *i.e.* pride that has run off its course, and misleads her who nourishes it.

90. **clang,** celebrate in lordly ringing song, as contrasted with the harsh cry of the crane and the gentle coo of the dove. Parallel uses of "croak" and "grate" occur in IV. 106, 7, and this same word appears again in IV. 415, with a somewhat similar transitive force. **to the sphere,** to the sky, *i.e.* loud for all to hear. The general sense of these three lines is that for each man his standard of excellence in beauty or splendour is determined for him by his own natural limitations. The crane regards his crane-mate as perfect, the dove his dove-mate, whereas the eagle finds his ideal realised in nothing short of his eagle-mate. The Prince can appreciate a finer and nobler character than either of his friends. For the form of the expression in these three lines compare the ninth Idyll of Theocritus, in which (31-2) we find a eulogy of Song thus preluded:—

*τέττιξ μὲν τέττιγι φίλος, μύρμακι δὲ μύρμαξ,
ἴρηκες δ' ἴρηξιν· ἐμὶν δ' ἁ Μῶσα καὶ ᾠδά,*

which Calverley translates :—

"Crickets with crickets, ants with ants agree,
And hawks with hawks: and music sweetly sung,
Beyond all else, is grateful unto me."

91-6. **true she errs ... and me**, that she is mistaken in her methods I grant you, but this is only a part of her nobility of heart; being herself so far above the average of mankind in fineness of character, she attributes to all of her sex the possession of her own lofty ideals and splendid unselfish enthusiasm; and thus her prosecution of this impossible scheme is really a glorious adornment to her life, which might even deceive the hard facts of Nature, and me who hold by them.

96. **for her, and her**, as for those two other ladies. Cf. II. 207.

97-100. **Hebe** was in Greek Mythology the attendant at the banquets of the Gods, whose food was ambrosia and whose drink nectar. **Herè** was the wife of Zeus and Queen of Heaven; Samos in the Ægean Sea was one of her favourite seats. **Memnon** was the son of Tithonus and Eos (the Goddess of the Dawn); the large statue at Thebes in Egypt which (though incorrectly) bore his name was said to give forth a musical sound when smitten by the rays of the rising sun; cf. *The Palace of Art*, 171-2—

"And from her lips, as morn from Memnon, drew
Rivers of melodies."

The passage thus means that, while Lady Psyche and Melissa are well enough with their youthful charm in their subordinate sphere, the Princess is the embodiment of majestic dignity, and her voice resonant and divine. The construction in the last two lines is rather condensed; there is no word to introduce the simile, and the expression thereby becomes more vivid, as though the Princess became identified with the two Deities to whom she is compared.

104. **empurpled**, [blue in the distance. H. T.] **champaign**, open country, a Latin word that has come to us through the French; the original Latin form was *campania*, which was the name given by the Romans to the open country about Naples. **drank**, inhaled with avidity; cf. *In Memoriam*, LXXXIX. 15—"To drink the cooler air."

106. **sated with**, saturated with (the fragrance of). Mr. Dawson quotes from Shelley (*Epipsychidion*) a parallel to the passage generally :—

"The light clear element which the isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,
And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep."

107. **Beat balm**, blew gently with its fragrant breath.

109. **No fighting shadows here!** A reference to the curse on the Royal House.

110. **crabb'd**, hard, impenetrable, like the shell of a crab. **gnarl'd**, full of knarrs or knots (used of timber that cannot be worked easily on that account).

111. **prime**, primeval, *i.e.*, here, never touched by man since their creation. The noun is used in the corresponding sense in II. 106, but this use of the adjective is rare; it occurs in Shakespeare, *Richard III.* iv. 3. 19--"the prime creation."

111-2. **heave ... down.** Heaving and thumping may be said to comprise the greater part of the work involved in the construction of a high road. The word "solstice" means 'standing of the sun.' The "summer solstice" is, strictly, that point in the sun's path at which he has reached his nearest to any given place on the earth's surface, and commences his retrograde course; this in the northern hemisphere takes place on 21st June. The expression is generally used to denote this date, the longest in the year, and that on which the greatest amount of heat in that year may be expected. The "winter solstice," 21st December, is conversely the shortest day in the year, on which the sun turns and recommences his motion towards places in the northern hemisphere. For places south of the equator these dates are to be exchanged, their summer being our winter, and their winter our summer.

113. **hammer at**, endeavour to impress.

115. **At point to move**, just in the act of setting forth. The expression is derived from the French *à point*, an adverbial phrase denoting the coincidence of the moment of any action with that of another, the word "point" signifying originally 'the prick of a sharp instrument,' which fixes a moment exactly. The expression is common in Shakespeare, as in *Coriolanus*, iii. 1, 194—

"You are at point to lose your liberties."

The ordinary modern construction of the word is "at the point of moving."

116. **green**, lurid with spite. This colour and yellow seem to be used indiscriminately by poets to qualify violent passions of the baser sort, as jealousy, envy, and spite, perhaps because these forms of vicious excitement impart a vicious tinge to the skin. Cf. Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 110; *Othello*, iii. 3. 170; *Twelfth Night*, ii. 4. 113.

120. **I fabled nothing fair**, I invented no plausible story; cf. Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 431-2—

"Teach us, sweet Madam, for our rude trangression
Some fair excuse.'

121. **your example pilot**, a so-called "absolute" clause, here explaining the reason of the speaker's action. We may suppose an ellipse before "pilot" of some such word as "being." Cf. 160, below.

122. **Up ... eye.** The meaning is that in her amazement the Lady Blanche threw up her hands (a sign of helplessness) and her eyes (an attitude of appeal to Heaven); for the periphrasis, we may compare *In Memoriam*, LII. 11-2—

"the sinless years
That breathed beneath the Syrian blue,"

where the reference is to the life of Jesus Christ.

126. **limed**, ensnared. The metaphor is from the use of bird-lime, a sticky substance which, smeared upon branches, holds fast birds that settle thereon. Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, iii. 3. 68-9—

"O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engaged!"

130. **puddled**, polluted.

131. **I tried the mother's heart**, I endeavoured to work upon her feelings as a mother (having failed to move her by an appeal to her love for the College and its aims).

136. **duty duty, clear of consequences.** This doctrine, here quoted by Lady Blanche with the utmost hypocrisy, as in a manner consecrating her spiteful vengeance upon her rival, is finely enunciated in *Œnone*, 145-8—

"to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right,
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

142. **the authentic foundress you**, although it is to your efforts that the establishment of this College is really due; cf. V. 423. This is, of course, merely adroit flattery on Cyril's part.

144. **Wink at**, connive at, affect ignorance of, pretend not to have noticed; cf. Shakespeare, 2 *Henry VI.* ii. 2. 70-3—

"Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock."

147. **she-world**, cf. note on *Prologue*, 158.

148. **broadening**, as a river does in its course.

153-4. **rode to take The dip**, was intending to ride to take observations of the slant. "Dip" is a technical term in Geology for the downward slant of strata.

158. **ran up his furrowy forks**, [shot up its two peaks. H. T.]

160. **Agreed to, this**, another "absolute" clause; cf. Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village*, 79—"And, many a year elaps'd, return."

170. **cats**. This word, ordinarily applied to the domesticated animal only, is in the technical language of Zoology used to denote all the members of the feline genus, as lions, tigers, panthers, leopards, etc.

174. **thick**, fast, the beats following one another closely and rapidly.

179. **retinue**, accented on the second syllable, as in Shakespeare and Milton; cf. also *Guinevere*, 381-2—

"far ahead
Of his and her retinue moving,"

and *Aylmer's Field*, 842—

"The dark retinue reverencing death."

In the same way, the word "revenue" was formerly accented on the second syllable, now generally on the first.

186. **the thing you say**, viz., "too harsh."

190-2. The broken sentences indicate the nervous emotion of the speaker.

194. **The bird of passage**. The term is used of any migratory bird (*i.e.* one that leaves the cold north in the autumn to spend the winter in the sunnier south, returning north with the spring), but refers here specially to the swallow; cf. IV. 70-98.

197. **baser ... despair**. The Prince is referring to the recklessness that sometimes comes over those who have suffered the shock of a severe disappointment and the loss of all hope, driving them to extravagant and vicious dissipation.

199. **tennis**. This is not 'lawn-tennis,' which is of quite recent invention, but a far harder and more vigorous game, played in a large closed court; it has been a favourite in England for centuries, especially among the nobility, though it came originally from France, where it was much more generally played. There are frequent references to the game in Shakespeare.

201. **To nurse**, in nursing, in that he nurses; this use of the infinitive is common in Shakespeare; cf. *Macbeth*, iv. 2. 69—

"To fight you thus methinks I am too savage."

blind may, to show its force, be turned into an adverb and applied to "nurse."

203. **we ourself**, cf. note on I. 121. It is noticeable that, while the Princess remains strong and confident, she adopts this Royal Style with splendid dignity and effect, but, whenever her natural womanly emotions, tender or indignant, grow too strong for her professional resolution, as at occasional moments through-

out the Poem, and completely in the close, she falls back into the normal form of speech.

204. **We had our dreams,** we did in youth indulge in idle fancies.

205. **our dead self,** our foolish ideals of the past.

206. **Being other,** *sc.* 'than we were in those days,' having now gained a different mind; cf. *In Memoriam*, XLV. 7-8—

"I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch."

This adjectival use is very common in Shakespeare; cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, i. 1. 176—"were she other than she is."
our meaning here, our mission in this world, the purpose to which we were ordained. The Princess speaks of her work as of a religious duty.

210-2. **we ... know ourself and thee, O Vashti.** The verb "know" has here two different meanings, thus:—'we know what is due to our own dignity, and we remember thy noble example, O Vashti.' The story of this Queen is told in *Bible*, *Esther*, I.

215-6. **your Highness ... leans to you,** you are cold and hard and cruel to him who looks to you for help and warmth and sympathy. For the metaphor (which may have been *suggested* by the preceding reference to a proud and defiant Oriental queen, but which is *derived* from the bitter and blasting character of the east wind in England) cf. *Audley Court*, 51-3—

"I woo'd a woman once,
But she was sharper than an eastern wind,
And all my heart turn'd from her."

For this use of the verb "breathe" cf. V. 154, VII. 302.

218. **gray,** a metaphor from the hoar hair of old people, with reference to the fact that the relative positions of men and women were as old as human experience.

222-5. **and thus your pains ... nothing.** For this metaphor cf. *Enoch Arden*, 19-22—

"And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away."

No impression in, or structure of, sand has any permanence, but is immediately destroyed by the waves on their return.

225. **might I dread,** may I dare to express my apprehension.

227. **issue,** a legal term for 'children.' **yet,** *i.e.* in spite of all your noble energy.

230. **Peace ... wild!** The nations of southern Europe came earlier under the civilising influence of Rome than those that dwelt in the colder and remoter north, which, as the home of the Goths and other barbarian invaders, came to be considered utterly devoid of the finer elements of life. Cf. IV. 516.

233. **we are not talk'd to thus.** The Princess means that she is not accustomed to be addressed by her inferiors in this tone of familiar remonstrance. Here the Royal Style is eminently appropriate.

241. **break us with ourselves,** crush us by means of our natural affections, *i.e.* by wantonly disregarding them.

242-4. **there is nothing ... err.** Cf. Solomon, *Proverbs*, I. 10—"A wise son maketh a glad father: but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

244-8. **nor would we work ... But little.** "POU STO" (Greek) is 'a place to stand on,' 'some basis from which one can work'; the expression is derived from the challenge of Archimedes, the mathematician and mechanist of Syracuse (B.C. 287-212):—"Give me a place to stand on, and I will move the world with a lever." The passage may thus be roughly paraphrased as follows:—'And I care little for fame either—though certainly fame might attach itself to whoever should first establish a basis from which, though herself did not effect much, those that followed after her might work with confidence and success.' For the form of the phrase "the applause of Great" (which last word has a capital because it is regarded as a title, as in the cases of Alexander, King of Macedon, Charles, Roman Emperor, Frederick, King of Prussia, and others) cf. *Enoch Arden*, 339—

"To save the offence of charitable."

In both these cases "of" may be explained as 'implied in the term.'

249. **dissipated,** broken up, scattered in all directions (the Latin meaning of the word).

251. **mortal flies,** insects that live but for a day; cf. Greene, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, x. 124—"The flies haemerae, fair Peggy, take life with the sun, and die with the dew."

253. **out,** to its final issue.

253-4. **watch ... into stone.** We may paraphrase:—'see our tentative beginnings gradually become stereotyped into success.'

261. **taboo,** a Polynesian word denoting 'restraint,' especially of a religious character. The speaker means that hitherto women, crushed down and confined by the tyranny of men, have been forbidden a chance of free development, mental or moral.

262. **Dwarfs of the gynæceum** conveys exactly the same idea as the preceding line; "dwarfs" refers to their stunted intellects

and aspirations; the "gynæceum" was the women's quarters in a Greek house; cf. note on II. 114-6.

265. **proof,** *sc.* of our devotion to their cause.

266-8. These three lines may perhaps be rendered plainer by an inversion:—'If our aim were more easily to be achieved by some single act of self-sacrifice or any form of death than by slow methods."

269-70. The **the** before **pikes** and **gulf** is not the definite article, but the generic, denoting any possible phases of death that might offer or be prescribed; cf. I. 218. The two forms here mentioned were probably suggested by two legends of ancient Rome:—(1) In the Latin War (B.C. 340) Publius Decius Mus, one of the Roman generals, sacrificed himself on the spears of the enemy in order to secure the victory to his army, it having been revealed to him in a vision from Heaven that one army was doomed and the general of the other (a somewhat similar act of devotion is recorded of Arnold von Winkelried in the battle of Sempach, 1388, during the Swiss struggle for independence against the Austrians; this hero, seeing that the Austrian line of spears was impregnable, gathered into his breast as many as he could, and falling upon them created a gap into which his comrades poured); (2) A chasm having appeared in the market-place of Rome, and the priests having declared that this would not close up until there had been cast into it the chief element of Rome's greatness, a young noble named Marcus Curtius, thinking that this condition would best be fulfilled by the sacrifice of one of her sons, leapt into it on horseback and in full armour (B.C. 362).

274. **in cataract,** in violent precipitous descent.

274-5. **shattering ... thunder.** This vigorous and alliterative expression admirably describes the deafening effect of a broad mass of water being hurled on to huge rocks below.

275. **shook the woods,** viz., [in the wind made by the cataract. H. T.]

276. **danced the colour,** viz.—the prismatic colours formed by the sunlight shining through the spray.

277-8. **The bones ... man was.** Bones are frequently discovered that belonged to animals that disappeared from the face of the earth many thousands of years ago; of these extinct monsters the most famous are the mammoth and the mastodon, both of the elephant tribe. Cf. *Prologue*, 15.

279-80. **As these ... will be.** The Princess is a strong champion of continuous and progressive evolution. But see 306-13 below, and note.

280-2. **Dare we dream ... betters?** Is it not impious to

imagine the Almighty Creator as improving in His work by practice, like a human workman? To this theory Burns jocularly professes himself an adherent in his song in praise of women—

"Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O."

(Here "'prentice" = 'apprentice,' *i.e.* unskilled.)

283. **The metaphysics.** This branch of study (of which the name is derived from the Greek, and means 'that which comes after Physics') deals with real existence and the nature of our knowledge of first principles.

284. **an emerald plane,** *i.e.* a plane-tree wrought out of an emerald.

285-6. **Diotima ... hemlock.** Diotima is mentioned by Plato as a priestess of Mantinea, who used to instruct Socrates in matters philosophical. The latter was put to death in B.C. 399 on a charge of atheism and immoral teaching. The ordinary method of inflicting the death-penalty in Athens was by a decoction of the poisonous plant hemlock.

286. **wrought to the life,** *i.e.* executed with such skill as almost to seem alive.

288. **For ... all,** *sc.* subjects. The conjunction refers back to 282-3, the description of the brooch being purely parenthetical. "Schools" is the technical term in English Universities for the various Courses of Instruction.

293. **Those monstrous ... hound.** Vivisection of animals is practised with a view to discovering how to prevent and cure diseases in cases where experiments on the dead body would be ineffectual.

294. **And cram ... grave.** The reference here is to the assertion that dogs kept in a laboratory for the purpose of vivisection are sometimes fed with the fragments of bodies already dissected. "Of the grave" here means 'fit for the grave,' *i.e.* 'of the dead.'

295. **dark,** mysterious. **dissolving,** *i.e.* under their analysis.

296. **microcosm.** This word (of Greek origin) means 'small world' or 'epitome of creation,' and is applied to man, physically and physiologically considered, from the intricacy and perfection of his structure and the delicate organisation and interdependence of his various parts and functions.

297. **Dabbling** is to be taken directly with "in" above.

298. **Encarnalize,** de-spiritualise, brutalise (see note on II 14). This terrible indictment of the profession of Surgery must

not of course be taken as indicative of the Poet's own opinions. It is essentially the point of view of a woman, to whose delicate sensibility the idea of the grisly details inseparable from the work of the dissecting-room is exquisitely abhorrent.

299. **Knowledge is knowledge**, and therefore, according to her formula (I. 134-5), by all means to be sought and strengthened. **hangs**, is not yet decided. The metaphor is from some object balanced in mid-air, not yet having fallen definitely one way or the other.

300. **casualty** signifies primarily 'that which comes unforeseen,' with special reference to bodily accidents, in which latter sense it is used here.

303. **This craft of healing**, *i.e.* Medicine (as opposed to Surgery). "Craft" means originally skill or dexterity in any employment, whence later, as here, the employment or profession itself.

306-13. **Let there be light ... the shadow, Time.** The Princess's doctrine of the relation of Knowledge to Nature, as enunciated in these lines, may be elaborated thus :—'Creation was complete in one moment of the Divine volition—does not depend on Time for its development. The fault is in us, who, being of weak and limited vision, cannot see all at once, and are compelled to study Creation in a series of observations. This weakness in ourselves we transfer to Nature, whom we thus grow to regard as working bit by bit ; hence the fallacious conception of Time, which does not exist in Nature at all, only in ourselves, and that because of our imperfection.'

306. **Let there be light, and there was light.** This is the form in which the first act of Creation is described in *Bible*, *Genesis*, I. 3. **'tis so.** Notice this use of the present tense, as vindicated in the next line.

307. **For was ... but is**, for the past and the present and the future are merely forms and phases of the same present. For the form of the expression cf. VII. 273, 335 ; so Shakespeare (*Hamlet*, iv. 7, 118, 121) uses "this *would*" and "this *should*" for 'this desire' and 'this sense of duty' ; we have also in common use "the when and the how" for 'the time and the manner,' "but me no buts" for 'urge to me no objections,' etc. ; in all such cases, common in literature no less than in conversation, one part of speech is used as some other for the sake of impressiveness, the irregular quotation of an actual word already used or concisely embodying the idea having a more striking effect than the employment of the ordinary and strictly grammatical form.

313. **Our weakness ... Time.** The metaphor is that of an eclipse —the idea of Time is the shadow cast upon our mental landscape by the weakness of our faculties interposing to shut out the full

light of true Knowledge. Cf. Wordsworth, *Yew-trees*, 28—"Time the Shadow."

314-5. **But in the shadow ... the fuller day**, however, as we are thus limited, let us submit ourselves to the inevitable, and spend this Time industriously working at this task of perfecting woman, against the dawn of the full day when Time shall be no more.

324-7. **lovelier not ... to the Sun.** Elysium was the name in Greek Mythology for the abode of the righteous dead; in this lovely land, lying beyond the setting sun, the great heroes dwelt after death, breathing a pure and fragrant air, unvisited by snow or storm, and "resting weary limbs at length on beds of asphodel." The title of "Demigods," originally confined to those who could boast divine descent, was also in common usage applied to men who had been deified for courage or other virtues which had won for them the privilege of inheriting Elysian bliss. By the verb "pace" is signified the peaceful character of the existence there enjoyed. "Streak" may be paraphrased 'gently float across.' The language of the text, as indicating the general features of this happy land, seems to have been specially suggested by Pindar, *Olympia*, II. 123-36—

> "*ὅσοι δ' ἐτόλμασαν ἐς τρίς*
> *ἑκατέρωθι μείναντες*
> *ἀπὸ πάμπαν ἀδίκων ἔχειν*
> *ψυχάν, ἔτειλαν Διός*
> *ὁδὸν παρὰ Κρόνου τύρ-*
> *σιν· ἔνθα μακάρων*
> *νᾶσος ὠκεανίδες*
> *αὖραι περιπνέοισιν· ἄν-*
> *θεμα δὲ χρυσοῦ φλέγει,*
> *τὰ μὲν χερσόθεν ἀπ' ἀ-*
> *γλαῶν δενδρέων,*
> *ὕδωρ δ' ἄλλα φέρβει·*
> *ὅρμοισι τῶν χέρας ἀνα-*
> *πλέκοντι καὶ στεφάνοις.*"

which Mr. Ernest Myers translates as follows:—"Then whosoever have been of good courage to the abiding steadfast thrice on either side of death and have refrained their souls from all iniquity, travel the road of Zeus unto the tower of Kronos: there round the islands of the blest the Ocean-breezes blow, and golden flowers are glowing, some from the land on trees of splendour, and some the water feedeth, with wreaths whereof they entwine their hands." We may also compare the following extract from a Greek epitaph found at Rome (quoted from *Some Pagan Epitaphs*, by a writer in the *Cornhill Magazine*, August, 1891):—"Thou art not dead, but gone to a better land; thou dwellest with full delight in the Isles of the Blest. There, in

the Elysian plain, freed from all ills, thou rejoicest amid soft flowers. Cold hurts thee not, nor heat; disease does not molest thee, hunger nor thirst can trouble thee."

327. **Built to the Sun**, rising high into the sky; cf. VI. 21. There is no need to attempt a forced interpretation of this phrase as meaning 'erected in honour of Apollo.'

331. **Corinna** was a Boeotian poetess, who is said to have obtained the victory in a musical contest five times over Pindar (522-442), the most eminent of the Greek lyric poets of whose works a great number have come down to us. These are chiefly Odes and Songs of praise.

332. **Engirt with**, in the midst of; cf. *Boadicea*, 5—"Girt by half the tribes of Britain." **florid**, blooming—in reference to their youth.

334. **bearded.** The use of this word here implies something of a sneer. Pindar, for all his manhood, found more than his match in a woman. Note the curious force of the preposition in this line, indicating the circumstances and manner of his numerous victories; cf. IV. 117.

338-9. **Many a little hand . on the rocks.** Cf. *Godiva*, 49-50—

"like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar."

340-1. **Many a light foot .. dark crag.** Cf. *Maud*, I. v. 14—

"And feet like sunny gems on an English green."

343. **chattering** is here used in a tone of good humoured irony to indicate a rapid and continuous flow of words, of which the sound is greater than the sense. **stony** is here very happily used with reference not only to the mineralogical specimens denoted by the names, but also to the hard and technical character of the names themselves.

346. **Grew broader toward his death.** Owing to atmospheric refraction the sun appears oval-shaped when just above the horizon.

346-7. **and all ... the lawns.** Just before sunrise and just after sunset the highest peaks of hills are bathed in rosy light and stand out clear against the sky when the lower spurs and valleys are in comparative darkness. For this use of the expression "came out" cf. *Specimen of a Translation of the Iliad in Blank Verse*, 13-4—

"And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley."

Song.

2. **snowy ... story,** snow-clad peaks of mountains famous in ancient legend and history, as are the Alps and similar ranges,

round which cluster centuries of romantic and patriotic association.

10. **The horns of Elfland.** From their peculiar character, faint yet clear, derived from no visible source, and as transitory as unsubstantial, echoes not unnaturally suggest the idea of fairy agency. For the personification of the phenomenon in the refrain of this Song cf. *Prologue*, 66, 210-2; VI. 349-51.

IV.

1-2. **There sinks ... be sound.** See note on II. 101-4.

5. **coppice-feather'd,** lightly fringed with foliage. For this use of the verb cf. *Enoch Arden*, 67-8—

> "Just where the prone edge of the wood began
> To feather toward the hollow,"

and *The Gardener's Daughter*, 46—

> "And all about the large lime feathers low."

In *Enoch Arden*, 540, the same word is used of the water thrown up by the prow of a ship, and in *The Talking Oak*, 269, we find the corresponding noun applied to grass.

8. **the inner.** Notice the curious use of this phrase for 'the inside.' We may compare the common similar use of "interior," which is the Latin form of the comparative.

12. **planted level feet.** See note on III. 59.

17. **viand,** food, especially prepared meats. The word is derived from the Latin (*vivenda*), and means literally 'things to live upon,' but is very rare in this singular form. **amber,** properly a noun (as in *Prologue*, 19), is here used as an adjective—'of an amber colour'; cf. the uses of "rose," "orange," etc. Amber, *i.e.* fossil resin, is of a clear yellowish brown colour. **gold,** *i.e.* golden goblets and other vessels; cf. the use of "silver" in *Prologue*, 106.

19. **fledged with music,** furnished with the wings of music, the point of the metaphor being that the accompaniment of music causes time to pass more swiftly and easily.

22. **some divine despair.** The melancholy that dominates this Song is traced by the Poet to some reminiscence of pre-natal happiness. The yearnings of the human heart for some ideal that is known to exist but cannot be defined, and the consciousness of the hopeless character of the desire so far as this world is concerned, are commonly regarded as evidence of the divine origin and immortality of the soul. This is the main *motif* of Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.*

27. **the underworld** is generally used of Hades, the place of departed souls, but here signifies that part of the earth's surface that lies below the horizon, and from which a ship seems to *ascend* into the range of our vision.

42. **erring**, wandering (the original Latin meaning of the word); so in Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, i. 1. 54, Horatio speaks of the wandering ghost as "the ... erring spirit."

44-65. **If indeed ... unrisen morrow.** The Princess is irritated at Violet's Song, the tone of which is diametrically opposed to her own principles. To show its point, her answer may be loosely paraphrased thus:—'This is a morbid and dangerous sentimentality, this regretful craving after the vanished Past. Let us rather rouse ourselves to action in the Present, and work vigorously for the greater benefit and glory of the Future. Old forms and systems fade with the march of Time—let them fade—we live by change—all things work together for eventual good. The Past we will neither mourn nor abuse—let it go. Though the Old World was splendid, and lovely her treasures of art, it was a time of superstition and monstrous wrong—let us leave these behind in their natural ruin, and turn our eyes to the glorious Era coming on. The trumpet of Encouragement is sounding loud, and Hope hovers radiant upon the eastern confines of the dark, whence shortly will shoot forth across the sky the dawn of that great Day when all shall be free and equal.'

The principle enunciated in this passage is a very favourite doctrine of Tennyson's. He is never tired of expressing his faith in the continuous progress and ultimate perfectibility of the human state. In dealing with "the intellectual phenomena of the day—in his social and political faith and teaching ... his ideal is a majestic order, a gradual and regular development, without rest indeed, but above all without haste" (Rowe and Webb). Let us, he urges, work out our perfection from stage to stage with energy and confidence, but without violence. This is the method of Nature in the material world, and that which God has prescribed for our moral and spiritual wants and powers. Under His guidance and with due self-restraint let us march on from point to point, till we attain the highest. Let us not abuse the Past—let us treat all with reverence—everything has its due place in the development of the beneficent designs of the Creator. This doctrine is inculcated in several passages throughout his writings, as in *Locksley Hall*, in *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue*, in the King's last speech in *Morte d'Arthur*, and throughout *Love Thou Thy Land*, the last-named being the most elaborate expression of his political faith that he has given us. He professes therefore the keenest distrust for violence in the promotion of reforms, and has on two or three occasions contrasted the English method of gradual and

orderly progress with the "blind hysterics" which characterise French attempts at the removal of abuses. One such passage occurs in the *Conclusion* to this Poem, 49-68; which see, and the notes on these lines and 73-9 following.

44-8. **If indeed ... pace by,** if indeed the Past has power to call from out its mouldering ruins with so weird and seductive a voice, fatal to the highest interests of humanity, we should do wisely to stuff our ears with wool against the temptation. There is a reference in this passage to Homer's story of Odysseus and the Sirens; the singing of these enchantresses was so seductive that all who passed near their isle were wholly fascinated and lured to their doom, but Odysseus, warned by Circe, stopped the ears of his crew with wax, and had himself bound to the mast, that he might listen in safety, until his ship had gone by. "Men" in 46 stands not for the sex but for humanity generally.

49. **silken-folded.** Silk is the traditional raiment of the idle and luxurious; thus Cade speaks of the gentry as "these silken coated slaves" (2 *Henry VI.* iv. 2. 130), and Coriolanus contrasts the warrior's steel with "the parasite's silk" (*Coriolanus,* i. 9. 45).

50. **to weep ... lost,** to mourn the loss of a good opportunity; this inversion of phrase is derived from the Roman poets, and is not uncommon in English; it occurs again in VII. 60; cf. also *Enoch Arden,* 470—

"Abhorrent of a calculation crost,"

and Milton, *Comus,* 48—

"After the Tuscan mariners transformed."

53. **To the issue,** to the final goal of life.

54. **molten** continues the idea suggested by the simile of the icebergs just above—the old-world forms and systems melt into vapour under the fiery sun of Progress. **waste** signifies a dreary, desolate region, generally of uncultivated wilderness, as in *Lancelot and Elaine,* 251-2—

"His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
And drove him into wastes and solitudes,"

but its application in this passage to the sea may be paralleled from Waller, *Panegyric to My Lord Protector,* 41-2—

"Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea."

57-8. **Nor would ... golden.** The opposition between these two epithets, signifying respectively 'harsh' or 'cruel' and 'happy' or 'excellent,' was initiated by the Greek poet Hesiod, and is very common in subsequent literature; Hesiod used them to characterise respectively the noblest and the worst Age of mankind. See also note on 400, below.

59. **Their cancell'd Babels.** The reference is to *Bible*, *Genesis*, XI. 1-9. "Babel" means 'confusion.' **cancell'd**, annulled, destroyed. **kex** (really a plural word, = "kecks"; cf. "sox" for "socks"), hemlock, but commonly used for any coarse or poisonous weed.

60. **The starr'd mosaic.** "Mosaic" is a kind of inlaid work used in the ornamentation of floors, etc.; it consists of a large number of small pieces of coloured marble or other material, arranged into patterns; the word is derived from the Greek *Mousa*, 'a Muse,' and thus means originally 'artistic,' 'decorative.' "Starr'd" means 'decorated with stars,' referring to the pattern of the design. **beard-blown.** The goat, high up on the ruined pillar, is exposed to the full force of the wind, which blows its beard about.

61. **Hang** involves the idea of dizzy suspension. The **wild fig-tree** is famous in Roman poetry for its power of splitting marble.

68. **the other distance**, *i.e.* the Future, as opposed to the Past.

69. **a death's-head at the wine**, *i.e.* something dismal in the midst of festivity. The reference is to the custom observed among the ancient Egyptians of having carried round at their banquets a wooden figure of a coffined corpse, as a reminder to the company of the inevitable certainty of death.

71-2. **What time ... own land.** Cf. III. 193-5.

79-80. The epithets in these two lines are carefully chosen. **bright** has a double significance, denoting both the sunny sky of southern Europe and the natural gaiety of the Italians and kindred nationalities. Of these, impulsive without stability, the epithets **fierce** and **fickle** are aptly used in contrast to **true** and **tender**, which are selected for the characterisation of the northern peoples, among whom loyalty and constancy of affection are typical virtues. **dark** will then remain, as against **bright**, to designate primarily the gloomier climate of the north, with perhaps a reference to the greater reserve and restraint of the Teutonic peoples. Of the latter race, it should be remembered, is the singer of this Song, his own composition.

82-3. **pipe and trill, And cheep and twitter.** These four verbs are all of imitative origin, and denote the slight shrill quaver or warble of small birds.

83. **loves**, expressions of love, love-songs.

84-6. **O were I thou ... till I died.** Cf. Shakespeare, *Venus and Adonis*, 1185-6—

"Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night."

87-9. **Why lingereth ... green?** In England the ash is one of the latest trees to come into leaf; this seldom takes place earlier

than June, and frequently not till late in that month. The epithet "tender" is most admirably appropriate to this tree, which has a fragile delicate appearance, and is extremely sensitive to frost. For the use of the expression "clothe her heart with love" (*i.e.* take to herself love as an adornment and a consummation) we may compare Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV.* iv. 2. 51—

"I ... dress'd myself in such humility."

So of Godiva we have (*Godiva*, 53) "clothed on with chastity," and Vivien (*Merlin and Vivien*, 104), as she draws Merlin's beard round her, exclaims—

"And lo, I clothe myself with wisdom."

94-5. These two lines repeat and accentuate the **brief is life** of 93. As contrasted with the permanent endurance of Love, the life of man is pitifully short, whether it be the robust vigorous life of the man (**the sun of summer in the North**) or the delicate graceful life of the woman (**the moon of beauty in the South**).

101. **laugh'd with alien lips**, an adaptation of Homer's expression—"laughed with other men's jaws" ("γναθμοῖσι γελῴων ἀλλοτρίοισιν," *Odyssey*, XX. 347), *i.e.* in a constrained, nervous, unnatural manner, not heartily. The reference is to an incident in the story of Odysseus, the King of Ithaca, one of the Greek Chiefs who took part in the Trojan War. Owing to the protracted length of the siege and the manifold adventures that he encountered on his return voyage, he was absent from his island home for twenty years, and his faithful wife Penelope was beset by numerous insolent suitors. At last, through the good offices of Pallas Athene, the King got back to Ithaca, unknown to the intruders. But Pallas cast over them a strange enchantment, causing them to laugh wildly and nervously, for no obvious reason—"with other men's jaws"—possibly with a mysterious and hardly conscious presentiment that their doom was upon them at last. In the passage before us this strange laughter on the part of the girls is prelude to the critical moment of the great disclosure.

103-7. **Not for thee ... in the grass.** *Bulbul* is the Persian for 'Nightingale,' and *Gulistan* for 'Rose-garden.' The Persian poets represent the Nightingale as the passionate wooer of the Rose, who listens or not according as she is inclined to be tender or haughty towards her lover; cf. Hafiz (quoted by Major Osborn in *Islam under the Khalifs of Baghdad*, p. 152)—

"Go, breeze, and gently tell
Yon fairy-limbed gazelle,
O'er mountain and through valley we follow, and are faint.
Is it the pride that glows
In the bosom of the rose,
That makes her never heed the nightingale's complaint."

The Princess intimates her opinion of the new student's powers as a singer by employing this imagery—'no rose will open out to listen to such a nightingale as you; far more probably will you find yourself greeted as sister by the marsh-diver or the meadow-crake,' these, known more commonly as the water-rail and the corn-crake respectively, being birds of singularly unmusical voice. For "croak" and "grate" in this sense of 'salute with harsh note' cf. "clang" in III. 90.

Notice how in these few sarcastic lines the Princess adopts the form "thee"; this is strictly in accordance with the usage of Shakespeare, in whose time this was "the pronoun of (1) affection towards friends, (2) good-humoured superiority towards servants, and (3) contempt or anger to strangers. It had, however, already fallen somewhat into disuse, and, being regarded as archaic, was naturally adopted (4) in the higher poetic style and in the language of solemn prayer" (Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 231). In the lines before us we have an instance of contemptuous sarcasm finding expression in this form, while in VII. 318-45, it is adopted in the "higher poetic style" as the vehicle of reverent and exalted affection.

109. **mind**, remind. Cf. Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, v. 1. 18—

"I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon."

109-10. **the time ... Egypt**, the days of our bitter slavery, before that I, like another Moses, arose to lead you forth into liberty. The reference is to the servile tasks imposed on the Jews during their sojourn in Egypt (*Bible*, *Exodus*, I. 8-14).

112. **to the offering up**, ready for the sacrifice. "Up" conveys the impression of thoroughness and completion. Cf. Shakespeare, *King John*, v. 1. 133—

"Enough to stifle such a villain up."

Similar expressions occur in VI. 289, VII. 322. In this passage the Princess expresses herself with indignation on what she considers the hideous mockery of the conventional marriage-state, in which the man professes himself the most humble slave of his lady, while in reality he is her tyrannical master.

115. **maid of honour** is the title enjoyed by the ladies who attend the person of a Queen or Princess.

117. **A rogue ... serenades.** The preposition here defines the manner and character of his roguery. Cf. III. 334. Canzonets are short songs of a light and airy character. The word is Italian in origin.

119. **So .. muse!** The Princess is indignant that in the hands of such villains a noble gift should be thus impiously perverted to vile uses. The word "blaspheme," which originally means 'speak evil of,' is here used in the sense of 'degrade,' by a kind of inverted analogy from the case of "abuse," which from the

original sense of 'misemploy' has come to be commonly used as a synonym for 'revile'; cf. the use of "slander" for 'misuse' in Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, i. 3. 132-4—

"I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet."

121. **Valkyrian.** The Valkyrs ('Choosers of the Slain') were in Scandinavian Mythology the Warrior Nymphs who accompanied the heroes into battle, and conducted the slain to Valhalla, the Palace of Immortal Delight. The word is here used in the sense of 'inspiring.' Cf. "Niobean" in 352, below. **dash'd,** a splendid word to denote the inspiration and impulse of the work.

123. **duer unto,** more fitly used in the service of. Cf. VI. 355-6.

124. **junketing.** A "junket" is originally a cheese served up on a mat of rushes (Latin *juncus*); the word is then used of food generally, and hence, as in this passage, of revelry.

126. **Hymen** was in Greek Mythology the God of Marriage. **laid up ... bats.** Bats retire during the winter months into caves or other secluded places, and sleep till the spring.

129. **living wills,** *i.e.* human beings with passions and powers like those of men.

129-30. **sphered ... ourselves,** complete in our own nature. For this metaphor of a ball as typifying perfection cf. *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue*, 65-8—

"This earth is rich in man and maid,
With fair horizons bound:
This whole wide earth of light and shade
Comes out, a perfect round."

130. **owed to none,** bound to none, responsible to none. The word "owe" means originally 'own,' 'possess,' then 'possess that which is another's,' and thus 'be bound to him' to that extent. The first three Editions have "due to none." The expression is merely a repetition in another form of the foregoing phrase, and emphasises the claim of woman to stand alone, independent, perfect in herself.

131. **to leaven play with profit,** that our recreation may not be wholly devoid of a useful purpose. She is too serious to consent to a frivolous waste of time—there must be some higher object.

136. **dragg'd,** a metaphor from the process of searching for something in a pond or river with a leaded net.

137. **with whom ... had wrought,** on whom ... had taken effect, Cyril was merry with rather too much wine.

139. To **troll** is to sing in a loose and festive manner. **A catch** is a jovial song arranged in parts for different singers.

140. **Moll** and **Meg** are familiar corruptions of "Mary" and "Margaret" respectively.

147. **There rose ... sack'd.** This terrible simile is introduced again in *The Passing of Arthur*, 41-5—

"dim cries
Far in the moonlight haze among the hills,
As of some lonely city sack'd by night,
When all is lost, and wife and child with wail
Pass to new lords."

148. **Flee the death.** The prefixture of the definite article to this noun involves the idea of a horrible death, specially threatened. This figure, which occurs again in V. 170, is found in Shakespeare, *e.g.* in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 12. 26—

"She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death."

149-51. **as flies . dovecote-doors.** For this simile cf. Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, v. 5. 114-5—

"That, like an eagle in a dovecote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli."

154. **parting**, departing. Cf. II. 166.

162. **Rapt to the horrible fall**, carried violently towards the cataract. Cf. III. 273-5.

162-7. **a glance ... in vain.** Notice how the broken movement of these lines, the short sharp sentences, the irregular metre, and the harsh dominance of monosyllables, accentuate the strain, the struggle, and the anxiety of the action narrated. For other instances of striking metrical effect cf. II. 168-70, IV. 195, 370, 461, VI. 69, VII. 210, 230.

165. **Oaring one arm**, *i.e.* using one arm as an oar—swimming with it.

166. **The weight ... world.** Mark the exquisite irony of this line. As though his struggle in the water was rendered the harder by the fact that on the lady rested the fate of this great movement! This is the true touch of ironical banter. There is a similar passage in the Roman poet Statius, where the baby Apollo is represented as depressing by his divine weight the edge of the island of Delos as he crawls along it. Cf. 531-2, below.

170. **Mid-channel**, used adverbially, on the analogy of "midway," etc. **on**, onto, as "in" for 'into'—see note on *Prologue*, 29. Again in I. 168, VII. 323.

172. **glimmeringly**, as being hardly distinguishable in the darkness, for the sun had set some time before.

180. **Indian craft.** The natives of North America (to whom the name Indians, given originally in error, has clung ever since) astonished the European settlers in that country by their remarkable cleverness in finding their way through the huge forests of that country.

181. **beelike instinct hiveward.** The marvellous manner in which bees will return straight to their hive from a long distance has given the language the word "beeline" to denote the shortest line between two points on the earth's surface.

183. **Caryatids** are in Greek Architecture draped female figures used as pillars to support the entablature, which consists of the architrave (the chief beam resting on the pillars), the frieze (the surface decorated with figures), and the cornice (the projecting ledge above). The **weight of emblem** is therefore the allegorical adornment of the frieze. See note on II. 11. (With the form of this expression we may compare *Tiresias*, 90-1, where, speaking of massive chariots, the old Prophet exclaims—

"What a weight of war
Rides on those ringing axles!")

As to the origin of the word, it is probably derived from those maidens who took part in the famous annual festival held in honour of Artemis at Caryae in Arcadia. A late and untrustworthy story runs to the effect that, Caryae having revolted to the Persians in B.C. 480, the allied Greeks at the end of the War destroyed the city, slew the men, and led the women into captivity, and that the employment of figures of these latter instead of columns was designed to perpetuate their disgrace. Whether the honourable or the shameful origin be the true one, the word certainly means 'women of Caryae.'

184-5. **valves Of open-work,** folding-gates, consisting of a design wrought in thin bands or rods of iron, with no background, so that they can be seen through. The **hunter** is Actaeon, who, having come upon Diana bathing, was for punishment turned into a stag, when his hounds tore him to pieces. In this design his branching horns are trained above into a regular pattern, and form the spikes at the top.

191. **and up the linden walks.** To this clause we must supply a verb (such as "passed") from "Dropt" in the preceding. For this figure see note on VI. 47.

193. **Now poring ... star.** In addition to its literal meaning this line indicates the alternations of despair and hope in the Prince's heart, in this continuing the idea of the preceding line.

194-5. **till the Bear ... suns.** The "Great Bear" (also called "Charles' Wain") is a constellation of seven stars situated in the neighbourhood of the North Pole Star, round which it revolves once in twenty-four hours. The expression is therefore a poeti-

cal periphrasis for 'during a considerable portion of the night'; its heavy structure should be noticed, due to the predominance of long monosyllables, as though to emphasise the slow passage of the night-hours; for other instances of this rhetorical device cf. II. 168-70, IV. 162-7, 370, 461, VI. 69, VII. 210, 230.

200. **out of rules,** *i.e.* not in accordance with them, against them. Cf. "out of order," "out of reason," etc.

203. **a moral leper.** Florian means that, owing to the shame that had resulted from their discovery, especially from its manner, he was considered as unfit to associate with the rest of the party as a leper, who is shunned and despised of all for his physical loathsomeness.

206. **With hooded brows.** He had pulled his hood down over the upper part of his face, so that he might not be recognised.

207. **Judith** is one of the chief heroines of Jewish history. When her native town, Bethulia, was being besieged by the Assyrians under Holofernes, she made her way into the general's tent and cut off his head as he lay asleep. Florian hid himself behind a statue which represented her holding the head of the slain Assyrian in her hand. For **couch'd** see note on II. 19.

212. **knew us men,** *i.e.* knew us to be men; cf. VI. 194, VII. 320-1; also *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*, 10—

"I know you proud to bear your name."

214. **demanded.** This personal use of the word in the sense of 'interrogated' is not common; it is however found in Shakespeare, as *Othello*, v. 2. 303-4—

"demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body."

217. **either guilt,** the guilt of both.

227-8. **proper ... still the clown,** the way of the ill-bred and vile of heart, whether in low estate or high, still a scoundrel.

230. **for,** as for, as in II. 207, etc.

234. **These flashes on the surface,** these slight and superficial outbursts of thoughtless or frivolous behaviour. The metaphor is from the sea, the surface of which may be affected by the wind and other agencies, which the water below does not feel. **are not he,** are not typical of his true nature.

236-8. **But as ... such is he.** "J.C.C.," in the *Cornhill Magazine* for July, 1880, quotes a parallel occurrence of this "felicitous and ingenious simile" from Wordsworth's *Excursion*, V, where Moral Truth is characterised as—

"a thing
Subject ... to vital accidents;
And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives,

Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose head
Floats on the tossing waves."

Tennyson, referring to this in his letter to Mr. Dawson, states that the illustration was suggested to him by the sight of water-lilies in his own pond, which "did start and slide in the sudden puffs of wind till caught and stayed by the tether of their own stalks."

240. **Proctors.** See note on *Prologue*, 111-3. '**Names,**' *i.e.* 'give up your names,' the official summons to surrender.

242. **To thrid... mazes,** to dart along the intricate winding paths of the fragrant garden. "Thrid," a variant of "thread," denotes swift motion in narrow and irregular space; cf. *A Dream of Fair Women*, 243—

"Thridding the sombre boscage of the wood."

For the form **musky-circled** cf. I. 93—"dewy-tassell'd."

243. **boles.** This word is applied to the trunks of trees, especially those of large size. It is a Scandinavian word, allied to the English "ball," and used of tree-trunks from their roundness.

245. **Before me ... in flakes.** The rose-petals were torn off and scattered to the earth as he rushed through the bushes.

248. **And secret . my soul.** He could not help laughing at the utter ridiculousness of his position—a young Prince fleeing as for his life from two stalwart females armed with official authority.

250. **Mnemosyne,** Memory. In Greek Mythology the Mother of the Muses. See note on II. 13.

252. **haled,** dragged; the word is a variant of "haul."

253. **droop'd,** hung down.

255-6. **the mystic fire ... storm.** This phenomenon, commonly known as "St. Elmo's Fire," appears on the tips of masts or other pointed objects when there is much electricity in the air, and a storm is pending. Cf. *Tiresias*, 110-2—

"himself
Blood-red from battle, spear and helmet tipt
With stormy light as on a mast at sea."

The simile was no doubt suggested by the Prince's anticipation of a violent burst of moral indignation on the part of his Lady.

259. **daughters of the plough,** *i.e.* women of peasant birth, the form of the expression connoting the idea of immense strength, etc., as more definitely explained in the following lines. So we have in *Aylmer's Field*, 723—"Sons of the glebe," and in common language such expressions as "the sons of toil."

260. **blowzed,** red and coarse of complexion; the word is connected with "blush," with probably some influence on its meaning from "blow."

261. **a Druid rock.** The Druids were the Priests of the early inhabitants of Britain, possibly in a pre-British era, though Druidism long prevailed among the British themselves. The reference in the text is to the pillars of Stonehenge and similar erections, considered to be relics of this form of worship.

262-3. **a spire ... mews.** Here we have the picture of a tall sharp rock rising solitary from the plunging waves and surrounded by yelling sea-gulls. "The main" which generally signifies 'the main sea,' is here used for 'the main land.' For the curious transitive use of "wail'd" cf. II. 166—"glowing full-faced welcome," and similar uses throughout the Poem of "clang," "bulk," etc.; in the first three Editions the word used was "clang'd."

The three lines seem intended to accentuate the rough strength of these women, and their exposure to storm and sun, unharmed.

264. **clove** is the old "strong" perfect of "cleave"; cf. I. 198—"holp," VII. 17—"clomb."

265. **therebeside,** formed on the analogy of "thereby," "therefrom," etc.

269. **folded up from wrong.** The idea in these words is that as she crouched there in remorse and terror she seemed in some degree shielded from other injury.

272. **affluent,** eloquent—a richer and finer term than "fluent" (the word ordinarily applied in this sense to oratory), expressing as it does not merely facility in speaking, but also wealth and vigour of matter.

274. **my lips,** *i.e.* my advice; cf. the use of "tongue" for 'speech.'

275. **all the Castalies.** Castaly was a fountain on Parnassus, sacred to the Muses (see note on II. 13), and supposed to inspire with the gift of poetry all who drank of it. The expression thus means 'all the sources of culture.'

281. **taken,** charmed, captivated; cf. Shakespeare, *Tempest*, v. 1. 313-4—

"the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely."

282. **warmer,** more affectionate.

284-8. For the monotonous structure and rhythm of these lines cf. *Prologue*, 44-7, II. 56-8, and notes on those passages. See also note on VII. 98.

292-3. **In us ... sudden sun.** The speaker desires to lay stress on the contrast between the scheme in which she had had a hand, and which had enjoyed a natural healthy development from its well-considered inauguration, and the career of her rival, which, as the outcome of a mere spasmodic and emotional excitement,

lacked strength and vitality. The story of the gourd may be found in *Bible*, *Jonah*, IV.

295. **You stood ... mine**, by seeking to undermine my influence you damaged your own interests.

300. **her lists**, *i.e.* the number of her pupils. As we learn from II. 304, there was unconcealed rivalry between the two "sides" of the College.

302. **wolves** she calls them, as having burst ravenously into a peaceful fold.

306. **lidless**, vigilant, as never closing the eye.

307-8. **my foot Was to you**, I was just going to you.

309. The two additional syllables at the end of this line seem to impart to the latter a careless effect, as though to suggest the insultingly casual tone of the answer which the speaker attributes to her Chief; cf. a similar effect in II. 118.

310. **you had gone**, you would have gone. And the following verbs similarly.

311. **grace**, pardon.

313. **nursery is** here used in the sense of 'nursery-garden' for young plants, as we see from the next line. **still unknown**, still unexposed in her true character.

313-4. **the stem ... touchwood.** "Touchwood" is the name given to certain kinds of decayed wood, which, being exceedingly inflammable, is used to catch a spark from flint and steel. The word includes therefore the two ideas of rottenness and inflammability, in opposition to "grain," which denotes healthy, strong-fibred wood.

314. **heat**, indignation (the word being no doubt suggested by the metaphor from trees).

317. **public use**, the welfare of the College.

319. **I broke ... the sense.** Lady Blanche represents herself as having refrained from exposing Lady Psyche at once because she had calculated that the revelation would be more complete and crushing, and therefore more beneficial to the public interests, if it were left for a while, and that, as her oath of loyalty was taken with a view to the promotion of the welfare of the College, she was really observing its spirit by keeping silence for the present Her unblushing mendacity throughout the latter portion of this address must have been extremely amusing to the Prince and Florian, who knew the true condition of affairs exactly.

331. **on whom to wreak**, on whom you may wreak.

339. **The wisp ... tread.** See note on *Prologue*, 64.

344. **a vulture throat.** The vulture is a repulsive bird of prey, with a long lean neck.

345. **crooked**, probably as being warped into a sneer.

346-7. **I built ... the cuckoo.** The reference here is to the fact that the cuckoo does not build a nest for itself, but deposits its eggs in that of some other bird, the sparrow for preference, to whom also it leaves the task of rearing the young bird. There are several references to this curious practice in Shakespeare, as in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 849—

"Why should . . .
... hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?"

The speaker means that she has undergone all the labour connected with the establishment of the institution, and now her rival is to enter into the enjoyment of its results.

347. **updrag**, a word apparently coined by Tennyson; cf. also his "upbreak," "up-climb," "upjet."

352. **A Niobëan daughter.** According to the old legend, Niobe was Queen of Thebes, and had twelve children; proud of this number, she exulted over Leto, who had only two, Apollo and Artemis, whereupon these latter slew all her family, and the Queen herself, mourning their loss, was changed into a stone, which yet continued to bewail her cruel fate. She is thus the "tearful mother" of antiquity, and was a favourite subject with ancient artists. The adjective in the text stands therefore for 'agonised'; cf. "Valkyrian" in 121, above.

353. **Appealing to the bolts of Heaven**, *i.e.* for sudden vengeance on her persecutors.

358. **chalk'd**, a very striking expression for 'blanched,' as indeed are also **Stared** and **wing'd** to denote respectively the wild consternation in her face and the vehement swiftness of her flight up the hall.

361. **in her lion's mood**, in her imperial storm of wrath. "Lion's" is here virtually an adjective—'kingly-savage'; cf. VI. 130—"mother's hunger," also *To ——, After Reading a Life and Letters*, 27-8—

"My Shakespeare's curse on clown and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest!"

where the expression refers to the fact that the "curse" is quoted from the inscription on Shakespeare's grave-stone. From whom we may quote another instance of the use of this figure—*Comedy of Errors*, iii. 1. 74—"I'll break your knave's pate."

362. **with blind surmise**, with vague conjecture, there being nothing to indicate the character of their contents.

365-7. **As of some fire .. in the heavens.** The reference is to destruction of hay or other harvest produce as occasionally practised in times of disturbance by labourers, who, exasperated by real or fancied injuries, thus revenge themselves upon their land-

lords or employers. The sky, lit up by the lurid glow of the flames, is regarded by a curious conceit of the Poet's as reflecting the anger of the incendiary.

370. The strikingly irregular metre of this line—trochees in the first, second, and fourth feet—is designed to indicate the hurried and confused beating of her heart. Cf. for similar metrical effects II. 168-70, IV. 162-7, 195, 461, VI. 69, VII. 210, 230.

378. **two letters.** Notice the strongly accentuated contrast between the tones of these two characteristic letters—Gama's gentle, respectful, querulous, not venturing even on a suggestion to his imperious daughter—the Northern King's sharp, strong, peremptory.

391. **the woman is the better man.** This is a sort of pun, dependent on the twofold meaning of the word "man"—one sexual, the other generic (cf. the use of the word "horse"); the hard-headed old King, knowing what his own strong views are, makes use of this expression with no small sense of satisfaction, as seemingly finally to settle the question.

393. **kick against,** rise in revolt against.

399-446. This splendid burst of impassioned eloquence, in which the Prince gives expression at last to the long-pent emotion of his tumultuous heart, is one of the finest and most resonant passages in our Literature.

400. **golden,** here used, as commonly, to denote that which is precious and excellent and glorious in any respect; cf. Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 2. 120—"the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy"; *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 7. 20—

"A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross";

Macbeth i. 7. 32-3—

"I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people."

And the refrain of *Recollections of the Arabian Nights* runs—

"the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid."

Cf. also V. 186, and see note on 57-8 above.

401. **regal compact,** and therefore more sacred, if possible, than the promise of another man; cf. V. 215. That a King, as the vice-gerent of God on earth, must be specially above all suspicion of treachery, cowardice, and other forms of meanness, is a doctrine that is insisted upon with great earnestness by both Shakespeare and Tennyson.

405. **Tho' man, yet human.** He means that, though he is of that sex against whose tyranny her life is one vehement protest, he is also one of the greater family of humanity, and as such is in an attitude towards her of harmony, not of antagonism.

409. **Vague** does not refer to the actual appearance of the moon, but to the ignorance of the baby as to its real character, just as the Prince was only aware from second-hand evidence that there was a splendid bride waiting for him, though he knew her not of himself.

409-10. **You stoop'd ... high places.** In this sumptuous figure the Prince alludes to the impression of his earliest days that he seemed to receive inspiration from the spirit of his idealised Lady, throned in the Heavens.

414. **The leader wildswan.** The Wild Swan is a magnificent bird, measuring five feet in length and eight across its expanded wings. It is also known as the Hooper or Singing Swan, from its loud though musical note. These birds fly in a wedgelike figure, following the course set them by their "leader."

415. **clang**, sing with clear, resonant voice; see note on II. 166, and cf. III. 90, etc. **wreaths of glowworm light.** The allusion here is to the phosphorescence observable sometimes during calm weather on the surface of the sea. This luminous appearance is due to the presence in the water of innumerable minute animalcules which emit a pale greenish diffusive light. The glowworm affords a parallel among insects of the air. **lapt** and **wreaths** are words admirably selected with reference to the delicacy and paleness of the phenomenon, while **mellow** and **murmur'd** suggest the peacefulness of the summer night.

In these ten lines the Prince illustrates and elaborates his avowal that his life has been and is less his own than hers whom he loves – from his babyhood upwards all the beautiful sights and sounds and influences of Nature had only served to nourish and strengthen his affection for his unknown betrothed, until she seemed more and more to have grown an integral part of himself and to dominate his whole existence.

417-9. **had you been ... Hades.** Cassiopeia was a mythical Queen of Ethiopia, and her name is now given to a constellation near the North Pole Star. With the splendid word "sphered" (='set as a star'—the expression occurs also in Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida* i. 3. 90—of the Sun) we may compare "starr'd" in the following passage from Milton's *Il Penseroso*, 19-21, referring to the same legend—

"That starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.'

Cf. a parallel use of "bulk'd" in V. 142. Persephone was the wife of Hades, King of the Lower World, which is itself known by his name. The Prince means that he would have won his way to the utmost recesses of Heaven and Hell to find her.

420. **Those winters of abeyance**, that dreary period of

inactivity and suspense. So "winter" is used to express the idea of tediousness and depression in Shakespeare, *Richard III.* i. 1. 1-2—

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York."

"Abeyance" is a legal term signifying temporary suspense.

422. **frequence**, crowded assembly—a rare word, taken straight from the Latin; cf. Milton, *Paradise Regained*, I. 128, II. 130—"in full frequence."

426. A **landskip** is an extent of land, from the Dutch *landschap*. The word generally appears in English as "landscape," though the spelling of the text is the older and more correct.

426-7. **after seen ... presage**, which were afterwards recognised to be feeble and disappointing in comparison with what I had been led by rumour to expect of them. Cf. I. 72—"less than fame."

427-9. **tho' when known ... worth knowing**. He refers here to the less obvious and more delicate beauties that only a closer acquaintance with an object can discover. The relative pronoun is omitted before "made" by a common ellipse; cf. *St. Simeon Stylites*, 48—

"Shew me the man hath suffer'd more than I."

It is of frequent occurrence in Shakespeare, as in *Measure for Measure*, ii. 2. 34—

"I have a brother is condemned to die."

430. **My boyish dream.** The first two Editions read "Mine old ideal," for which see note on II. 38. **involved**, rolled round, as the less is lost in the greater. In **dazzled down** and **master'd** the metaphor is changed to that of a weakling overpowered by superior splendour or strength.

431. **that** is used in reference to his doctrine enunciated above.

435-6. **as they say ... music.** This is a fact; the seal, like certain other animals, is strongly attracted by musical sounds.

443. **with system**, with artificial devices.

445. **clench'd**, literally 'tightly gripped,' whence here 'determined.'

452-3. **As waits ... with foam.** The simile is designed to convey the idea of irresistible and ruinous vehemence only just restrained from overflow by a fragile barrier.

456-7 **from the illumined . slanted.** It must be borne in mind that this scene took place after midnight. The Princess is sitting in judgment in the Hall, but the greater number of the girls are outside in the quadrangle, which is illuminated by the lights of the Hall streaming through the windows.

461. This line seems to begin, like 370, above, with two trochees, but a closer examination of its structure will show that it is even more irregular than that line, containing indeed apparently a whole extra foot. It is not however to be scanned as six-footed, but thus:—

Fluctuat | ed as flowers | in storm | some red | some pale.

Here the third foot is the only real iambus, the first being a dactyl, the second an anapaest, and the fourth and fifth spondees. This tumultuous disorder is a fine rhetorical effect, expressing and emphasising the wild panic of the girls. For similar cases of sympathy between sound and sense cf. II. 168-70, IV. 162-7, 195, 370, VI. 69, VII. 210, 230.

465. **they cared not.** This clause is, with the two that precede it, dependent on "crying" in 463.

466. **Babel.** The reference is to the "Confusion of Tongues," as narrated in *Bible*, *Genesis*, XI. 1-9.

468. **looking peace,** another "cognate" construction in form, in meaning half 'looking peacefully,' half 'shedding peace'; cf. "Glares ruin," in 474, below.

472-5. **Fixt like a beacon-tower ... dead.** A beacon-tower is a structure with a revolving light, erected on a dangerous coast to warn vessels that may approach too near. "Glares ruin" (cf. "looking peace" in 468, above) expresses the fierce red blaze that indicates the dangerousness of its neighbourhood. The light is fatally attractive to sea-birds, which dash themselves against the thick glass and fall dead into the water; cf. *Enoch Arden*, 729-31—

"Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life."

The simile was of course suggested by the lady's strength and calmness, unshaken by the danger surging round; cf. V. 336-40.

478. **dare,** defy.

480. **there are those ... they come.** She refers to her brothers.

481. **like,** likely, as commonly in poetry.

482. **maiden.** This word has in this passage a double force, referring both to the fact that up to that time there had arisen no occasion of conflict (cf. "maiden speech"), and to the nature of the struggle as in defence of the rights of womankind.

484. **protomartyr** is the title applied to whoever is the first to fall in defence of a cause; thus St. Stephen is the protomartyr of Christianity.

486. **Six thousand years,** being roughly, according to the Jewish chronology, the age of the world at the present time;

this system, which assigns the Creation to the year B.C. 4004, was long accepted by Europe generally.

493. **household stuff**, part of the domestic stock.

494. **Live chattels**, animate utensils. Cf. the Slavonian definition of woman—"a living broom or shovel" (quoted by Ralston, *Songs of the Russian People*).

494-5. **mincers ... poison**, spiteful slanderers of their kind.

495-6. **turnspits .. football.** In these trenchant phrases the speaker reminds them that a wife may be subjected by a brutal husband to degrading work or even to physical cruelty. "Clown" is a word of Scandinavian origin, and denotes a man of coarse temper and unrefined manners. A "spit" is a long pointed spike on which meat is fixed for roasting; "turnspit" thus denotes one who is set to cook the food; the word is specially applied to a variety of dog, formerly employed in this work.

496. **laughing-stocks of Time.** Time has here a capital letter, and must be considered as personified, as in II. 356; the idea is that, if women remain "no wiser than their mothers," they will afford a constant subject of ridicule to one whose experience is commensurate with the history of the world.

497. **Whose brains ... heels.** She means that under the existing order of things women are debarred from all opportunities of ennobling thought, and that their only sphere of activity is manual labour and frivolous amusement.

500. **For ever .. abroad.** This line sums up the preceding diatribe—women are degraded to menial work in the house, and unable to take a rational interest in anything that goes on in the wider world without.

503. **cruel**, as being an ironical suggestion of brightness when the whole face of the earth is dominated by storm. We have a smile compared to light again in V. 261.

505. **floated** denotes her queenly dignity.

510. **bitter thanks**, *i.e.* thanks, the expression of which wrings the heart of the speaker. That she owed her life to this man was a cruel truth that she could not deny; he had done what no woman would have had the strength for.

512. **Then men had said—.** She was probably about to say that men would in that case have acknowledged that she had died nobly, a martyr to her cause; this is true, but it is doubtful if the verdict of the public would have been favourable to her—the catastrophe would merely have shown up the weakness of her scheme. Perhaps it was the recognition of this that made her break off.

516. **grosser ... bears.** The animal here referred to is the

Brown Bear, a rough uncouth beast, found in the north of Europe.

522. **veins.** Here we have another curious formation of a transitive verb from a noun (cf. V. 142—"bulk'd"; VI. 289—"mob"). A "vein" in Mineralogy and Geology is a thin streak or course of some substance through another; here it is used as a verb in the sense of 'run throughout.'

528. **every spoken tongue,** every language spoken by men throughout the world. **lord,** address as lord; cf. Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, v. 3. 11—

> "This last old man
> Loved me above the measure of a father,
> Nay, godded me indeed."

529. **address'd,** directed, now obsolete in this special connection; found in Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, i. 4. 15—

> "Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her";

and Milton, *Paradise Lost*, IX. 496—

> "So spake the enemy of mankind ...
> . . . and toward Eve
> Address'd his way."

531-2. **their heavy hands destiny.** With this almost jocular identification of destiny and the hands of these women with respect to weight cf. 166, above, and note.

541-5. **The jest ... were not.** See *Introduction*, xxxiv-xl.

549-53. **I was one ... sunrise.** The expression has reference to the peculiar solar phenomena observable in extreme northern latitudes. The Arctic Circle is a line running round the earth at a distance of 23° 28′ from the North Pole (66° 32′ from the Equator). At every point within this Circle there is at least one day in the year on which the sun remains visible for the whole twenty-four hours, and at least one on which it is out of sight for the whole twenty-four hours. The duration of daylight and of darkness at any point depends for its length upon the distance of that point from the Pole. At a point on the Circle the sun is visible continuously for only one whole day, viz., 21st June, and similarly on 21st December it does not appear above the horizon at all. The continuous duration of light during the summer and of darkness during the winter increases in proportion as the traveller moves northwards, until at the Pole itself the sun is visible continuously every year from 21st March to 23rd September, and invisible continuously during the other six months. The expression "set into sunrise" thus denotes that the disappearance of the sun does not, as with us, bring on the night, but another day immediately. The phenomenon is due to the fact that the Ecliptic is not on the same plane as the Equator, but crosses and recrosses it at an angle of 23° 28′.

The Prince means therefore that he was naturally of a cheerful and buoyant disposition, which no misfortune could depress for more than a very short time.

INTERLUDE.

9. **possess'd,** inspired, an expression that has survived from the days when Demonology was commonly believed in.

11-2. **feigning ... sublime.** She is conscious of the vein of delicate banter that has run through the narrative up to this point, and feels it the more from the mock-heroic style in which the subject is treated. This wounds her feminine dignity, and she clamours for the introduction of a new tone—let the story be from this point more seriously developed.

13-4. **Like one .. music.** In certain dances this is the signal given to the musicians when one "figure" is completed and another is to begin.

21. **like a model ... hand.** When taken off and laid by her it had preserved the shape of her hand.

25. **Tyrol,** which lies north of Italy and south of Bavaria, is one of the most picturesque and romantic districts of Europe.

26. **assumed,** took up the part of; cf. I. 136.

V.

2. **a stationary voice.** The form of this expression is derived from the Latin. It means of course 'the voice of a sentinel at his post.'

4. **The second two,** for Cyril and Psyche had already arrived.

6. **glimmering lanes** refers to the lines of tents, now dimly visible in the darkness. **led,** *i.e.* led the way.

7. **Threading.** Cf. IV. 242.

8-10. **The drowsy folds .. war.** The great banner was not clamouring for war, as it might be fantastically represented as doing in a high wind, but drooping in the still night-air, so that the lions blazoned on its folds seemed in their sleep hardly to whisper of the fury and tumult of battle—still what slight sound the banner did emit was essentially martial through association.

11. **half-blind** expresses the effect of the verb **Dazed**; see note on "starr'd" in IV. 60.

13. **innumerous,** a poetical variant of 'innumerable'; cf. Milton, *Comus*, 349—

"In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.'

14. **hissing,** whispering.

15. **strangled** denotes the effort that they made to keep down their irreverent laughter.

16. **etiquette** is used to signify propriety of social conduct, good manners. Ordinarily this consideration would restrain the nobles and officers from noticing openly the Prince's ridiculous plight, but on this occasion the ludicrous spectacle was too much for them, and after a slight attempt at the preservation of their gravity they burst out unrestrainedly.

18. **their baldness**, their bald heads, formed on sportive analogy from such expressions as "Their Highnesses."

20. **heaved and blew** admirably describes the effect of violent laughter on stout men of middle age.

21. The **Squire** was in the days of Chivalry a young man of good birth who was attached to the person of a Knight and had charge of his armour, etc., growing up under his tuition until such time as he should himself attain knighthood. **gilded** refers to his gorgeous dress; cf. the description of the Squire in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, *Prologue*, 89-90—

"Embroidered was he, as it were a mead
All full of freshe flowers white and red."

roll'd. Extreme paroxysms of emotion, whether pleasurable or painful in nature, deprive the subject for the time being of the power of maintaining an erect or normal position.

23. **from weary sides.** Long-continued laughter causes the sides to ache even to the production of actual pain; cf. Milton, *L'Allegro*, 32—"Laughter holding both his sides."

25. **draggled**, wet and dirty—used of one who has been dragged through water or mud with his clothes on. **mawkin** is a term used of a kitchen-maid or a girl employed in other menial work--here one who tends pigs. The word is a diminutive of "Mary" (through "Mary-kin"); cf. the parallel usage of "Jack." In *The Last Tournament* we have the spelling "malkin," a diminutive of "Mall" or "Moll."

28. **More ... sheath.** The petals of the poppy, when they first appear after the falling apart of the sepals, present an exceed ingly crumpled appearance, the result of their long confinement in such narrow space.

29. **disprinced.** See note on *Prologue*, 68-70.

30. **beneath his vaulted palm**, *i.e.* hollowing his hand over his mouth.

36. **ferule**, the master's cane.

37. **transient**, passing—a very curious use of an adjective as though it were a present participle—as indeed this word is in the original Latin.

38. **slough**, the skin thrown off by a snake at his periodical renovation. The word is commonly used in metaphor, as in Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5. 132—"cast thy humble slough and appear fresh." (Note.—This word rhymes with "enough," "slough" in the sense of a muddy pit, as in 431 below, with "bough").

39. **scale**. This word is applied to a certain variety of armour composed of small plates of steel or other metal (here gold), which overlap each other like the scales of a fish.

45. **resolder'd**, repaired—literally 'made complete again' (derived from "solid").

56. **All her fair ... ground**, a quasi-adverbial expression; cf. II. 27.

57. **a follower of the camp**. She would be one of the large crowd that generally follows a camp without being officially connected with it—sutlers, washerwomen, etc.

64-5. **Sweet is it .. ways**. He means that it affords great consolation in misfortune to be conscious that one has acted rightly.

67. **nameless**, inexpressible.

69. **a folded voice**. This phrase is in grammatical agreement with "she," the lady being for the moment identified with her voice; cf. VII. 9-10.

70-2. **brows as pale ... marble**. The reference is to marble figures of Angels or Virtues mourning over the dead, such as occasionally form part of the design of a Christian monument. The marble is spoken of as "deathless," not so much from the enduring nature of the material as from the exquisite character of the workmanship, which should ensure it undying renown, the point of the epithet being emphasised by contrast with the dead that lies beneath.

74. **why kept ye not your faith?** This refers to the failure of the three men to leave the College as quickly as they could, according to their promise (II. 275-80).

87. **hard**, stern and cruel, as explained in the two following lines.

90. **Ill** is not now used in this sense of morally evil, though commonly in Shakespeare, as in 2 *Henry IV*. i. 2. 162—"You follow the young prince up and down like his ill angel," and *The Tempest*, i. 2. 459—

"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

Its attributive use in this passage, and in VI. 54, is also a conscious archaism, for a parallel to which in modern parlance we must go to proverbs and other familiar quotations of old standing.

105. **Like tender ... death.** This is the custom of certain delicate insects and other small creatures, notably beetles.

106. **By this,** *sc.* 'time,' as commonly in Elizabethan verse.

110. **at parle,** engaged in conference; the proposition "at" is here used, "parle" being considered a condition (cf. "at rest"); in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, i. 1. 62, the latter word is used for the interview itself, with the preposition "in."

112-5. **You have spoilt .. or war.** This passage originally ran—

"You have spoilt this girl; she laughs at you and man:
She shall not legislate for Nature, king,
But yields, or war."

113. **She wrongs herself,** *i.e.* by this unnatural resolve to forego wedded life, **her sex,** by sowing amongst them these monstrous notions of equality with men, **and me, and him,** by her refusal to cleave to her contract.

120. **the abuse of war.** The Prince has no objections to war itself, but he recognises the terrible character of its almost inevitable accompaniments - widespread devastation and destruction of the innocent, and he is most anxious not to prejudice his personal cause in the eyes of his lady by any association with such calamities. For this, the original, sense of the word "abuse," cf. *A Dirge*, 44—

"God's great gift of speech abused."

121. **year,** harvest; cf. the use of "every clime and age" in *Prologue*, 16.

122-3. **the household .. lintel** refers to the loss by brutal violence of some dearly loved member of the family circle, a calamity of not unfrequent occurrence in the course of a campaign, when licence is rife, and humanity practically in abeyance.

123. **common,** endured by all her people.

124-5. **A smoke . monster.** Notice how in this expression the actual smoke ascending from the burning houses and granaries suggests, and is almost identified with, the moral distorting medium through which he fears the Princess will thenceforth regard him. The reference is to the fact that the intervention of smoke or mist between the eye and the object regarded causes the latter to appear blurred and its size magnified; cf. *Enoch Arden*, 680-2—

"Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place";

and *Guinevere*, 594-9—

"and more and more
The moony vapour rolling round the king,

Who seem'd the phantom of a giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom";

and *In Memoriam*, XXIV. 9-10—

"And is it that the haze of grief
Makes former gladness loom so great?"

125. **lightens**, flashes from her violent eyes; the Poet has used the word in other places personally, but not transitively—for a parallel use to that in the text we must go to Shakespeare, *Richard II.* iii. 3. 68-70—

"Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty."

129. **general**, like "common" in 123, above.

132. **shards**, fragments, especially of brick or other earthware. **catapults** were contrivances employed by the ancients, and occasionally during the Middle Ages prior to the invention of gunpowder, for the hurling of large stones and other missiles against walled cities. The action of these engines was produced by means of a long strong lever attached to an axis, which, having been tightly stretched with twisted ropes, was suddenly let go. As the Poem was originally published, this line was followed by another of equal vigour, which has for some reason been omitted since the second Edition—

"And dusted down your domes with mangonels,"

the latter being engines of similar character to the catapult.

133-4. **or brought ... my lord**. The extravagant language in which the Prince expresses his entire submission to his lady accentuates the irony of the suggestion that he should go and take her captive by force of arms.

135-8. **but brooding turn ... to death**. The metaphor is a very curious one—she is imagined as continually turning over and over the pages of the book that contains the record of her injuries, and his small chance as an insect hovering about her, certain before long to be caught between the leaves and crushed.

140. **his iron hills**, as though in his own home, to which he had retired to die forgotten, the very scenery itself was of iron.

141. **ribs of wreck**. The appropriateness of this expression is obvious to any one who has seen the remains of a wrecked ship on the shore, when the planking and the lighter woodwork generally has rotted away or been removed; there is then left a skeleton, the keel and the curved beams rising from it at regular intervals on each side bearing a strong resemblance to the backbone and the ribs respectively.

142-3. Or like ... molten out. The mammoth (a Tatar word that has come to us through the Russian) was a colossal beast of the elephant kind that inhabited in ancient times the countries to the north of Europe and Asia. The species has been long extinct, but mammoths' bones are frequently discovered in these parts, and even perfect specimens, hair and all, have been brought back to human sight after the lapse of centuries by the melting of ice-banks in Siberia. **bulk'd**, a vigorous word invented to suit a special occasion (cf. IV. 522—"veins," VI. 289—"mob"); we may paraphrase 'laid up in bulk.'

145-51. Boy, when I hear ... for shame! In the first two Editions these lines did not appear, their place being occupied by only one—

"They prize hard knocks and to be won by force."

146. That idiot legend. [The legend of the Sorcerer:

"There lived an ancient legend in our house."

Canto I., l. 5. H. T.]

152-3. Boy, there's no rose ... dare not do. For other references to this fundamental principle of sexual attraction we may compare, out of innumerable passages, *The Gardener's Daughter*, 7-14, in which,

"by some law that holds in love, and draws
The greater to the lesser,"

Eustace, the broad muscular man that "might have sat for Hercules," loves and is loved by the slight and fragile Juliet, "a miniature of loveliness," and the story of Othello and Desdemona, who were in like manner attracted each to the other by qualities lacking in themselves respectively—indeed, when the Moor exclaims—

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed,"

he enunciates the very principle stated in the text.

154. Breathing and **sounding** are two more instances of verbs used with "cognate" objects; cf. II. 166, and note. These lines refer to the general atmosphere of war that envelopes the warrior, partly in fact, partly in the sympathetic imagination of his admirers.

157. dash'd with death, bespattered with blood; cf. Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1. 206—

"Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe" (=death).

As "death" is used here for 'blood,' so is it for 'poison' in VI. 260, and for 'knife' in *The Dream of Fair Women*, 115. In 325 below we have "life" used similarly for 'blood.' This substitution for the natural word of one which, though not strictly appropriate, intensifies the effect of the expression, is derived from Classical usage.

162. **a cherry net.** Fruit trees in England are commonly protected by light nets against the depredations of birds.

163. **gossamer.** This word is primarily applied to an extremely fine cobweb, the work of certain small spiders in clear calm weather, especially in summer and autumn. Thence it is used of gauze or some other thin light fabric, which is its meaning in this passage. It is probably the corruption of "goose-summer," transposed from "summer-goose," which name it obtained from the downy character of the film and the season of its appearance.

166-7. **What dares .. The soldier?** What element of cowardice is there in Ida that should cause her to value courage in others? This is in answer to the doctrine enunciated by the King in 152-8, above.

168. **storming in extremes,** under the influence of violent passion; cf. Shakespeare, 3 *Henry VI.* iii. 1. 115—

"By so much is the wonder in extremes."

169-70. **flung ... to man.** In the days of Chivalry defiance was expressed by the casting down of a glove; whoever desired to accept the challenge signified his mind by taking it up. The glove so treated was called a "gage" (*i.e.* pledge); see the account of the ceremony in Shakespeare, *Richard II.* i. 1.

170. **the death.** See note on IV. 148.

172. **clash** expresses the rough careless classification of the old King.

176. **silken.** See note on IV. 49.

177-9. **their sinless faith ... satyr.** Just as the pure moon shines on beauty and filth alike, making the former still more beautiful, and investing the latter with a charm that it does not of itself possess, so does the love of woman not confine itself to worthy objects, but often settles on the vile and coarse, whom it seems thereby to exalt and refine.

179-80. **whence .. culture,** hence the need for their more liberal education, that they may be enabled to place their affections right.

181. **the law within,** conscience, the intuitive recognition of right and wrong; cf. *In Memoriam,* XXXIII. 14.

182. **Severer ... life,** more scrupulous in their observance of strict principles.

183. **magnetic,** susceptible.

185. **whole,** perfect.

185-7. **some serene ... artists,** some flawless product of the supremest genius in its highest moments of inspiration. For "golden" see note on IV. 400.

190. **miscellany** is used here to denote a careless mixture of diverse elements.

191. **great heart,** noble impulses.

195. **mooted,** debated, disputed, from Anglo-Saxon *mot*, meeting.

199-200. **we did not rate ... with blows.** The course of Gama's love had run more calmly and evenly than that of the Prince seemed to be doing.

204. **He seems.** From this point he addresses the old King.

211. **goblins** are in popular imagination fairies or wood-sprites, supposed to take occasionally a capricious though not unkindly interest in human affairs; cf. Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 32-57.

213. **grange.** See notes on I. 109, II. 188.

215. **our royal word upon it.** See note on IV. 401.

216. **lines,** a technical term for the enclosure of a camp.

219. **ours,** our party.

222. **Foursquare.** This expression, denoting the best conformation for sturdy resistance, is used again in the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, 39, where the "last great Englishman" is spoken of as

"that tower of strength
Which stood foursquare to all the winds that blew."

225. **so much as,** a phrase studiedly vague, to convey the idea of the King's extreme distrust of Gama's proposal—his consent was not so much given as not positively withheld.

227. **rings of Spring.** The reference is to the fact that with each year of life certain trees, as the oak, receive the addition to their trunks of a new layer of wood; these successive layers form a series of concentric rings, and by counting the number of these in a section of the trunk the age of the tree may be estimated; cf. *The Talking Oak*, 83-4, where the tree says—

"tho' I circle in the grain
Five hundred rings of years,"

and again, in 173-4—

"And even into my inmost ring
A pleasure I discern'd."

In the text before us the Prince means of course that from the gigantic size of the trees under which they rode he supposed them to be not less than a thousand years old.

229. **Valentines.** In the Pagan days of old Rome the fourteenth of February was observed as a Feast-day in honour of the advent of spring and the reawakening of Nature after her long winter

sleep. After the establishment of Christianity the Feast was continued, but invested with a semi-religious character by being placed under the patronage of Valentine, the Saint and Martyr (A.D. 270), whose "day" fell on that date. This being the season when birds begin to mate, Valentine soon grew to be regarded as the Patron Saint of lovers, and it was long the custom - not yet wholly extinct—for young people to send one another on that day love-letters bearing his name, which was subsequently applied to the lovers themselves; allusion to this practice is common in our older Literature; cf. Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. 1. 138-9—

"Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?"

and *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 47-50—

"To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine."

In the text before us the word means 'love-messages,' 'songs of love.'

231. **oozed.** This is a very striking word to designate the vehement anxiety of Gama to be pleasant—his compliments and courtesies percolated through him as water through a porous jar. Cf. *Sea Dreams*, 150-2—

"And then began to bloat himself, and ooze
All over with the fat affectionate smile
That makes the widow lean."

234. **Gather'd by night and peace.** Dew is formed during the night in still weather; the preposition is therefore used here in two slightly different senses; cf. Shakespeare, *Othello*, i. 1. 77-8—

"As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities."

The whole passage means that as the morning breezes blew upon them the dews were shaken from their helmets.

240-4. **The horses ... banner.** Notice the fire and vigour of the language of these lines: cf. the description of the fight in 472-531, below.

246. **Such thews of men,** such muscular men—a Classical idiom. "Thew" is derived from the root *tu*, to be strong.

247-8. **all about ... his sister,** a beautiful expression to designate the strong likeness that frequently exists between a brother and a sister extremely dissimilar in general appearance.

250. **the airy Giant's zone.** Orion was a giant hunter of Boeotia. The three bright stars in the constellation that bears his name

are called his "belt." The next line has reference to the fact that Orion shines most brightly in the winter.

252-4. **And as the fiery ... as they came.** Sirius is the Greek name for the Dog-Star, the brightest in the heavens, which when low down assumes a great variety of colours. The phrase "wash'd with morning," which denotes in the first instance the glistening of the dew on the warrior's helmets ("J. C. C.," in the *Cornhill Magazine*, January, 1880, compares Browning, *Old Pictures in Florence*—"Washed by the morning water-gold"), seems to refer also to, or to have been suggested by, the fact that this star is brightest and most radiant when nearest the horizon—as Homer puts it, "when newly risen from the bath of Ocean."

253. **bickers.** This verb means originally 'skirmish,' here 'flash' or 'glisten.' In *The Brook* it is used of the hurried prattling of the water over the stones.

254. **morions**, helmets, from the Spanish.

255. **prated.** In his changed mood he uses of himself the same scornful word that his father had chosen (145, above) to express his contempt of his son's want of martial energy.

261. **A common light of smiles.** Cf. IV. 502-3.

262-3. **ere the windy jest ... lungs**, a phrase admirably expressive of the gradual recovery of a stout man from a violent attack of laughter. This passage and much of the next forty lines appeared first in the third Edition of the Poem (1850).

266. **'sdeath!** Contracted from "God's death!" a reference to the crucifixion of Christ; cf. "Zounds!" ('God's wounds!'), etc.

271. **She flies too high**, her aims seem extravagant.

282. **by candle-light.** This has long been an element in the ritual of the Church.

283-5. **St. something ... princess too.** The reference is to St Catharine of Alexandria, an almost, if not wholly, mythical personage, round whose name has grown up a vast amount of legendary lore. She is said to have lived about the beginning of the fourth century, and to have been the daughter of Costus, the half-brother of Constantine, by Sabinella, Queen of Egypt, whom she succeeded on the throne of that country—this story is of course entirely without historical warrant. She was remarkable for her learning and culture, which have won for her the title of the Patron Saint of Philosophy, and especially of ladies of high birth who pursue this study. According to the commonly received legend, the Emperor Maxentius (or, as some say, Maximin) sent the fifty wisest men of his court to convert her from Christianity, but she confuted them all with their own weapons of scholarly rhetoric, and won them over to her faith.

287. **foughten**, an archaic form of the participle, found in Shakespeare, *Henry V.* iv. 6. 16—"this glorious and well-foughten field"; cf. also *The Coming of Arthur*, 134-5—

> "Then quickly from the foughten field he sent
> Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere."

293. **And fingering ... lip.** This action may be invested with a most exasperatingly contemptuous manner.

296. **clench'd**, settled, secured—a strong word implying sudden and complete success in the action referred to.

298-9. **touch'd upon the point ... shame.** The Prince means that, in the face of this sneer he had not the courage to abide by the decision which his better judgment had approved. "Idle" seems to mean 'thoughtless.' Most young men of spirit would, under such a charge, have acted on the spur of the moment in the same manner, and, to rebut a scornful reflection upon their physical courage, have consented to an act of moral cowardice.

304. **Hungry ... king.** Notice how vigorous this line rings through the assonance of the two epithets. The second "for" means 'on behalf of'—every captain is keen to avenge an insult to his King.

306. **breathe**, (cause to breathe, exhaust, hence) indulge in violent exercise; cf. *Prologue*, 113.

308-14. **for this wild wreath ... compact.** The Prince, now once more master of himself, recurs again to the foolish and hopeless character of this suggestion that the matter be decided by a tournament; hence his bitter tone of sarcasm and despair:—'"For honour," you say? Ay, indeed—it is little else will be gained by it! What a strange illusion is this "honour"—that sounds so well and seems to look so bright! How shallow and unsubstantial a phantom it is, hovering over our foolish and miserable actions, and seeming to gild and glorify them! For myself, I see that either way I am doomed to lose my lady. However, "for honour" be it!' Cf. Falstaff on the same subject (Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV.* v. 1. 134-5)—"What is honour? A word. What is that word honour? Air."

316. **missive** may mean here either 'letter' or 'messenger,' probably the latter; cf. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, i. 5. 5-7—"Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor'."

317. **by the word**, in her own words.

319. **her false ... pool.** As the duck does not hatch her own eggs, they are committed to a hen, who hatches them with her own and rears the two broods together, apparently unconscious that they are not all her own until the ducklings throw over her authority and take to the water on their own account.

324. flush. There are two verbs "flush," one meaning 'redden,' the other 'drench': although the former is that primarily used in this passage, it seems not improbable that the Poet intended a blending of the two. In the same way it would not be "considering too curiously" to suppose that **babbling** may also have a double intention, in the first place indicating (cf. note on IV. 60—"starr'd") the fine full gushing condition that these women will find their wells in if they persevere in their preposterous folly, and in the second conveying a scornful reference to the ridiculous nonsense that pervades the whole chattering Institution. In illustration of this double intention we may compare *In Memoriam*, LXIV. 22, where "vocal" is, in addition to its primary reference to the light rippling murmur of the water, susceptible of a further moral interpretation—'whispering to him of future greatness.'

325. life, here used for 'blood,' as is "death" in 157, above.

336-40. standing like a stately Pine ... to the vale. Notice this expressive simile—the roaring collision of two wild torrents, and, at the point where they plunge together into the whirl below, a single tall graceful Pine, unmoved by the tumult, though standing on a slight and narrow foothold in the midst of the conflict; cf. IV 472-5.

345. Himself .. lads. This line is of course the indirect repetition of the King's exclamation, introduced by the word **cry.** With the expression "tilt it" we may compare Shakespeare's "queen it," "revel it," "daub it," "fool it," and numerous other phrases of like formation, designed to produce a peculiar emphasis, graphic, fantastic, or otherwise. The "it" in such cases is called a "cognate" object, and seems to stand for some noun of which the idea is present, though hazily, in the speaker's mind. In the present case, which is merely a more graphic form of the not uncommon expression "fight it out," we may explain "it" as a reference to the quarrel, though the speaker is not distinctly conscious of this when he makes use of the phrase. With this use of "out" cf. that of "up" in IV. 112, etc.

347. age and state, his advanced years and high position, both which considerations forbade him to risk his life unnecessarily.

351. the field. The definite article is used because, though the field has not been mentioned before, the tourney of which it is to be the scene is occupying all men's minds as a matter settled upon.

355. valves, folding-gates, as in IV. 184, though here they are not of open-work, but solid, with the design wrought in relief (see note on II. 10).

355-6. Tomyris ... after fight. She was Queen of the Massagetae,

a tribe against whom Cyrus planned a wanton expedition of conquest.' Having solemnly warned him to desist, she at last gave him battle. He was slain on the field, and she then took his head and dipping it in a skin of blood bade him, since he was so bloodthirsty, drink his fill therefrom. The story which forms the subject of this ominous design is told by Herodotus (I. 214).

358. **the lists,** *i.e.* the enclosure designed for the combat, with the barriers, railings, etc., and the seats round for the spectators. For a full and graphic description of the arrangements of tourney-lists see Scott's *Ivanhoe*, chapter VIII.

361-3. **in a royal hand ... Oration-like.** In a crisis like this she naturally feels herself called upon to be strong, but her natural affections assert themselves in despite of her resolution, and her sonorous periods are penned with a quivering hand.

366. **those ... feet.** See note on II. 118.

367-8. **lands in which ... a scourge.** Allusion is here made to the marriage customs of Russia in former times. English travellers in that country from the days of Elizabeth downwards have reported the barbarous treatment to which wives are there subjected. To this particular observance reference is made by Anthony Jenkinson, who visited Russia in 1557 (his account appears in Hakluyt's *Navigations, Voyages, Traffics, and Discoveries of the English People*, 1598-1600), by Goldsmith (*Citizen of the World*, Letter XIX.), by Augustus Hare (*Studies in Russia*, page 402), and by other writers (cf. chapter XXIV. of *The Russe Commonwealth*, by Dr. Giles Fletcher, 1591). The details vary in the several narratives—thus Jenkinson reports that the bridegroom gives it to the bride as a warning, and Goldsmith that it is presented to the husband by the wife's father in token that the latter makes over to his son-in-law the right of her future chastisement—, but the same main principle is asserted in all, that the presentation of the rod at marriage is the outward and visible sign of the power that the husband possesses of flogging his wife when he thinks fit.

In the word **groom** the "r" is an irregular insertion; the word should really be "goom" or "gom," connected with the Anglo-Saxon *guma* and the Latin *homo*.

369-70. **living hearts ... despots.** The reference here is to *Sati*, the custom formerly observed among the Hindus of burning widows on the funeral piles of their dead husbands. Of this practice Hunter writes:—"European research has clearly proved that the text in the Vedas adduced to authorize the immolation of widows, was a wilful mistranslation. But the practice had been enshrined in Hindu opinion by the authority of centuries, and had acquired the sanctity of a religious rite" (*Imperial Gazeteer of India*, VI. 405; see also p. 78 in the same volume).

It was abolished by Lord William Bentinck in 1829, and all who now abet the ceremony are guilty of "culpable homicide."

370-4. **those ... noble motion.** The murder of daughters at birth, in order to avoid, on the one hand, the dishonour of their continued virginity after a certain age, and, on the other, the degradation attaching to the name of father-in-law and the ruinous expenses of the marriage ceremony owing to the exactions of the priests and minstrels engaged for its celebration, was commonly practised among the Hindus, especially among the Rajputs and other proud castes, until the Government by severe enactments did much to put down the offence.

371. **all prophetic pity**, a curious expression, denoting their compassion for the hard fate awaiting their daughters in the future if they should have the misfortune to remain unmarried beyond the recognised period. With the form of the expression cf. II. 20, and note.

372. **the running flood.** In addition to this method (viz., flinging into the Sacred River), poisoning with bhang and drowning in milk were among the forms of murder commonly employed while female infanticide was practised among the Hindus.

373. **beak and talon.** With this quasi-adverbial expression denoting the nature and circumstances of the "swoop," cf. *Prologue*, 4—"His tenants, wife and child."

374. **motion**, emotion—used commonly of spiritual and mental impulses and excitements by Shakespeare; cf. also *Locksley Hall*, 149-50—

"woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain,"

and *In Memoriam*, LXXXV. 34—

"O heart, with kindliest motion warm."

376. **the old leaven leaven'd all.** She means that this old corrupting tradition, that women are a lower race of beings than men, was found to pervade and dominate all peoples, all classes, and all forms of civilisation.

381. **memorial**, an abstract noun used, by a Latin idiom, to denote a number of concrete articles of that nature—cf. "nobility" for 'nobles,' etc. The word here refers to pictures, statues, and other works of art, such as we read of throughout the Poem, illustrative of the deeds of great women in the past, that should form an encouragement to the devotees of the new movement.

382. **gallant institutes**, a splendid code of regulations. "Gallant" seems to include here the idea both of 'brilliant'

and of 'high-spirited.' "Institutes" in the sense of 'rules' is found in Milton, but is now obsolete, surviving only in the titles of literary works, as those of Justinian and Calvin, which were designed to embody respectively the principles of Roman Jurisprudence and the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Religion.

386. **I know not what**, a Latin phrase for 'some nonsense.'

388. **baby troth.** Cf. *Prologue*, 98—"neighbour seats," etc.

388-9. **invalid ... the bond.** See note on I. 33.

391. **Or you? or I?** She means that these insolent men must be humbled—by herself, for preference—if that cannot be, by her brother.

392. **what**, an indignant ejaculation, accentuating her supreme confidence in the justice and honourableness of her cause. **I would not aught of false**, *i.e.* 'do not attempt to gloze over this matter—if I am touched in honour, let it be plainly stated.'

394-5. **and what mother's blood You draw from.** As the Prince feels in 494-6, below, the giant son of the feeble Gama must have had a strong mother, and upon this point Ida would naturally insist with pride.

398. **His mother lives.** In these words the Princess endeavours to justify her merciful entreaty, though we may well suppose that her anxiety was more deeply rooted than in mere compassion for a woman whom she had never seen.

400. **the woman's Angel**, the Guardian Spirit of our cause, an expression derived originally from Christian theological language, but here used, as often, in a merely rhetorical sense, without any implication of belief in the existence of such spirits.

404. **this gad-fly.** In this scornful language does she refer to the irritating hindrance that is temporarily impeding the progress of her scheme.

405. **the Time.** The definite article here seems to have the same emphatic force as in "the death" in IV. 148, V. 170.

406-7. **a generation ... from right to right.** With the motive idea of these two lines compare the patriotic ode *You Ask Me, Why*, especially lines 9-12.

407-8. **till she ... know herself.** The Princess means that up to that time woman had been generally regarded as having no higher rights than children—as a creature to be kept wholly in subjection, obedience her only virtue, but that a new era was at hand, when she would learn what was due to herself as a fully developed being on a level with man. "Whose name is yoked with children's" may however mean 'who is hitherto known only in her capacity of mother'—that is, not as a reasonable human soul.

With the expression "know herself," cf. III. 211—"We ..know ourself.

410-1. **those two ... conquest.** Conquest and Trade have been throughout the world's history two of the main factors in the dissemination of Knowledge, which is now, in its turn, according to the scheme of the Princess, to set forward the cause of Universal Freedom.

411. **fiery** is used to denote the radiant and vigorous splendour of the cause of Liberty.

412-3. **over all ... Southern morn,** through all the wide circle of the globe from pole to pole. The last line is eminently typical of the Poet's periphrases—the introduction of the word "morn," besides conveying an idea picturesque in itself, connotes a suggestion of hope and coming glory. Cf. I. 4, and note. For "orbs" it seems impossible to find a synonym of a single word, or even a paraphrase, that shall be at once concise and adequate; it is one of those strikingly bold forms that the Poet coins with such triumphant effect to suit his special needs; the word has of course reference in this passage to the spherical configuration of the earth, which curvature is predicated of the successive regions that lie upon the surface of the globe; perhaps we may paraphrase the passage—'over all the regions that lie upon the circling surface of the earth from pole to pole.' In two other passages Tennyson has used this verb—in *The Two Voices*, 138, where it means 'range boldly around,' and in *In Memoriam*, XXIV. 15, where it has the sense 'sphere itself.'

417. **this Egypt-plague of men.** The reference is to the plagues that God sent upon Egypt in punishment for the cruelty shown by Pharaoh towards the Jews; these took sometimes the form of enormous crowds of pestilential and offensive animals, as frogs, lice, flies, and locusts (*Bible*, *Exodus*, VIII., X.).

422-3. **the child ... her mind,** I will have her so brought up that she shall value most highly me, not her mere physical mother, but the genuine mother of her mind, for I shall have reared and trained it after my own views.

428-30. **Stubborn ... warriors!** In spite of his strong prejudices and vehement indignation, the King cannot repress a tribute of admiration for this spirited maiden.

430-2. **tho' yourself ... common sense,** though your infatuation has beguiled you into such a confused state of mind that you cannot distinguish plain right and wrong; cf. *Prologue*, 64, IV. 338-9.

432. **spindling,** lanky, weakly-built, in both mind and body.

434-5. **When the man ... the scales,** when the man neglects the proper functions of his supremacy, the woman assumes them,

and the result is a subversion of the order of nature. Mr. Dawson quotes an interesting scientific enunciation of this theory from Dr. Antoinette Brown Blackwell's *The Sexes throughout Nature*, from which (pages 96-7) I transcribe one sentence:—"Whenever brilliantly-coloured male birds have acquired something of maternal habits, tastes, and impulses, conversely the females seem always to have acquired some counterbalancing weight of male characters. They are large in relative size, are brilliantly coloured, are active and quarrelsome, or are a little of all these together. The large majority of birds illustrate this law."

441-9. **the gray mare ... in the street.** The old King's metaphors are rather vigorous than refined, as would be expected from what we know of his character and circumstances. Speaking of women in the language of the stable is not, however, in his mouth a wanton insult—merely the forcible language of an irate soldier.

442. **whinny,** a word formed by imitation of the sound of a neigh.

443. **From tile to scullery,** *i.e.* from the top of the house to the bottom. European houses are more often roofed with square slabs of slate or baked clay than with thatch: the scullery is the room, commonly below ground, where the dishes are washed.

444-5. **while the fires ... hearth,** and suffers in his own home the torments of the damned.

446. **groom'd.** There is here a play on the double meaning of the word—a new husband, and a stable-man. See note on 367-8. **straitly curb'd,** kept rigorously in hand.

447. **those detestable.** For the suppression of the noun, which invests the adjective with special force (a Classical idiom) cf. *Œnone*, 220—

"I wish that somewhere . . .
. . . I could meet with her,
The Abominable, . . .
. . . that I might speak my mind,
And tell her to her face how much I hate
Her presence."

448. **bantling,** child, but a contemptuous and depreciative term, as denoting the mother's want of affection and regard. **scald,** strictly a transitive verb, here used reflectively.

449. **potherbs,** vegetables. These women bellow their claims for justice about the street like hawkers, neglectful of their proper domestic duties.

456. **woman's wisdom,** *i.e.* that function which she is best fitted to undertake, and which will best develope her noblest qualities.

460. that wild morning. Cf. I. 96-9.

468. **memorial** does not mean here that they were recollected from his own experience, but that the record of them had been handed down from far-distant times.

474. **till the trumpet** ... From here to the end of the Canto we have one of the most rapid and vehement pieces of description in the language, affording, be it noticed, a striking contrast in tone and effect to the heavy sombre lines in which is told the story of the "last, dim, weird battle of the west" in *The Passing of Arthur*, 88-117. **blared**. This verb, connected with "blow" and "blaze," is now almost confined to the sound of a trumpet.

478. **bare on**, carried forward. The two opposing lines of horsemen, with their lances ranged, met in the middle of the lists.

486. **drew**, *sc.* 'their swords.' The fight is commenced on horseback with lances: when the rider is thrown he is no longer able to use his lance, and takes to his sword.

488. **those two bulks** refers of course to the twins. For this use of the word in a concrete and personal human sense we may compare Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 4. 127—"the great bulk Achilles," and Pope, *Translation of The Iliad*, XVII. 837—"the bulk of Ajax."

490. **large**, abundant (the most common Latin meaning of the word); so in *Lucretius*, 99, it is applied to light in the spring-time. It is probable that in the text before us there are mingled the ideas of number, vigour, and extent of application.

491. **mellay** is an anglicised form of the French *mêlée*, which signifies the confused mass of combatants in a tourney when the original ranks have broken up. The verb **rode** conveys here the idea of a splendid consciousness of power on the part of Arac—he seemed, in virtue of his immense strength and his sense of the justice of his cause, to dominate the field.

492-4. **And all the plain** ... **hammers.** Notice the sonorous structure of these lines.

494-6. **till I thought** ... **makes us most.** See 394-5, above, and note.

498. **Alive**, as being full of colour and motion and excitement.

500. **Between** ... **Jael.** These are two of the heroines of Jewish history. Miriam was the sister of Moses, and after the miraculous passage of the Red Sea she led a chorus of thanksgiving to the Almighty who had delivered them from their persecutors—"Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea," the whole female population following her with cymbals and guitars (*Bible*, *Exodus*, XV. 20-1). Jael is famous as having by the assassina-

tion of Sisera delivered the Jews from the oppression of Jabin, King of Canaan (*Bible, Judges*, IV). For the form "cymbal'd" (='with cymbal in hand') cf. such common expressions as "a belted knight," "the tented field," "a horseman booted and spurred."

503. **glory**, a luminous halo represented in some sacred pictures as surrounding the heads of Jesus Christ, of the Saints, and of other holy men and women. Cf. *The Holy Grail*, 191-2—

> "every knight beheld his fellow's face
> As in a glory,"

and Shakespeare, *King John*, iv. 3. 71-2—

> "Till I have set a glory to this hand,
> By giving it the worship of revenge."

508-9. **Yea, let me make ... would.** Notice the transition here to the present tense, giving the expression of the Prince's determination a more graphic and vigorous form.

510 **agrin**, a most expressive word, formed, apparently by the Poet himself, on the analogy of "ablaze," "agape," "aswim," etc., the prefix being a contraction of the preposition "on," and denoting condition (see note on VI. 126). The grotesque character of this word seems to accentuate Arac's gleeful enjoyment of this opportunity for the indulgence of his colossal strength. **wake**, literally 'a keeping from sleep,' whence used specifically of the Feast of the Dedication of a Church, which was in former days observed by watching all night. In consequence of the revelry that attended this function, the word was subsequently degraded to denote a riotous fair or merry-making, which is its meaning here. In this sense it is common in Shakespeare, both as a noun (as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, iii. 2. 318) and as a verb (*Hamlet*, i. 4. 8).

511. **Made at me**, directed towards me his motion (some such noun as this being understood). The expression, which implies eagerness and determination, is used only in a hostile sense; cf. *The Passing of Arthur*, 164-5—

> "And uttering this the King
> Made at the man."

514-8. **Flaying ... the herdsmen cry.** These are among the phenomena that accompany the course of an electric tornado across a stretch of country. "Shadowing down," blotting out the light of the sun from, casting into deep shadow as it sweeps along.

524. **sinew-corded.** The more commonplace phrase would have been "cord-sinewed" (*i.e.* 'furnished with sinews as strong and hard as cords'); as it stands, the expression, by inverting the form of the comparison, represents Cyril's muscular excellence even more

vigorously, being susceptible of paraphrase thus :—'furnished as it were with cords by virtue of his sinews.'

528. **we hung**, as in the moment of suspense before the final crash.

530. **a feather**, off Arac's plumed helmet.

530-1. **dream and truth Flow'd from me.** The first three Editions read "life and love...", but the present text indicates more forcibly the total collapse of the Prince, lying not only beyond all consciousness of life but in more complete mental extinction than he had ever suffered during his "weird seizures"; cf. VII. 35-9.

SONG.

15. **Like summer tempest**, because they broke forth suddenly, from eyes that seemed to have no tears in them.

VI.

1. **My dream ... again.** To account for his semi-consciousness of the events that followed his overthrow, the Prince explains that his "dream" (which had accompanied him throughout the fight, V. 466-531) had either not been destroyed by the shock that hurled him down, or had been restored to life after an interval.

16. **that great dame of Lapidoth.** The reference is to the Hebrew prophetess, Deborah, wife of Lapidoth, who, when her nation were groaning under the tyranny of Jabin, King of Canaan, instigated Barak to rise and expel the heathen oppressor. After a signal victory over the latter she and Barak sang together a splendid paean of triumph (*Bible*, *Judges*, IV., V.).

17-42. The tone and language of this Song are based upon the main idea that inspires it—viz., a comparison between the cause represented by the College and a tree. In these five stanzas are traced, with all the splendour of inspired diction, the slight beginnings of the movement, its hardly perceptible growth at first, its gradual evolution, the sacred character of its aims and ideals, the insolence displayed towards it by the world, the contemptuous preparations for its destruction, the futility of this ill-considered design, the assertion by the fully-developed organism of its strength and independence, the ignominious repulse of the scornful invader, and the eventual triumphant progress of the institution towards an era of universal power, beauty, and beneficence.

21. **to the Sun**, to a great height; cf. III. 327.

23-4. **The leaves ... understand.** Men would not regard the

piteous yearnings of women towards a more just social organisation, treating them as unintelligible nonsense.

25. **the red cross,** chalked on a tree, signifies its condemnation. **to,** rather a strange use of the preposition to denote purpose and destination.

28-31. **lo the tree!... use of men.** These lines represent the imaginary speech of the woodmen. It may be here pointed out that in an elaborate parallel—almost an allegory—like the present it is impossible to trace a significance in every detail; so in Milton's *Lycidas* it would be absurd to insist on an academic or ecclesiastical interpretation of every pastoral phrase—so long as the general effect is clear and sound, the object of the poet is attained.

37-9. **shall grow ... of power.** In these lines the Princess foretells the benefits that will eventually result from the impulse given by her College—women will be both secured from further contumelious treatment on the part of men and also enriched with opportunities for finer culture and more liberal advancement. In this respect the parallel is perfect, as a tree does afford both shelter from the heat and food for the hungry. "A night of Summer" means 'shelter in summer'; "a breadth of Autumn" may be paraphrased 'broad-spreading branches of rich fruit.'

39-40. **roll'd ... Time,** made musical as the centuries sweep by with an ever-swelling paean of triumph. For "roll'd" in this sense of 'enveloped' cf. *The Two Voices*, 156—

"all the war is roll'd in smoke,"

and *Locksley Hall*, 104—

"When the ranks are roll'd in vapour ...".

For "growing" the two first Editions read "Aeonian"; this word, signifying 'eternal,' occurs twice in *In Memoriam;* it was probably subsequently omitted from this passage because it jars slightly on the triumphant flow of the rhythm, though the present reading is also preferable as suggesting the idea of continuous progressive development.

41-2. **The tops ... of the world.** In these two final lines she foretells the day when the principles for which she has laboured will pervade the universe.

41. **fangs.** The word "fang" means literally 'a grasping,' whence it is used of any organ or article employed for that purpose, and specifically of a long thin tooth—here of the great roots of the tree that shall pierce to the very foundations of the earth.

44. **violate,** for "violated"; cf. "satiate" in VII. 75. This

abridged form of the participle is not uncommon—thus we have "situate," "separate," "affectionate," etc.

47. **Blanch'd**, marked with white; the expression, as denoting triumph or gladness, is derived from the Roman custom, or at any rate the Roman proverb, frequently referred to by their poets, of marking happy or fortunate days with a white stone. The word is used here in a future sense—'to be marked with white when our calendar is drawn up.' **and perpetual feast.** The construction of these words affords us a striking instance of the employment of the figure technically called *Zeugma*, by which a verb performs a double function, being used first in its natural sense, and then in another, not its own, but correlative thereto. Of this device, which we have derived from the Classical writers, a famous example occurs in Pope, *Windsor Castle*, 37—

"See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crowned."

Here, though Pomona is rightly "crowned" with fruits, the verb will not suit Pan and his flocks; we have therefore to understand with the latter some such word as "surrounded." Cf. also IV. 191, and note. In the text before us, however, the strangeness of the construction is increased by the necessity of analysing "blanch'd" into a more resolved form—'marked with white'; from "marked" in the former half of the line we may then supply "celebrated" in the latter. The foregoing, however, does not probably represent the conscious development of the construction in the speaker's mind; it is more likely that, without tracing the process so carefully, she roughly ran together, in expression as in thought, the day of the actual combat and that of its subsequent annual celebration—this, in view of her excited state, would be an easy and natural transition, though it involves a logical confusion in the language.

48. **the golden year.** See notes on IV. 57-8, 400; cf. also Tennyson's poem of this title.

49. **Spring**, blossoms; so the exhilarating warmth of wine is called its "summer" in I. 181, and in *The Passing of Arthur*, 4, the term "winter" is employed to designate the old age of Bedivere, with his white hair and his frozen vigour.

50. **rain.** Cf. *Prologue*, 155—"hail'd," I. 60—"snow'd." **April is** in England the most showery of the months; cf. *In Memoriam*, XL. 7-8—

"And hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes."

51. **the three** is not in grammatical agreement with **statues**, but with "them" implied in **Their**; cf. Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3. 195—"Well, to our work alive."

54. **Ill**, inexpert, unskilful; cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 120—"I am ill at these numbers"; see also note on V. 90.

55. **The brethren .. cause**, as dearly connected with our cause by their devotion as with ourselves by their birth.

57. **female ... hospitality.** See note on *Prologue*, 56.

62. **her loveliest**, *i.e.* the most beautiful among her students.

62-6. **by them went ... under shade.** Notice how the various epithets—"sighing," "wavering," and "tremulous"—have indeed a literal meaning, but are here designed by the Poet to express the flutter of adoration that he attributes to the breeze, the blossoms, and the sunbeams, at the presence of the train of fair ladies. Cf. 329-31 and 347-8, below, and the notes on those passages.

65-6. **And over them .. under shade.** By the expression "the tremulous isles of light" the Poet meant, as he has explained in a letter to Mr. Dawson, "spots of sunshine coming through the leaves, and seeming to slide from one to the other, as the procession of girls 'moves under *shade*.'" We have the same idea in *Œnone*, 176-8—



"and o'er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
Floated the golden sunlights, as she moved."

Cf. also, for the use of the word "isles," *In Memoriam*, XXIV. 3-4—

"The very source and fount of day
Is dash'd with wandering isles of night."

Slided is here used for "slid," as again in *Merlin and Vivien*, 88.

69. **Timorously.** This word occupies in the metre of the line the place of a single foot only, the resolution of which into four short syllables that must be hurriedly pronounced indicates the timidity and nervousness with which the girls approach the ghastly scene. For similar cases of sympathy between the sense and the metrical effect cf. II. 168-70, IV. 162-7, 195, 370, 461, VII. 210, 230.

70. **fretwork** is the name given to ornamental work produced by the interlacing of parts or the perforation of the material into design. Here it is used to designate the delicate and stately pattern formed by the branching antlers of the deer.

71. **airy**, lightly stepping.

75. **the child on one**, *i.e.* being on one; for the "absolute" construction cf. III. 121, etc.

81. **this**, *i.e.* this feeling of tender sympathy, extending to the wounded on the other side. **or was it chance.** The form of this alternative suggestion is interrogative, but, as it merely points

to a vague hypothesis, and does not actually ask a question, the note of interrogation is omitted.

83. **whelpless eye.** The expression of his eye would denote the grief and rage he felt at his loss.

88. **grisly twine** describes not its normal condition, but its appearance at the time, matted with blood.

90. **Tortured**, a strong word for 'twisted,' conveying the additional idea of agony.

94. **the painting and the tress.** See I. 37-8.

101. **Fancy**, her own fantastic ideas.

109-11. **if so ... the woman's goal.** This refers to her own sense of deep obligation to the Prince, to whom she owes no less than her life (cf. 280-1, below), and to her brothers, who have fought and won for her; the recognition thus forced upon her of the more general constant dependence of her sex upon the superior strength of the other causes her to feel somewhat less confident than hitherto of the eventual success of her policy of isolation and her claim to equality in all points with men.

113. **re-father'd**, as though he had gained a new son.

114. **above my fallen life.** "Life" is here used in an almost concrete sense; it was his body over which they knelt, but, his life being the object of their solicitude, this word is used to express its physical form.

118. **brede**, embroidery.

119. **like a new-fall'n meteor.** Cf. II. 94, and note.

122. **fatling**, fat little. The "ling" has a sort of diminutive, endearing, sense.

124. **Brook'd**, endured, *i.e.*, in this passage, resisted.

126. **all on tremble.** This "on" is the original form of what is now the prefix "a-," as seen in "aground," "asleep," etc. (see note on "agrin," V. 510). It still survives in certain phrases, as "on shore," "on foot," "on fire," but the usage in the text is a conscious archaism, as is also "on flame" in 348, below. Cf. *Bible, Acts of the Apostles*, XIII. 36—"For David ... fell on sleep," and Shakespeare, *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1493-4—

> "For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
> Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes."

128. **each face,** [every face. H. T.]

129. **hollow** belongs according to the sense to **cheek**, but is transferred to **watch** by a not uncommon figure; cf. "Red grief" in the following line; this form of attribution is perhaps most frequently found in personifications, as "lean Famine," "pale Death," etc.

130. **Red grief.** See preceding note. **mother's** is here virtually an adjective—'maternal'; cf. IV. 361, and note.

136. **striking**, a strong word, to express the effect of her manner on those she was looking at.

142. **self-involved**, rapt in her own meditations, as again in *Aylmer's Field*, 118; cf. *Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights*, 6—

"Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind."

145-6. **Tall as a figure ... sunshine.** An object standing on wet sun-lit sand is remarkably elongated in reflection. See also note on *Prologue*, 40.

148. **play**, imitate. The whole expression means 'assume so fierce a part.' The lioness has no mane.

149. **But** is not here grammatically opposed to any previous statement—it rather introduces an emphatic protest against what is implied in the form of address—'it is all very well for you to assume this iron mien, but ...'. Cf. 258, below.

151. **the Victor of your will**, *i.e.* victorious according to your will, or, victor in that on which your heart was set.

152-3. **remain . isolation.** "Orb'd" has here primarily the sense of 'shut up,' but with the additional suggestion of independent self-sufficiency, for which cf. "sphered" in IV. 129, and see note on that passage. There is a savour of bitterness in "your"—'that which you have striven for all your life.'

154. **all as dead**, entirely like one dead, virtually dead.

156-7. **common**, unanimous.

157. **with the revolving wheel.** The expression is derived from Classical Mythology, which represents the fortunes of the world and all therein as governed by Fate working a wheel round and round, the imagery being of course suggested by the constant reactions observable in the careers of men and institutions.

158. **Nemesis** was to the Greeks the Goddess of Moral Justice, and as such was most commonly regarded as the personification of Divine Retribution for insolence or reckless defiance of established principles. It is in this capacity that Cyril warns Ida to beware of her.

159. **darken'd**, as though black with the angry storm-clouds of Nature outraged.

164. **One pulse ... woman.** For this use of "beats" cf. II. 166—"glowing full-faced welcome," and note.

166. **port**, [haven, from Latin *portus*. H. T.] The whole line may be paraphrased—'or if you have not wholly shut up all means of approach to your natural affections.' For **flint** cf. "marble," in III. 57.

172-3. **with slow ... flame,** slowly opened wide and burned tearless.

174. **into mournful twilight mellowing,** *i.e.* growing sadder and softer.

176. **bell,** the name of a flower, from the shape of its corolla; cf. Milton, *Lycidas*, 134-5—

"bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues."

177. **a world,** used here for her whole environment—a thick cloud darkening all around her.

178-9. **made ... distance,** made all my prospect dull and cheerless, with none of the roseate hues of hope.

180. **a love not to be mine,** *i.e.* wedded love, of which the child is, by a Latin phrase, the "pledge."

186. **prime** is used here loosely for the very early morning, **dead** because it is the season of inactivity and silence; cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, i. 2. 198—

"In the dead waste and middle of the night."

193. **swum in thanks,** was wet with grateful tears.

194. **felt it sound,** *i.e.* felt it to be sound; cf. IV. 212—"knew us men," and note.

195. **close enough,** *i.e.* close enough to satisfy her "mother's hunger."

202. **part.** See note on II. 166.

204. **the man,** emphatic, as are the pronouns in the next line.

205-6. **the woman ... the woman.** I transcribe Mr. Dawson's pithy remark:—"This unamiable trait results from woman's mission as the conservator of society. In this respect, woman's character is very narrow, but she feels instinctively that she cannot afford to be lax in offences against social laws. Psyche's weakness had in fact broken up Ida's university, and sins against the family tend to break up society."

206. **grace,** favour, as commonly. Some such verb as "grant" is implied in the expression.

212. **moved,** *i.e.* with indignation.

213-4. **I've heard ... believe it.** There is a kind of play on words involved in this utterance, though it is by no means certain that this was consciously present to the mind of the speaker. It is a chemical fact that iron is one of the essential constituents of blood; this Gama had heard, no doubt with ignorant, even sceptical, wonder, but it now occurs to him that the presence of this element in the vital fluid may perhaps account for the brutal temper that his daughter has developed. "Iron" occurs in the sense of 'cruel' in IV. 57, and "blood" is

not unfrequently used derivatively to denote 'temper,' 'disposition,' especially of a violent type.

224. **Stiff as Lot's wife.** She was turned into a pillar of salt as a punishment for disobedience. The story is told in *Bible, Genesis*, XIX.

231. **kind**, connected with "kin," and meaning primarily 'native,' 'natural,' whence ordinarily, as here, 'loving,' 'tender-hearted.'

239-40. **sine and arc ... ascension**, technical terms in Astronomy, quoted by Gama in scornful ignorance as typical of the nonsense on which the ladies spent their mental energies, and no more demanding explanation in this place than the "stony names" at the end of the third Canto.

245-7. **or such ... bitterness.** He means that his daughter may possibly have had a human heart once, but that, if so, the ridiculous ideas that she has now nourished so long have eaten away all its vital and kindly elements, as a worm does with a nut, leaving behind nothing but dry and bitter dust.

250. **so long** is correlative to **By many a varying influence**, denoting that the strain on her endurance had been not only complex in character but also long in continuance.

251. **wept** is here used, very strangely but most expressively, of the first subtle appearance of the gentler influence just beginning to act upon her.

257. **fool'd**, beguiled in our folly.

258. **but.** See note on 149, above.

260. **death.** See note on V. 157.

261. **When your skies change again**, when your present kindliness gives way again to storm. References to the human temper in terms of the weather, and *vice versa*, are frequent both in conversation and in literature—very common are such expressions as "a sunny face," "storming with indignation," "an angry cloud," "a smiling sky," etc. Cf. IV. 502-5, and 263-6, just below, also note on *Prologue*, 73. The metaphor is peculiarly appropriate as applied to this vehement Princess, with her sudden alternations of cruelty and kindly sympathy.

262. **safer**, *i.e.* perhaps not so gentle, but at any rate not treacherous.

263-6. **and while ... sad friend.** See note on 261, just above. The "tempest" that all expected was of course an outburst of violent indignation at the King's suspicion that, if trusted with his son, she might poison him. But her heart was not susceptible to insult at that moment. For "attend" in the sense of 'await expectantly' cf. Addison, *Cato*, iii. 2. 9—

"Rome attends her fate from our resolves."

270. **hollow.** Her use of this word is a scornful quotation of their "slander" in 245-7, above.

272. **no more,** *sc.* than a child.

275. **why ?—why ?—Yet see.** She was beginning a hysterical expression of grief that their friendship should have been thus cruelly shattered, but, seeing how useless this would be, breaks it off, and calls Psyche to a perfect reconciliation.

276. **Before these kings,** as though to make the act more solemn and complete; see note on IV. 401.

278. **And trust ... less.** "Less" qualifies both verbs—'you have shown yourself unworthy of my continued confidence, but my love for you is unabated.' **And now.** This is emphatic; she turns to the King with confidence, 'you see *now* that I have a woman's heart—will you trust your son to my care?'

281. **This nightmare ... gratitude.** See 110 above. The idea intended in the use of the word "nightmare" is that of something intensely oppressive and from which there is no escape.

283. **adit,** access, a very rare word in this sense.

284. **proper,** own, as commonly in Shakespeare.

287-8. **that Which ... myself.** By this vague phrase she intends to be understood the natural feminine character which she has at last recovered, the susceptibility to tender emotion which was so long strangled but has now reasserted itself. For the form of the expression in 288 cf. III. 241, though the sense is not the same in both cases, the meaning here being that she feels crushed, not by anything external, but by the intensity of her natural emotions returning to their own place.

289. **mob me up.** This is not the ordinary verb "mob," but one formed, apparently by the Poet himself, direct from the noun in the sense of 'a promiscuous gathering'—'merge myself indiscriminately' (cf. IV. 522—"veins"; V. 142—"bulk'd"), the "up" (cf. IV. 112, VII. 322) adding a bitter touch of helplessness, not without scorn, both for herself and for the rest of her sex, for, even at this supreme moment in which she abandons her life's work, she cannot put off all at once her tone of contemptuous pity for the ordinary woman.

299. **tumbled,** unhorsed.

301-2. **I stagger .. hour.** The long-pent waters have given way, and she cannot resist their force, but must be swept helpless along. The metaphor in the last line is derived from the fact that in the middle of a broken stream of water, or between confluent currents, there are formed little circles of whirling water, "eddies," which continue to rotate without making progress down stream.

310. **wintry**, cruel, hard, pitiless, or, as we might say with another noun, 'biting'; see note on 261, above.

311-3. **like a bell ... ruin.** It would be hard to conceive a more impressive simile to denote the final acknowledgment of complete surrender. A tower can resist most natural shocks, but an earthquake is supreme. Ida, the intrepid, the fierce, the terrible, who "stood foursquare to all the winds that blew," is overthrown at last by a mightier influence than any effort of physical force or dread of personal danger. And herself, as she reels, clashes the alarum of her own doom.

314-22. **Fling our doors wide! ... but are gone.** This speech has been much cut down since the first publication of the Poem; in the two earliest Editions it ran thus:—

"What! in our time of glory when the cause
Now stands up, first, a trophied pillar—now
So clipt, so stinted in our triumph—barr'd
Ev'n from our free heart-thanks, and every way
Thwarted and vext, and lately catechised
By our own creature! one that made our laws!
Our great she-Solon! she that built the nest
To hatch the cuckoo! whom we call'd our friend!
But we will crush the lie that glances at us
As cloaking in the larger charities
Some baby predilection: all amazed!
We must amaze this legislator more.
Fling our doors wide! all, all, not one, but all,
Not only he, but by my mother's soul,
Whatever man lies wounded, friend or foe,
Shall enter, if he will. Let our girls flit,
Till the storm die! but had you stood by us,
The roar that breaks the Pharos from his base
Had left us rock. She fain would sting us too,
But shall not. Pass, and mingle with your likes.
Go, help the half-brain'd dwarf, Society,
To find low motives unto noble deeds,
To fix all doubt upon the darker side;
Go, fitter thou for narrowest neighbourhoods,
Old talker, haunt where gossip breeds and seethes
And festers in provincial sloth: and, you,
That think we sought to practise on a life
Risk'd for our own and trusted to our hands,
What say you, Sir? you hear us: deem ye not
'Tis all too like that even now we scheme,
In one broad death confounding friend and foe,
To drug them all? revolve it: you are man,
And therefore no doubt wise; but after this
We brook no further insult, but are gone."

This abridgment is the most important that has been made since the first publication of the Poem; Mr. Dawson remarks on it:—"The character of Ida gains by the omission, for it did not become her to enter into a scolding match with such a mistress of tongue-fence as Lady Blanche."

319. **the Pharos** was a tall and splendid lighthouse built by Ptolemy Philadelphus (about B.C. 250) on the island of that name near Alexandria. **The roar that breaks** is not a statement of fact, but merely a graphic expression for 'a storm violent enough to break.'

320. **sting**, irritate.

328. **dead weights.** "Dead weight" is an expression used to denote the absence of vitality and elasticity in the body in question.

330. **Groaning .. shriek'd.** Notice the expressive [and humorous H. T.] application of these words. The very doors and floors of the Palace seem to protest against this violation of their virgin purpose, and the low long-drawn grind of heavily-working hinges, and the sharp shrill tone emitted by marble when struck and scraped by hard iron, are by that curious conceit "the pathetic fallacy" regarded respectively as a groan and a shriek of helpless horror. Cf. 62-6, above, and 347-8, below, and the notes on those passages. **Vestal** is derived from Vesta, in Roman Mythology the Goddess of the Family, and, as typifying the sanctity of domestic life, a virgin; the word thus signifies 'pure,' 'undefiled'; in this case 'untrodden hitherto by the foot of man,' with additional reference to the aims of the College in the direction of the advancement of womankind.

338. **supporters** is the name given in Heraldry to the two figures, generally of animals, but sometimes human, that stand one on each side of the shield; thus the supporters of the Royal Arms of England are a lion and a unicorn.

347-8. **angry .. wrathful** are here used "proleptically," expressing not the natural mood of these Goddesses, but their appearance (*i.e.* that of their statues) under the action of the glowing rays of the setting sun; cf. IV. 60, and note. Indeed, both these Deities are normally associated with the idea of passionlessness, Diana being the Goddess of Purity, and Pallas the Goddess of Wisdom, also a virgin. But this is not all. In a College devoted to the cause of maidenhood and education these two would naturally be regarded with signal honour, and the words suggest indignation on their part at this defilement of the Hall of which they were the special guardians and patronesses; cf. 62-6 and 330, above, and the notes on these passages. Pallas is always represented in pictures and statues with a helmet, in allusion to the fact that she was to the Athenians also

the Goddess of Courage and the Protectress of the State; in the same way Diana's emblem is a crescent moon, the Goddess being identified with that luminary. For **on flame** see note on 126, above.

349-51. **And now and then ... apartments.** For this personification of an echo cf. *Prologue*, 66, 210-2, and the refrain of the Song at the end of Canto III.

355. **deep** seems to be here used in the sense of 'remote.' **due,** appropriate; cf. IV. 123.

357. **otherwhere.** Cf. *Prologue*, 80, and note.

SONG.

Notice the predominance in this Song of monosyllables. Of the 125 words which it contains only seven have more than one syllable, and these only two. This feature imparts a peculiar stateliness to the composition, emphasising the solemnity of its tone without impairing its melody, though the latter is of a more sombre character than that which pervades the lighter and more rapid movements of polysyllabic songs, such as (to take an instance written in the same metre) *A Welcome to Her Royal Highness Marie Alexandrovna, Duchess of Edinburgh.* This peculiar mournful and reserved tone is strikingly noticeable in such of Shakespeare's Sonnets as are constructed after this monosyllabic type.

1-3. **the moon ... of cape.** The idea intended by these references seems to be—'Sympathy is found in the phenomena of Nature—Earth is influenced by Heaven, and Heaven stoops to Earth,—but when hast thou received response from me?' The allusion in the first line is to the phenomenon of the tides, which are caused by the attractive power of the moon.

11. **seal'd,** as though by Fate, indicating the irrevocable character of a divine official decree.

13. **Let the great ... main,** let me yield myself to the common destiny of all.

VII.

6. **Low voices.** Cf. Shakespeare, *King Lear*, v. 3. 273-4—

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman."

9-10. **became .. treble.** Here the lady is by a poetic figure identified with her beauty, that being the point upon which the Poet is specially dwelling in this passage; cf. V. 68-9.

11. **Angel offices**, kindly ministrations. Cf. Scott, *Marmion*, VI. xxx—

> "O, woman! . . .
>
> . . . .
>
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!"

"Angel" is again used as an adjective in 302, below. Cf. also *Prologue*, 98—"neighbour seats"; III. 30—"her lynx eye." For "offices" cf. II. 58, and *Ulysses*, 41—"offices of tenderness."

12. **native unto**, literally 'quite at home in.' Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, iv. 7. 179-80—

> "Or like a creature native and indu'd
> Unto that element."

Hence we may more loosely paraphrase 'naturally designed for.' Cf. 304, below. **act**, here used for 'actions'; see note on "memorial" in V. 381.

13. **in their own clear element**, in the pure and perfect atmosphere proper to their finer nature.

17. **Clomb**, the old "strong" past tense of "climb." Cf. I. 198—"holp," IV. 264—"clove."

18. **leaguer**, camp, connected with "lie" and "lair."

19. **Darkening her female field.** These words have a double force, referring not only to the primary fact that the two armies were lying encamped upon the estate that had been consecrated to the exclusive use of the students of the College, but also to the despair that was creeping over the heart of the Foundress as she saw her darling cause losing ground before the advance of the hard facts of life. **void was her use**, her wonted occupations were neglected. For this rather strange use of the word cf. *Aylmer's Field*, 565-6—

> "the gentle creature shut from all
> Her charitable use."

We may say of it that it is a concrete application of the word which naturally signifies the abstract idea of habitual exercise, somewhat as "love" and "interest" are commonly used to denote the objects of those emotions.

22. **Drag inward from the deeps**, work its heavy course landward from the sea, the verb being here used intransitively to designate the slow laborious movement of a huge bulk. **a wall of night**. This clause is in grammatical apposition to **cloud** and is intended to convey the idea of extreme blackness and an appearance of solidity.

23. **the slope of sea.** To one standing on a high cliff near the sea the latter appears to slope downwards from the horizon to the shore.

24. **And suck ... sand.** The reflection of sunlight from an expanse of sand is exceedingly strong, sometimes even dazzling the eyes; as the black cloud sweeps along it comes between the sun and the sand, and thus seems to absorb the radiance of the latter.

25. **quenching**, blotting out from sight. This is also the meaning of **Expunge** in the next line.

27. **So blacken'd all her world**, even so did all her prospects grow gloomy—the expression being suggested by the physical phenomenon just described.

30-1. **the lark ... gyres.** This line affords a good instance both of the Poet's minute observation of Nature, and of his power of condensing his full meaning within the compass of very few words. The striking characteristics of the lark are, firstly, the clear sparkling melody of his notes, and, secondly, the strong impulse that dominates him to hurl himself aloft while singing, his upward flight being however a peculiar continuous fluttering ascent, which takes a spiral course, widening as the bird rises higher and higher into the air. Thus every word in the line is eminently appropriate. The lark was no doubt selected for mention in this passage owing to the pathetic contrast which its blithe and jubilant freedom offers to the mournful confinement and languor of the Prince.

32. **Lay silent .. life.** The Prince means that he lay shrouded round, as it were, with his weakness, just retaining his hold on life, but shut out from all contact with, or recognition of, the external world. The metaphor is that of a bird confined in a cage muffled up in a blanket; "the cage of life" is not 'the cage that contains life,' but 'that cage, viz., life,' as when we speak of "the city of Rome."

33. **gloom'd**, grew gradually darker and darker; for another instance of this intransitive use cf. *Mariana*, 20—

"She . . . .
. . glanced athwart the glooming flats."

34. **Drew ... themselves**, *i.e.* seemed to absorb the darkness; whence the epithet **broader-grown.** In *The Marriage of Geraint*, 531-2, we find the expression "to draw The quiet night into her blood," but here "night" is used to denote its restfulness, not, as in the text, its darkness.

34-5. **Heaven ... fell.** The language here, as generally the language in poetry of celestial phenomena, is that of the old Astronomy, which regarded the sky as a huge concave vault revolving continuously westwards, and carrying the stars with it in its course from horizon to horizon. "Star after star" may be regarded as a quasi-adjectival phrase, equivalent to 'star-studded,' with the additional connotation of ceaseless motion;

cf. 93, below—"the happy lovers heart in heart," and *Conclusion*, 83—"six boys, head under head."

36. **Deeper ... reach me.** A man must have a certain amount of bodily strength and vitality for an ailment to be able to settle upon; cf. Nelson's remark on his own case at the siege of Calvi (1794)—"All the prevailing disorders have attacked me, but I have not strength enough for them to fasten on." In the case of the Prince, it was only when his vital energies were whole and vigorous that he was susceptible to the "old and strange affection of the house."

44. **A light of healing.** This phrase is in grammatical apposition to **head** (cf. 152, below), and means 'a radiant presence that was in itself curative,' for "of healing" is virtually an adjective (cf. "a man of sense," "heart of oak," etc.).

45. **silks**, *i.e.* the bed-curtains.

48. **length**, long tedium.

53-5. **two dewdrops ... into one.** The dewdrops draw nearer and nearer to one another as they glide down the petal, and meet at the bottom. With this simile cf. the metaphor in III. 72-4.

56. **obtain'd**, prevailed—a not very common use in modern times—found again in a slightly different sense in *Guinevere*, 488.

60. **built upon**, based his suit upon, urged as a claim, with reference of course to her exclamation in V. 101-2. **the babe restored.** For the form of this expression cf. IV. 50, and note.

67-8. **involved in stillness**, implied in silence.

68. **plighted troth.** "Plight" is a variant of "pledge," "troth" of "truth"; the formula is used of the act of betrothal. The subject of **were** is "both," understood from **each** in 66.

70-1. **Held carnival ... and man.** Carnival is strictly the season of Shrove-tide, which in the Catholic calendar immediately precedes Lent; in view of the approaching deprivations of the latter solemn season, Carnival is in Italy and other Catholic countries devoted to riotous amusement, whence the word has come to denote in common parlance the various revelries that characterise that period, and, more loosely, as here, any festival or time of indulgence. "Held carnival at will" may therefore be paraphrased 'rode revelling and triumphant whither he would'; the following line and a half have reference to the custom, observed at Carnival-time by the inhabitants of Italy and southern France, of pelting one another in the public streets with flowers and sweetmeats; "random sweet" in this case is used to denote the love that was showered broadcast among the occupants of the Palace.

75. **satiate.** See note on VI. 44.

86. **long frustration of her care.** The fact that her tender

nursing seemed for so long a time to produce no beneficial result would naturally tend to arouse in her a stronger interest in, and affection for, the object of her solicitude.

88. **watches in the dead, the dark**, long nights during which she sat up to nurse me. For "watch" in this sense of 'vigil' cf. VI. 129, and *In Memoriam*, XCI. 13—"watches of the night."

89. **Throbb'd ... floors** describes the effect of the vibration of a deep rich-toned bell through a house. For this use of the word "thunder" cf. II. 451-2.

89-90. **or call'd ... tongues.** This refers to lighter-toned and more musical clocks; cf. I. 213-4. The idea in this line is that the clocks call on Time as he hurries by them.

91. **her kindlier days**, of which she had herself spoken in III. 204.

93. **heart in** heart is a quasi-adjectival phrase, qualifying **lovers**, and having the meaning 'mutually devoted'; cf. 34-5, above—

"Heaven,
Star after star, arose and fell,"

and *Conclusion*, 83—"six boys, head under head"; also the quasi-adverbial clauses in 286-7, below.

94. **hauntings**, vague but perpetually recurring recollections.

96. **often** is here an adjective, as not unfrequently in Elizabethan English, and again used by Tennyson in *Gareth and Lynette*, 86—"an often chance."

97. **wordless ... cheek**, reflections aroused by the sight of my feebleness, but never finding expression in words.

98. **From all** the various elements enumerated above, in lines singularly monotonous in structure, by which peculiarity their pathos seems enhanced; for other instances of this device for the production of some rhetorical effect cf. *Prologue*, 44-7, II. 56-8, IV. 284-8.

100. **Love.** Notice how the position of this word, a monosyllable at the beginning of the line, followed by a pause, accentuates its importance as the climax of this long enumeration; cf. 290, below. The **harebell** is one of the most beautiful of European wild herbs, having a slender delicate stalk, and drooping flowers of a pale blue tint. **hung**, fringed. **tears** is here used for 'dewdrops'; cf. the converse expression in II. 295-6.

106. **Slept.** For this use of the word to denote the restful quietude of inanimate Nature under certain aspects, cf. *The Palace of Art*, 15-6—

"Still as, while Saturn whirls, his stedfast shade
Sleeps on his luminous ring."

So the verb is used in *Eleänore*, 39, of the air, in *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, 30, of water, in *In Memoriam*, CIII. 56, of a cloud.

109. **the Oppian law.** In B.C. 215, during the second Punic War, when Rome was in extreme peril from Hannibal, the Tribune Caius Oppius carried a Sumptuary Law, to restrain the luxury of the Roman women in the matter of dress, ornaments, etc. Twenty years afterwards, the crisis having passed, the women rose in fury and forced its repeal, in spite of the determined opposition of Cato. The Roman historian Livy gives a graphic account of the tumultuous excitement and wild energy displayed by the women on this occasion. **Titanic**, colossal; cf. *The Day-Dream*, 229—"Titanic forces." The Titans were in Greek Mythology the gigantic sons of Heaven and Earth, who inhabited the universe during the primeval chaos.

110. The **forum** was an irregular-oblong open space in the middle of the city of Rome, used for the administration of justice, for the assemblies of the people, and for other kinds of public business. It was the scene of many of the most exciting and important events in Roman history.

112. **the tax.** The assassination of Julius Caesar (B.C. 44) having thrown Rome into great confusion, there was formed not long afterwards a Commission of Public Safety, consisting of Anthony, Octavian, and Lepidus. These three, having declared war against Brutus and Cassius, sought to defray the necessary expenses of the campaign by levying a tax on wealthy matrons, but the eloquence of Hortensia procured the rejection of the proposal.

Thus these two designs have for their subject-matter two of the most famous occasions in history on which women have risen successfully for their rights, in one case uniting in almost riotous procedure, in the other through the more constitutional eloquence of the most distinguished of their number. These two achievements would naturally find splendid pictorial commemoration in the College of the Lady Ida.

113. **by axe and eagle.** These were the two emblems of official authority in the Roman Republic, the former signifying the civil power of punishment, and being always borne before the Magistrates in public, the latter typifying military strength and prowess, and forming the chief standard of the Army.

114. **Roman scowls.** This adjective is very effective, calling up as it does to the mind of the reader the fierce, unbending severity that characterised the temper of that people during the period of their rise and supremacy. For similar pregnant uses of proper-name adjectives cf. *The Daisy*, 5—

"What Roman strength Turbia showed,"

and *The Revenge*, 82—

"But Sir Richard cried in his English pride."

See also *Prologue*, 154, and *Conclusion*, 85.

115. **half the wolf's-milk ... veins.** The reference is to the old legend that Romulus, the founder of Rome, was, when exposed to death in infancy with his brother by his uncle Amulius, found and suckled by a she-wolf. In this passage the story is fancifully alluded to in connection with the savagery of the Roman temper; cf. Macaulay, *The Prophecy of Capys*, 37-40—

"The ravening she-wolf knew them,
And licked them o'er and o'er,
And gave them of her own fierce milk,
Rich with raw flesh and gore."

For the use of the word "curdle" to denote the supposed effect on the blood of extreme consternation, cf. Cowper, *The Task*, VI. 513-4—

"the blood thrills and curdles at the thought
Of such a gulf as he designed his grave."

119. **They did but look like hollow shows.** This originally ran:—

"Sad phantoms conjured out of circumstance,
Ghosts of the fading brain, they seem'd."

120. **the dew.** Cf. II. 295-6.

121-2. **softer .. seem'd,** as though in sympathy with the change that had come over her heart.

124. **all for languor,** out of sheer weakness.

141-3. **Leapt ... at the lips.** This originally ran:—

"Crown'd Passion from the brinks of death, and up
Along the shuddering senses struck the soul,
And closed on fire with Ida's at the lips."

142. **the living world** seems to mean [that the kiss was a reality and not one of his weird seizures. H. T.].

143. **My spirit .. lips.** Cf. *Locksley Hall*, 38—

"And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of
the lips."

145. **Glowing ... shame.** See note on II. 166.

146. **Her falser self,** *i.e.* the false unwomanly element in her.

147. **woman,** emphatic—'pure woman.'

147-54. **lovelier ... without end.** This is a beautiful description of the traditional birth of Venus, whose Greek name, Aphrodite, perhaps signifies 'foam-born.' On rising from the sea ("barren,' a common epithet of the sea in Greek poetry, is here aptly used to accentuate the contrast between the origin of the Goddess and her function) she was taken charge of by the Graces, whose duty it was to adorn her and keep her beautiful. The islands specially devoted to her service were Cyprus, Cos, and Cythera.

147-8. **mood** and **mould** are here put in contrast as denoting respectively nobility and sweetness of mind and beauty of person.

150. **the streaming crystal.** This is of course the water of the sea, which fell from her as she rose from its surface. The word "crystal" is commonly applied to water, from its pure bright transparency; cf. II. 307, and Byron, *The Giaour*, 17—"the blue crystal of the seas."

151. **Far-fleeted.** To "fleet" (allied to "flit") is to move swiftly and lightly, an expression eminently appropriate to the motion of the fresh bright Goddess. **purple** may have reference to the effects of the rich moist atmosphere of the eastern Mediterranean, but more probably contains an allusion to the legend (narrated by the poet Hesiod) which tells how the shores of Cythera and Cyprus sprang into verdure as the Goddess passed along them on her first visit after rising from the sea.

152. **a double** ... **wave** refers to her reflection in the water. "Light" is of course in apposition to "she"; cf. 44, above.

154. **mine,** *i.e.* my worship.

161-74. **Now sleeps** ... **lost in me.** It is a common device in songs, especially in love-songs, to enshrine a passionate purport in the midst of illustrative references to Nature, animate or inanimate. In the present case the lover makes his appeal by drawing attention to the subtle spiritual magnetism that exists between the restful earth and the palpitating sky.

163. **winks,** sparkles. Cf. Keats, *Ode to a Nightingale*, 17—

"a beaker . . .
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim."

165. **the milkwhite peacock.** The ordinary peacock is richly adorned with a number of gorgeous colours, especially gold, green, and blue; a white or albino variety is, however, "not at all uncommon, and in this case the characteristic "eyes" are faintly indicated in neutral tint" (J. G. Wood).

167. **all Danaë to the stars,** *i.e.* wholly open to their influence. Danae was an Argive Princess, who was confined in an inaccessible tower for safety, but Zeus obtained admittance to her in the form of a shower of gold. Notice the appropriateness of the expression when used of the exposure of the earth to the influence of the golden stars.

177-207. **Come down, O maid** ... **innumerable bees.** This lovely song has been spoken of as a mere adaptation of the eleventh Idyl of the Greek poet Theocritus, in which the Cyclops Polyphemus calls to his love Galatea to leave the dreary sea and come to share his pastoral home. But the comparison is only interesting for the contrast which it reveals. Tennyson has not adapted—he

has transformed. He has infused into the whole Idyl a nobility of purpose and a lofty tone that the work of Theocritus entirely lacks. The poem before us is not merely the expression of a yearning for the possession of something physically beautiful—it embodies the higher teaching that not in the frigid heights of isolation, but only in warm-hearted and sympathetic mixture with one's kind, can the fullest human life be attained—a doctrine that elsewhere, as in *Maud* and *The Palace of Art*, our Poet has inculcated with the utmost force and earnestness.

Notice throughout the Idyl the consummate art with which each word is chosen, not only to accentuate the contrast between the cold white desolate mountain-heights and the rich valleys teeming with warmth and life and colour, but also to emphasise the moral purport of the Poem.

180. **cease .. Heavens.** Even when seclusion from one's fellow-men is prompted by the highest spiritual aspirations, it is not so noble a life as practical work in the world. This is developed in *The Holy Grail.*

181-2. **To glide .. spire.** There is something eminently dreary about the appearance of a blasted pine. and a sunbeam striking across it seems signally—almost ironically—out of place. So with a star seen close to a glittering peak of ice.

With the description in these and the following lines of the Alpine phenomena we may compare the very similar treatment of the same theme by Byron in *Manfred*, I. ii. In this scene the gloomy wanderer is discovered in the midst of the majestic solitudes of the Jungfrau, among the blasted pines and the swooping eagles, while the mists "boil up among the glaciers," and hence his ear is charmed by the sounds of the shepherds piping and the cowbells tinkling far in the valley below. See also Coleridge's *Hymn before Sun-rise, in the Vale of Chamouny.*

186-8. **Or hand in hand ... vine.** This is a rich romantic version of the old proverb, found in the Roman poet Terence—"Without Ceres and Bacchus Venus freezes," *i.e.* 'Abundance of food and wine is necessary for the preservation of love.' The original intention and application of the phrase were of course gross in character, but it is equally true in this spiritualised form.

188. **foxlike in the vine.** References to the marked, and often ruinous, predilection that foxes have for vines are common in Literature, from Solomon and Aristophanes downwards. It is alluded to by Theocritus in his first and fifth Idyls.

188-9. **nor cares ... horns.** Love is not found ranging along the terrible Alpine crags in the chill morning-hours. "Horns" is used, like the corresponding German word, for 'mountain-tops'—we find in Switzerland "Matter-horn," "Wetter-horn," "Roth-horn," etc., used as proper names of individual peaks—, and "silver" denotes

their pallid hue in the early dawn; "Death" is introduced to suggest the lifelessness and the general idea of horror and peril, while "Morning" has in hilly countries her home traditionally in the mountains, it being upon the highest summits of these that her rays first strike to announce her approach; cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, i. 1. 166-7—

> "But look! the morn, in russet mantle clad,
> Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

190-3. **Nor wilt thou ... dusky doors.** The allusions in these lines to the appearance and life-history of the glacier indicate very careful observation of the phenomenon by the Poet. These rivers of ice, formed in the ravines of snow-clad mountain-ranges, move gradually downwards till they reach the zone of permanently warmer temperature, when they melt and discharge themselves in streams upon the lower-lying districts. "Huddling" refers to their confused ridgy structure, due to the continuous pressure from above and the irregular course which they pursue between the broken and jagged sides of the ravine. The "furrows" are the crevasses which, owing to the splitting of the ice, run obliquely across the surface of the glacier. The outlet at the bottom is called "dusky" [in contrast to the snows all about. H. T.]

194. **But follow ...** 'Do thou,' cries the lover, 'follow the torrent—leave the ghastly features of the horrible regions of ice, and, as the liberated water finds its way down to the lower valleys, where it shapes itself into bubbling rivulets, charming the ear and irrigating the soil, so do thou come down and find thy true beauty and use and consummation in the glad and fruitful valley of practical life.'

198. **Their thousand .. water-smoke.** The reference is to the frail sheets and wreaths of spray formed at the discharge of the water.

199. **That like ... air.** This simile is remarkable as being an illustration of a fact in external Nature by reference to a moral phenomenon in man, the reverse being the common rule. There is a parallel case in the first book of Virgil's *Aeneid*, where Neptune's imperious abatement of a storm at sea is compared to the power that a grave and reverend public character has of allaying the excitement of a turbulent mob.

201. **azure pillars of the hearth.** By this curious, almost reverent, expression is meant the blue smoke rising from the chimney—a picturesque feature in this scene of peaceful domesticity. Notice how the word "pillars" implies the perfect serenity of the weather that allows the smoke to rise in an unbroken column—no tempests here, as in those wild regions above.

205-7. **Myriads ... bees.** Observe in the first of these lines how the striking accumulation of additional short syllables expresses the quick rippling movement of the water, and in the other two how the gentle cooing of the doves and humming of the bees seem reproduced in the dominance of the soft 'o' and 'u' sounds and the profusion of liquid labials.

210. **The bosom ... labour'd.** Notice how the broken movement of this line (the second foot being a pyrrhic, the third a spondee, and the fourth a trochee) represents to the ear the irregular breathing of which it tells; for other instances of this device cf. II. 168-70, IV. 162-7, 195, 370, 461, VI. 69, and 230, below.

215-6. **That all ... quarry.** By this illustration from unconsummated sculpture the speaker means that she had only designed a scheme in thought, and that feebly, not worked it out in action.

228. **Ah fool ... farce!** She recognises now that she had all this time been solemnly presiding over a merely fanciful caprice.

230. **Till the Sun ... signs,** *i.e.* till the final dissolution of Nature. The expression has reference to the old-world partition of the zodiac into twelve districts, each known by the name of some animal or other distinguishing "sign," as "the Lion," "the Fishes," "the Virgin," "the Scales." These twelve parts taken together comprising the whole zone of the heavens through which the sun passes, "the signs" may be regarded loosely as equivalent to 'the ecliptic.'

This line is most irregular in structure, the first and third feet being trochees, and the second a spondee, while the paragraph breaks off abruptly at the end of the fourth; this is designed to emphasise, and to some extent imitate, the heavy shock to Nature described in the words. For other instances of this rhetorical device cf. 210, above, and instances quoted in the note.

235. **lispt,** whispered, in reference to the rustling of the leaves in the breeze of the dawn.

245. **out of Lethe.** The doctrine of Lethe was enunciated by Plato in his *Republic*, and afterwards by Virgil in his account of the visit of Aeneas to the Infernal Shades. In this latter passage it is explained to the hero by Anchises that the souls of the dead, after a due course of purification, are made to drink of the water of the river Lethe (Oblivion), that they may return to animate new bodies in utter forgetfulness of their former existence on earth. It does not however appear that the expression in the text need be pressed to a further interpretation than to signify 'from the moment of birth.'

245-6. **scales ... Nature,** shares with man his glorious career on earth, rising higher and higher towards the attainment of

perfection. For the metaphor cf. *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, VIII. 18-26.

248. **Stays . . hands.** This curious expression means that to woman is specially entrusted the nurture and guidance of the rising generation. With "the young planet" for 'the young generation of the inhabitants of the planet' we may compare "the middle mere" (='the middle of the mere,' *Morte D'Arthur*, 37), etc. "Fair" expresses the high hopes that cluster round the young. For "stay" in this sense of 'support' we may compare Shakespeare, *Richard III.* i. 4. 19—

"Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard."

251. **Our place,** the place of us men.

253-4. **the parasitic forms ... down.** The Prince refers to the elaborate, though often hollow, forms of courtesy and respect with which women are surrounded; these may seem to the careless eye to act as a support to her struggling weakness, but in fact they sap her vitality and stunt her growth, as parasitic plants do to the trees round which they cling.

255-6. **to burgeon ... Within her,** to burst forth into blossoms, developing her latent capacities for both dignity and use.

258. **not harms.** This order is not uncommon in Shakespeare; cf. *Coriolanus*, i. 6. 60—"that you not delay the present'; *Othello*, iii. 3. 161—"that which not enriches him."

260-2. **could we make her .. difference.** See note on V. 152-3.

266. **Nor lose . the world,** without losing the power and energy necessary for grappling with the practical difficulties of life.

269-70. **Till at the last ... words.** To "set" is the technical term for to fit words to music; just as the perfect song is that in which fine words are provided with appropriate music, so the perfect marriage is that in which the character of a noble woman is in complete harmony with that of her husband, though the two individuals differ in kind.

271. **upon the skirts of Time.** This strange expression seems to have no further meaning than 'in some distant age, when the time for such consummation falls due.' The "skirts" of anything are its extremities, its outlying borders. Cf. *Conclusion*, 48—"the skirts of France."

Lines 271-9 may be paraphrased thus:—'And so these two, the man and the woman, in some distant age, when the fulness of time has come, shall sit throned together, in perfect development of soul and body, sowing the seeds that shall ripen to the harvest of the future, each inspired with a strong reverence both for self and for the other, each distinct from the other in the special characteristics of sex, but both enjoying the perfect unity that springs from perfect love. Then shall come back

Paradise among men in all its primeval purity and splendour, then shall enter in the era of ideal marriage, free from all brute passion; then shall humanity achieve its highest consummation.' A belief in the final perfectibility of the human race pervades the work of Tennyson. See note on IV. 44-65.

273. **the To-be.** Cf. 335, below, and see note on III. 307.

277. **Eden** is here referred to as the scene of the flawless happiness of humanity in the persons of Adam and Eve prior to the appearance in the world of sin and misery.

281. **but** introduces an earnest appeal. **type,** typify, exemplify, represent.

282. **watchword** means in this passage a word or formula used as a motto, to express a principle or rule of action. **proud,** [foolishly proud. H. T.] **rest,** [be no more mentioned. H. T.] This verb depends, with "type," on "let."

284. **half itself,** half what it might and should be. Cf. IV. 440-1.

286-7. **thought . will.** These are three quasi-adverbial clauses; cf. *Prologue,* 4, V. 373, and the quasi-adjectival phrases in 34-5, and 93, above The idea underlying the form of these expressions is that of perfect unison—even identification.

288. **animal.** Ordinarily, when this word is applied to a human being, it is intended in a depreciatory sense, as of one whose higher nature has been swamped by his merely brute passions. Here there is of course no such connotation, the word being used in its original sense of 'living creature.' It is so found in Dante, *Inferno,* v. 88, where Francesca addresses the Poet—

"O animal grazioso e benigno,"

i.e. 'O creature gracious and benign.' We may compare also Shakespeare, *Hamlet,* ii. 2. 312—"a man! ... the paragon of animals!" In the text before us we may perhaps best explain the word as meaning 'organism,' the point being that neither the man nor the woman is perfect in isolation, but that the two are mutually complementary, and together constitute a whole.

290. **Life.** See note on "Love" in 100, above.

293. **Immersed ... world.** Cf. *Locksley Hall,* 15-6—

"When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that
would be,"

and the following lines.

294. **the woman,** womankind, the article being used generically, as in I. 218, III. 269-70.

295. **sweet.** This is of course ironical—'that seems so sweet to itself.'

297. **affections,** aspirations. The meaning of the line is that the self-centred man maims and destroys by growing viciousness the goodly capabilities with which he was originally endowed, and which are naturally attracted to high and noble objects. Cf. *Will*, II.

301. **Angel** is here used in the sense of a being wholly superior to mankind, and therefore not suited to be an object of intimate affection on the part of the latter; in the next line it has the derivative meaning of a bright minister of gracious offices. Cf. 11, above.

302. **breathing Paradise.** Cf. III. 215, V. 154.

304. **native to.** Cf. 12, above, and note.

306-8. **and all male minds ... music,** This sumptuous figure is derived from the doctrine of "the music of the spheres," as fancifully enunciated by the Greek philosopher Pythagoras, who taught, on the analogy of musical chords, that the several planets emitted sounds proportional to their respective distances from the centre round which they revolved, and thus in their courses formed a celestial concert of too transcendental a melody to be perceptible by the gross ears of man. To this romantic conceit reference is frequently made throughout subsequent Literature. See especially Plato, *Republic*, X. 617; Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 58-65—

"Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

(Cf. *Twelfth Night*, iii. 1. 115; *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 6; *Pericles*, v. 1. 226). Also Milton, *Arcades*, 61-73—

"in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
So much compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear."

It would be impossible to overestimate the splendour and beauty of the idea presented by Tennyson's lines—the lady the divine centre of her moral world, and all men who knew her regulating their lives by reference to her supreme ideal, and compassing her with the melody of their homage.

With these eleven lines descriptive of the character of the Northern Queen we may compare the following poem of Wordsworth's (the eighth of the *Poems of the Imagination*) :—

"She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light."

317. **A mockery**, a "hollow show."

318. **thee**. Notice how from this line to the end he addresses her in this more tender and romantic form; for the principle underlying this change see note on IV. 103-7.

319. **thy pictured eyes**. See I. 37-9.

320-1. **saw Thee woman**, saw thee to be true woman indeed; cf. IV. 212, and note.

321. **the crust of iron moods,** the outward shell of inhuman severity in which thou didst envelope thyself.

322. **up.** Cf. IV. 112, VI. 289, and notes on those passages.

322-3. **forced .. boyhood.** He means that the austere self-isolation of the Princess had imposed on him the necessity of having recourse to a grotesque and impertinent escapade in order to reach her presence. **on** is for 'onto,' as "in" for 'into'—see note on *Prologue*, 29; it occurs thus again in I. 168, IV. 170.

[328. **My haunting sense of hollow shows.** You have become *real* woman to me. H. T.]

330. **strike,** make its influence felt.

331. **the blind half-world,** the hemisphere that is as yet still wrapped in darkness.

333. **In that fine air I tremble.** The Prince speaks of his moral ecstasy in terms of the effect produced on the body by rarefaction of the atmosphere. The metaphor was suggested by the preceding words—"breathe upon my brows," and the two phenomena are virtually identified, both in expression and in effect.

334. **mist-like,** as the mist dissolves before the sun.

335. **morn,** prelude. **the rich to come.** Cf. 273, above, and see note on III. 307.

336-7. **Reels . weeds.** Any object seen through a curtain of hot smoke seems to shiver and waver. The speaker means that the prospect of the golden future is too blissful for the mind to dwell upon with calmness.

338. **signs,** mere words, miserably incompetent to express that which they symbolise.

340. **end,** aim.

344. **Accomplish,** consummate, perfect; the force of this word is seen by reference to 283-6, above.

CONCLUSION.

Nearly the whole of the first eighty lines of this *Conclusion* appeared for the first time in the third Edition (1850); in place of these there stood originally only seventeen.

6. **What, if,** a formula of suggestion.

11-2. **The sort .. first.** See *Prologue*, 217-9.

16. **wrestle with,** protest against.

24. **realists.** This evidently refers here to those who advocated a serious tone throughout—a curious use of the word.

27. **as in a strange diagonal.** This is an admirable illustration of the character of the treatment of the story, which does not

maintain a consistent tone throughout, but, having begun in a festive mood, proceeds gradually though irregularly to a grave conclusion. The expression seems to have been suggested by the principle of the Parallelogram of Forces.

33. **showery**. Her emotion had brought the tears to her eyes.

42. **shadowing** seems here used for 'being cast into shadow.'

45. **belts**, long gardens, the term being applied to the plantations to denote length disproportionate to breadth. The **hop** is specially cultivated in Kent, in which county, as we should gather from 48, below, Sir Walter's park is situated.

48. **skirts**, coast; cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, i. 1. 97—"the skirts of Norway."

49-71. **Look there . broad**. As is stated above, this passage did not appear till the third Edition (published in 1850). We no doubt owe its insertion to the Revolution of 1848, when Louis Philippe, King of the French, was forced to abdicate, and a Republic was established in place of the Monarchy. It may be added that on 2nd December, 1851, Charles Louis Napoleon, President of the Republic, seized the supreme power by an act of unconstitutional violence, and was next year proclaimed Emperor of the French. This position he retained till 1870, when the Empire was abolished, and a Republic re-established. The hysterical wildness and lack of reverence and restraint that characterise the politics of "Celtic Demos" are extremely abhorrent to Walter Vivian, who may in this respect be said to represent the more sane and sober temper of the English people. It may be noticed that Tennyson has on several occasions dwelt with pride on the orderly methods of reform that mark the history of his own country; cf. especially *Love Thou Thy Land* and *You Ask Me, Why*.

49. **garden**. For this use of the word to denote a rich well-cultivated tract of country, delightful to the eye, cf. *Bible*, *Genesis*, xiii. 10—"And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere ... even as the garden of the Lord"; and Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 1. 3-4—

"fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,"

50. **Tory** is a term that was originally applied to the Irish outlaws of the 16th century, and later to the "Popish" and Jacobite party of the Revolution period; it is now used much more loosely as synonymous with 'Conservative,' designating that political party who are averse to violent reform and support the ancient authority and prerogatives of the Crown, the Church, and the Aristocracy, in contradistinction to those who advocate

radical and democratic views. **member**, *sc.* 'of Parliament,' commonly thus used by itself.

53. **A nation yet.** Cf. *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, 151—

"A people's voice! we are a people yet,"

and the following lines on the supreme value to England of her insular position.

54. **something of a faith**, in contrast to the irreverent and godless French.

57. **the crowd**, the populace; cf. *In Memoriam*, CXXVIII. 14—

"To fool the crowd with glorious lies,"

and *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, 168-9—

"drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just."

66. **No graver**, not really more serious or important in principle. **barring out** is the term applied when a rebellious class of pupils bolt the door against the entrance of the master.

67-8. **comic ... solemn.** These Revolutions are ridiculous in origin and method, but serious in their effect on individuals.

70. **the narrow seas**, a term specially applied to the Straits of Dover. Cf. Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 8. 28-9—

"the narrow seas that part
The French and English,"

and iii. 1. 4-5—"the narrow seas—the Goodwins I think they call the place."

71. **a whole Atlantic broad.** For this use of a proper name to denote its chief characteristic (in this case great extent and difficulty of passage), cf. "Babel" for 'confusion,' "Heaven" for 'perfect bliss.'

73-4. **and maybe ... truth.** So in *Love and Duty*, 4-13, the Poet justifies his faith in the beneficent character of human suffering by reference to the commonly observed facts that

"Error in the round of time
Still fathers Truth,"

that no less

"the braggart shout
For some blind glimpse of freedom works itself
Thro' madness, hated by the wise, to law
System and empire,"

and that even Sin itself is found to be

"The cloudy porch oft opening on the Sun."

Cf. also *In Memoriam*, LIV., where he expresses his solemn confidence

"that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
. . . .
"That nothing walks with aimless feet."

See also note on IV. 44-65.

76-9. **fill me ... guides.** This healthful spirit pervades Tennyson's work from first to last, not only in *The Golden Year*, *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue*, *Locksley Hall*, and the concluding Cantos of *In Memoriam*, where it is the dominant note, but also less formally in poems so diverse in tone and character as *The Passing of Arthur* and *The Day-Dream*, in the latter of which we find two lines that form a specially apt illustration of the present text—

"For we are Ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times."

A **go-cart** is a small frame-work on rollers, by means of which children learn to walk.

With 78-9 we may specially compare *Love and Duty*, 25-6—

"Wait: my faith is large in Time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end."

82. **Before ... holly-hoaks.** This is a rich luxuriant plant, a great favourite in English gardens and shrubberies, attaining under advantageous circumstances a height of fifteen feet, and affording a great variety in the colours of its flowers. The word "tower" probably means that there were a great number of these plants, adorning the slope of a hillock or rising bank.

83. **head under head,** *i.e.* of varying ages. For the form of the expression cf. VII. 34-5—

"Heaven,
Star after star, arose and fell,"

and 93—"the happy lovers heart in heart."

84-91. **No little ... morn.** Sir Walter is a typical English country gentleman, healthy, strong, energetic, interested in Agriculture and Cattle-breeding, a Magistrate, a Patron of the local Charitable Institutions, and M.P. for the County.

85. **Englishman.** Notice how this word is in itself a description. Cf. note on VII. 114.

86. **lord,** a sumptuous word for '**owner**,' indicating the large extent of his farm.

87. **pine,** pine-apples. These are of course grown in England in artificially-heated glass houses.

90. quarter-sessions. These are held every three months in each division of a County by Justices of the Peace (unpaid Magistrates) for the trial of persons accused of minor felonies and misdemeanours, and the investigation of matters connected with the Poor-laws and other local interests.

91. **redder than a windy morn.** The reference is to a common phenomenon when a gale is blowing at daybreak—the clouds are swept away, and the red sunrise is directly visible.

93. **address'd to speech.** To "address" oneself to any business is to turn or apply oneself carefully to it; cf. Macaulay, *History of England*, chapter vi.—"these men addressed themselves to the task of subverting the Treasurer's power."

94. **Who** has no regular grammatical antecedent nearer than "Sir Walter" in 81, but the sense is quite clear. **closed,** embraced; cf. *Locksley Hall*, 14—

"When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed."

97. **The long .. rookery.** Rooks will wander a considerable distance during the day, but at the approach of evening return in long trains to their nests. They are exceedingly suspicious birds, and any unexpected sound causes them great trepidation. For this sense of "rookery" cf. *Locksley Hall*, 72.

98. The **branches** of the deer are of course their antlers; cf. iv. 187.

100. **bourn,** limit (connected etymologically with "bound"). **of sunset** is here 'formed by the sunset.'

101-2. **More joyful ... king,** as being the spontaneous outcome of sincere personal affection.

104. **breathe,** enjoy free exercise.

111-5. **And gradually ... Heavens,** and gradually the darkness, whose home is in the upper regions of the sky, more and more pervading the twilight, at last dispersed it as it were into fragments, which it scattered throughout the universe up and up to the furthest recesses of Heaven.

112. **the region of the wind** seems to mean the sphere of air that closely surrounds the earth, which is subject to storms and other disturbing agencies, in contrast to the remoter regions of the sky, which enjoy eternal calm.

116-8. **Last little Lilia . . silks.** Throughout the relation of the story Sir Ralph has been standing by, gay in his orange scarf and silken sash, a fitting type and illustration of the fantastic vagaries of the Romance. Now that the conclusion has been reached, which perfects the manhood of the Prince and restores Ida to her womanhood, the Knight is disrobed of his feminine attire, and is seen once more standing forth in the armour that befits his sex and profession.

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